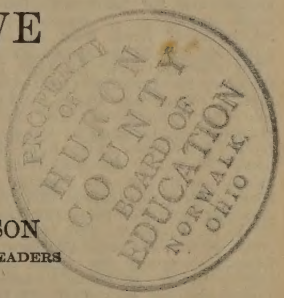
THE ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK FIVE



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PREFACE

Aim of the Child-Library Series

The *Child-Library Readers* are planned as an *extension series* for the school reading program. Modern courses of study recognize the need for *extensive* reading, both for enriching the pupil's experience and for insuring the power to interpret readily the printed page. Moreover, progress in silent reading depends upon the wide use of reading material suited to the social needs of pupils. The present series is offered as a means for carrying on this extended program. Obviously, the schools that are using *The Elson Readers* will appreciate the economy that comes from the absence of duplicate selections in the two sets of books, for duplication means positive waste. The *Child-Library Readers,* because of their unhackneyed literature, are also well suited to expand the reading course founded on any set of texts.

Selection of Literature

The *Child-Library* series includes a number of distinguishing features, most of which are exemplified in the present volume. Like *The Elson Readers,* this series is rich in story content of high quality, but the emphasis is placed more on *contemporary literature* than on *the classic.* A glance at the Table of Contents of this volume shows units of considerable size adequately treated, including stories of animals and stories developing such significant themes as light and lighthouses, the citizen and helpful service, working and saving, ways of measuring time, giants and pygmies—subjects that suggest the throbbing world vividly alive and full of interest for boys and girls. Moreover, the literature included recognizes the fact that ability to get the main thought from increasingly large units of subject-matter is one of the chief aims in the teaching of reading, and that the use of such material trains pupils to read with intelligence a newspaper, a magazine article, or a book. And this is precisely the ability most needed in later school life and in life outside the school. In addition, the authors, in selecting the body of literature for this series, gave special attention to its social and ethical values. It will be

noted that the literature is rich in ideals of the good citizen, of home and country, loyalty and service, thrift, conservation, and coöperation—ideals of which American children need a new conception. The book includes modern poems of the seasons, the literature of Nature and outdoor life, and it stresses the humane treatment of animals. It emphasizes the value of humor and wholesome fun as important factors in the life and health of everyone. Throughout, grade by grade, the books are well within the ready control of pupils. Not only is the vocabulary simple, but the sentence structure is free from unnecessary difficulties. Experiments show that reading efficiency is best attained when the literature is not too difficult.

Organization of Literature

The literature of a school reader that would establish effective reading habits in pupils must be purposefully organized. Sound organization brings together into related units the selections that center about a common theme. Such an arrangement—called the unit or group plan—enables pupils to see the larger dominant ideas of the book as a whole instead of looking upon the text as a confused scrapbook of miscellaneous selections.

The *Child-Library Readers, Book Five,* is based on this unit or group plan of reading. Look at the Table of Contents, pages 9-10. You will notice that there are six Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme. Part I, for example, contains stories of animals. Next you will notice that the first three stories of each group have the same particular subject; for example, the first three stories of Part I are about dogs. This group of stories about dogs, together with the related library reading suggested on page 52, forms a common series or "type group" and aptly illustrates the unit plan of reading. This type group of dog stories is intended to indicate the plan and to show how each of the selections listed under "Other Animals" may, through the use of the library reading suggested at the end of each story, be given like treatment. For example, when "Shaggycoat and the Nimble Otter" has been read, other beaver stories listed on pages 61-62 may be read and reported on in class, thus making a group of beaver stories like the type group of dog stories given in the text. A summary (see "General Questions and Suggested Readings," pages 51-52) ends each type group and shows the plan of

procedure. You will notice a wealth of questions, topics for discussion, theme topics, and suggested problems—all relating to the type group as a whole and intended to apply the ideas that dominate the unit. Each Part ends with a summary, or review. (See "Summary of Part I," page 94.)

The other five Parts of the book have a similar arrangement. In case part or all of the suggested library reading is not available, the text, nevertheless, has the value of a rich content, effectively organized, and may be treated as any other like body of literature. Whenever a group of stories in a book of this series will enrich selections found in the corresponding volume of some other series that is being read, the teacher may well combine the two groups. For example, after the group of stories listed under "Animals" in *The Elson Readers, Book Five,* has been read, the teacher may well extend this subject by the use of Part I in Book Five of the *Child-Library* series.

Welding School and Library

The value of the organization just described lies in its tendency to weld together the school and the library. The school text that would establish in pupils the right use of newspapers, magazines, and books must connect directly with the library, thus forming the *core* or *center* about which the pupil's general reading is organized. Much of his reading must of necessity be miscellaneous, like the magazine or newspaper, but some of it should be more purposeful, for he gains a fuller knowledge of a subject when he gathers ideas from a group of selections that center about a common theme. For example, if he reads successively a number of stories about dogs showing a variety of characteristics, his knowledge of dogs is multiplied. Besides, his interest is intensified and he wishes to read more about dogs. In this way his acquaintance with the literature of dogs is enlarged and he comes to know the leading writers on that subject. Librarians agree that boys and girls who read a compelling story or book usually ask for another on the same subject. Thus an interesting story in the school text should lead to other stories or books on the same theme or a related theme.

The *Child-Library Readers, Book Five,* as the title aptly suggests, is based on such a purposeful plan. This book aims not only to increase the pupil's knowledge of a subject, but also to

intensify his interest in it and to direct him to related material —in short, *to cultivate the reading habit.* It seeks to direct and make purposeful the pupil's outside use of books, magazines, and newspapers, bringing to bear upon his school reading the experience gained from these sources, thus welding together the school and the library in the development of right habits in reading.

Carefully selected lists of especially apt library reading, designed to broaden and deepen the pupil's knowledge and sympathy, are given at the end of each type group and after each of the other selections in the text. These lists, though not exhaustive, are chosen for their specific aptness, their abundant interest, and their excellent literary quality. They include the literature of both the past and the present. In addition, this library reading has been carefully graded and grouped into three classes: (1) stories suitable to be reported on in class by individual pupils or committees—a splendid basis for supervised study and the socialized recitation; (2) stories suitable for individual reading in leisure moments—selections somewhat less difficult, though not less appealing than those found in the preceding group; (3) stories to be presented by the teacher—in general, selections that bulk large and require interpretation.

Silent Reading

The literature of this volume is well suited to the purposes of silent reading. Not only has it the prime requisite of being vitally related to the pupil's everyday life and interest, but it is rich in story content, with a factual background, and is well within his power of comprehension. Moreover, the text is not encumbered with irrelevant and doubtful editorial matter, but is treated with reference to its dominant ideas and in a way to emphasize its larger units of expression. So varied is the content of the book that it provides for all the different purposes for which pupils read, chief of which are: (1) to get the main thought of the selection; (2) to read the selection rapidly for certain facts or opinions; (3) to master the selection in detail.

The text itself provides abundant directions for using the material offered for a silent reading program. For example, notice the informal tests of comprehension. (See page 26.) Also note Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (See page 26.)

Similar tests for each selection suggest a wide variety of activities, such as reading for the central idea or story plot; selective reading to find parallels or to answer specific questions; reading to form æsthetic judgments; summarizing paragraphs and larger units in brief statements; comparing selections and judging their relative value; pictorial representation of graphic units. Tests in speed may well be added to these from time to time, based on selected units of the text, or the entire story. Experience shows that reasonable speed is an aid to comprehension, for a slow pupil, by increasing his reading rate, improves his comprehension. Moreover, scientific tests show that the eye span has much to do with speed, and that ability to take in longer groups of words—phrasing ability—is an important factor in reading efficiency. The authors have kept steadily in mind that reading has for its purpose the gaining of thought from the printed page and that the test is how much of the content the pupil has gained from his reading. Testing devices are valuable in the degree in which they register the fullest content the pupil has gained. Obviously, tests are intended mainly as a stimulus to pupils in fixing the habit of always reading rapidly and always reading for thought. Because of this fact, they may be used more or less sparingly, depending upon the pupil's need for stimulus. A record of the progress of each pupil in silent reading ability should be kept as a basis for comparison. At least once during the school year one of the standard tests, such as the Thorndike, may be used to advantage. Such devices are valuable mainly as a check against the individual judgment of the teacher.

Oral Reading

Reading aloud has a place in the treatment of every selection, not the dull, monotonous "read-the-next-paragraph" kind of oral reading, but the effective presentation of selected units notable for their dramatic quality or for their beauty of thought or expression. All poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. By converting the pupils into an "audience" of real listeners the reading is given motive and purpose. In this book *class readings* are frequently suggested for oral expression; in other cases pupils are asked to select units of expression particularly suited to be read aloud.

A list of definite "aims" to guide the reading is provided at the beginning of each prose story. These suggestions are intended to give purpose to the pupil's reading, citing specific points for him to observe and fix in mind. The pupil should give careful attention to these aims before he begins to read the story and hold them steadily in mind as objectives. In some cases the pupil is asked to suggest additional aims.

Reading Aims

An effective reader must score a high test on its *fitness as a tool for classroom use.* The following distinguishing features will indicate the effectiveness of this book as such a tool:

Definite Helps

(1) Reading Aims are listed at the beginning of each story to give definite purpose to the pupil's reading. (See page 13.)

(2) Silent Reading is thoroughly provided for, including informal tests of speed and comprehension. (See page 26.)

(3) A Comprehensive Glossary contains words and phrases that offer valuable vocabulary training in both pronunciation and meaning. (See pages 407-416.)

(4) A complete program of study, "How to Gain the Full Benefit of Your Reading," explains the numerous helps found in the text. (See page 24.)

(5) "Notes and Questions" contain:

(*a*) Biographies of authors that supply data for interpreting the stories and poems;

(*b*) Historical settings whenever necessary to an intelligent understanding of the selection;

(*c*) General Questions and Topics for each selection, and frequently suggested problems as well as suggestions for theme topics (two-minute talks);

(*d*) General Questions and Suggested Readings, including general questions and topics for discussion in class, together with suggested library reading of related material not only for each type group but also for the other selections found in the book.

(*e*) A summary for each Part that provides review and comparison of the selections found in the division.

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PART I

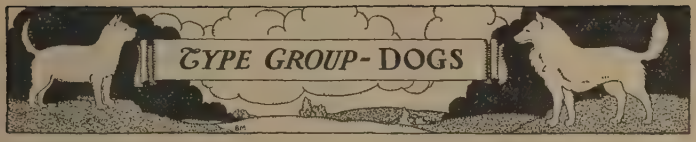
STORIES OF ANIMALS

The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

—George Graham Vest

WOLF



BILLY, THE DOG THAT MADE GOOD

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what Billy did that won for him the title "the dog that made good"; (*b*) why Turk was such a great disappointment; (*c*) what characteristics Billy had that finally made him "leader of the pack."

SILLY BILLY

He was the biggest fool pup I ever saw, chock full of life and spirits, always going at racing speed, generally into mischief, nearly breaking his neck over some small matter; breaking his heart if his master did not notice him, chewing up clothing, hats, and boots, digging up garden stuff that he could not eat, going direct from the pigsty to frolic in the baby's cradle, getting kicked in the ribs by horses and tossed by cows, but still the same hilarious, rollicking, good-natured pup, and given by common consent the name of "Silly Billy."

It was maddening to find on the first cold morning that he had chewed up one's leather glove, but it was worse to have that good-natured little idiot come wagging his tail, offering the remaining glove as much as to say that one glove was enough for anyone. You had to forgive him, and it did not matter much whether you

did or not, for the children adored him. Their baby arms were around his neck as much of the time as he could spare from his duties, and, in a sense, those protecting arms were around him all the time. The father realized this fact when one day the puppy pulled down a piece of sacking that hung on the smokehouse pipe, upsetting the stove and burning up the smokehouse and all the dry meat in it. Bob Yancy was furious, for his whole winter's meat stock was gone. He took his shotgun and went forth determined to put that fool dog forever out of mischief. But he met the unexpected. He found his victim with two baby arms about his fuzzy neck; little Ann Yancy was hugging her "doggy," and what could *he* do? "It's my Billy! You shan't touch him! Go away, you naughty Daddy!" And the matter ended in a disastrous defeat for daddy.

Every member of the family loved Silly Billy, but they wished that he might soon develop at least a glimmer of common dog-sense, for he was already past the time when with most bull terriers puppyhood is ended. Although he was in time to take a place among his master's hunting dogs, he was not yet ready for this honor.

Bob Yancy was a hunter, a professional. His special line was killing bears, mountain lions, lynxes, wolves, and other "varmints" for whose destruction the state pays a bounty. He was ever ready to increase the returns by taking with him amateur hunters who paid him well for the privilege of being present.

Much of this hunting was done on what is commonly called "the Chase." The morning rally, the far search for a trail, the warming hunt, the hot pursuit, and the finish with a more or less thrilling fight—that was ideal. But it was seldom fully realized. The mountains were

too rough. The game either ran off altogether, or, by crossing some impossible barrier, got rid of the hunters, and then turned on the dogs to scatter them in flight.

That was the reason for the huge bear traps that were hanging in Yancy's barn. Those dreadful things would not actually hold the bear prisoner, but when, with a convenient log, they were gripped on his paw, they held him back so that the hunters, even on foot, could overtake the victim.

The dogs, however, were the interesting part of the pursuit. Three kinds were needed: perfect trailers, whose noses could follow with sureness the oldest, coldest trail; swift runners for swift game; and intelligent fighters. The fighters had, of course, to be brave, but intelligence was more important, for the dogs were expected to nip at the victim from behind and spring back from his counter blow rather than to close at final grips.

Thus there were bloodhounds and greyhounds as well as a bulldog in the Yancy pack, together with a few half-breeds. Most of the pack had marked personality. There was Croaker, a small lady hound with a sensitive nose and a miserable little croak for a bay. You could not hear her fifty feet away, but fortunately Big Ben followed her everywhere; and he had a voice like the bell for which he was named. He always stuck close to Croaker and translated her feeble whispers into tones that all the world within a mile or two could understand.

Then there was Old Thunder, a very old, very brave dog, with a fine nose. He was a combination of all good gifts and had been through many fights, but had escaped destruction, thanks to his shrewdness. Though slow and feeble now, he was the acknowledged leader of the pack, respected by dogs and men.

THE TERRIBLE TURK

The bulldog is known for his courage rather than for his good judgment; hence the post of "bulldog to the pack" was often open. The last bulldog had been buried with the bones of the last grizzly. But Yancy had secured a new one, a wonder. He was the perfect product of a long line of fighting bulldogs, kept by a famous breeder in another state. When the new leader arrived, it was a large event to all the hunters. He was no disappointment: broad of head and chest, massive in the upper arm, and hard in the flank—a perfect beast of the largest size. The hunters at Yancy's knew at once that they had a fighting treasure in the Terrible Turk, who was even more surly and savage than most bulldogs.

It was with some distrust that he was turned loose on the ranch, because he was so unpleasant in his manner. There was a lack of dogginess about him in the gentle sense, and never did one of his race display a greater haughtiness. He did not try to hide his sense of superiority, and the pack seemed to accept him at his own value. Clearly they were afraid of him. He was given the right of way, avoided indeed by his future comrades. Only Silly Billy went bounding in hilarious friendliness to meet the great one; and a moment later flew howling with pain to hide in the arms of his little mistress.

In the two weeks that passed about the ranch the Terrible Turk had quarreled with nearly every hound in the pack. There was only one that he had not actually injured, and that was Old Thunder. Even they met once or twice when Thunder was gnawing a bone, but each time he stood his ground and showed his teeth. There was a certain dignity about Thunder that even a dog will feel, and in this case, the Terrible Turk retired.

In October word came that Old Reelfoot, a famous cattle-killing grizzly, had reappeared in the Arrow-bell Cattle Range, and was up to his old tricks of destroying live stock. A big reward was offered for his destruction, several times as much as for an ordinary bear.

Bob Yancy was ablaze with hunter's fire when he heard the news. His only dread was that some rival might get ahead of him. It was a spirited procession that left the Yancy claim that morning, headed for the Arrow-bell Ranch; the pack straggling along or forging ahead till ordered back in line by the huntsman. There was the venerable Thunder trotting by the heels of his old friend Midnight, Yancy's coal-black mare; and just before was the Terrible Turk with his red-rimmed eyes upturned at times to measure his nearness to the powerful black mare's hoofs. Big Ben was near Croaker, of course. Next was a packhorse loaded with a huge steel bear trap on each side, followed by packhorses with the camping outfit, and other hunters, the cook, and the writer of this story.

Everything was in fine shape for the hunt and we were well started when trouble tumbled in among us. With many a yap of glee, there, bounding, came that foolish bull terrier, Silly Billy. Like a June-bug among honeybees, like a crazy schoolboy in a council room, he rollicked and yapped, eager to be first, to be last, to take liberties with Thunder, to chase the rabbits, to bay the squirrels, ready for anything but what was wanted of him—to stay at home and mind his own business.

Bob might yell "Go home!" till he was hoarse. Silly Billy would only go off a little way and look hurt, then make up his mind that the boss was "only fooling" and didn't mean a word of it, and start in louder than ever.

No one wished him to come, but there was no way of stopping him; so Silly Billy came to have a place in the first bear-hunt of the season.

That afternoon they arrived at the Arrow-bell Ranch, and the expert bear-man was shown the latest kill, a fine heifer barely touched. The grizzly would surely come back for his next meal. Yes, an ordinary grizzly would, but Reelfoot was an extraordinary animal. Just because it was the bear fashion to come again soon, he might not return for a week. Yancy set a huge trap by this "kill" but he also found the kill of a week gone by, five miles away, and by that set another trap. Then all retired to the ranch house.

Who that knows the grizzly will be surprised to hear that that night brought the hunters nothing, and that the next was blank? But the third morning showed that the huge brute had come to his older kill.

I shall not forget the thrills of that time. We passed the recent carcass near the ranch. It lay untouched and little changed. We rode on the five miles to the next. And before we were near, we felt there was something unusual in the air, for the dogs seemed excited. I could see nothing, but, while yet a hundred yards away, Bob was exclaiming, "A catch this time, sure enough."

Dogs and horses were all inspired. The Terrible Turk breasted his way to the front, and the rumbling in his chest was grand as an organ. Ahead, behind, and all around him, was Silly Billy, yapping and tumbling.

There was the carcass still untouched. The place of the trap was vacant; log and all were gone; and all around were signs of an upset, many large tracks, so many that scarcely any were clear, but further on we got the sign most sought, the thirteen-inch track of a

monster grizzly, and the bunch on the right paw stamped it as Reelfoot's trail.

I had seen the joy blaze in Yancy's eye before, but never as now; he glowed with the hunter's heat, and let the dogs run free, and urged them on with whoops and yells of "Sic him, boys!" "Ho, boys!" "Sic him!" Not much urging was needed; the dogs were possessed of the spirit of the day. This way and that they circled, each for himself. The bear had walked around awhile before going off. It was Croaker that first had the real trail. Big Ben was there to let the whole world know; then Thunder indorsed the statement. Had it been Plunger that spoke, the rest would have paid no heed, but all the pack knew Thunder's voice, and his judgment was not open to question. They left their different tracks, and flocked behind the leader, baying deep and strong at every bound, while Turk came hurrying after, and Silly Billy tried to make up in noise for all he lacked in judgment.

Away we went, with the bawling pack as guides. The country was a wilderness of rocky gullies, dense thickets, and down timber, where fire and storm had piled the mountain slope with dead forest. But we kept on, and before an hour the dinning of the pack announced the bear at bay.

Creeping from trunk to trunk we went forward. The thought flashed up, "Which of us will come back alive?" What a din those dogs were making! Every one of them was in the chorus. They were yapping and baying, high and low, swaying this way and that; this meant that the bear was charging back and forth and still had some freedom.

"Look out now! Don't get too close!" said Yancy.

"Log and all, he can cover fifty feet while you make ten, and I tell you he won't bother about the dogs if he gets a chance at the men. He knows his game."

THE FIERY FURNACE AND THE GOLD

There were more thrills in the woods than the mere sounds accounted for. My hand trembled as I scrambled over the down timber. It was a moment of fierce excitement as I lifted the branches and got my first view. But it was a disappointment. There was the pack, bounding, seething, yelling, and back of some brush was some brown fur; that was all. Suddenly the brushwood swayed and a shaggy mountain of flesh rushed forth—a tremendous grizzly—I never knew one could look so big—and charged his tormentors. They scattered like flies when one strikes at a swarm of them. But the log on the trap caught on a stump and held him, the dogs surged around, and now my view was clear.

This is the moment of all in the hunt. This is the time when you size up your hounds. This is the fiery furnace in which the metals all are tried. There was Old Thunder baying, tempting the bear to charge, but ever with an eye to the safe retreat; there was Croaker doing her duty; there were the greyhounds, yapping and nipping at his rear; there in the background, wisely waiting, saving his power for the right time, was the Terrible Turk, and here and there, bounding and yapping, was Silly Billy, dashing into the very jaws of death again and again, but saved by his restless activity, and proud of the bunch of bear's wool in his teeth.

Round and round they went, as Reelfoot made his short, furious charges, and Turk still kept in the background, baying hoarsely, biding his time for the favor-

able moment. And whichever side Old Thunder took, there Turk went, too. Yancy rejoiced at this, for it meant that the fighting dog had also good judgment.

The fighting and baying swung behind a little bush. I wanted to see it all and tried to get near, but Yancy shouted out, "Keep back!" He knew the habits of the bear, and the danger of coming into range. But his shouting to me attracted the notice of the bear, and he charged straight for Bob.

Many a time before had Yancy faced a bear. This time he had his gun, but, perched on a small and shaky rotten log, he had no chance to shoot. As he swung for a clearer view, he raised his rifle with a jerk, but the rotten log crashed under him, and Bob fell sprawling among the tumbled logs. The grizzly now had him in his power; and we were struck with horror. We had no power to stop that certain death; we dared not fire—the dogs and the man himself were right in line. The pack closed in. Their din was deafening; they sprang on the huge, haired flanks, they nipped the soggy heels, they hauled and held, and did their best, but they were as flies on a badger or as rats on a landslide. They held him not an instant. The small logs cracked as he rushed forward, and Bob would in a moment more be smashed with that huge paw, for now no human help was possible. Good Old Thunder saw the only way. It meant sure death for him, but it was the only way. He ceased all halfway dashing at the flank or heel and leaped at the great bear's throat. One swift sweep of that great paw sent him reeling back, bruised and shaken. Still he rallied, rushed as though he knew it all must turn on him, when Turk the mighty warrior, the hope and valor of the pack, who long had held back, sprang forward now and

gripped with all his strength—on the bear? *NO!* Shame of shames—how shall I say the truth? *On poor Old Thunder,* wounded, battered, winded, downed, seeking to save his master! On him the bulldog fastened with a grip of hate. This was what he had waited for; this was the time of times that he took to vent his pent-up, jealous rage. He sprang from behind, dragged Thunder down, and held him gasping in the brushwood. The bear had freedom now to take revenge, for his only foe was gone; what could prevent him? But from the reeling, yapping pack there sprang a small white dog, not for the monster's heel, not for his flank, nor even for his massive shoulder, but for his face—the only place where a dog could count in such a sudden attack. He seized with an iron grip above the monster's eye, and the huge head jerking back made that small dog go flapping like a rag; however, the dog hung on. The bear reared up to claw, and we realized for the first time that the small, white dog was Silly Billy, none else, hanging on with all his might and weight.

Bob scrambled to his feet, escaped! The huge brute seized the small white body in his great paws which looked like stumps of trees, just as a cat might seize a mouse. He wrenched him quivering, and hurled him like a bundle far to one side, and wheeling for a moment paused to seek the greater foe, the man. The pack drew back. Four rifles rang, a long, deep snort, and Reelfoot's huge bulk sank limp on the storm-tossed logs. Then Turk, the traitor Turk, with chesty gurgle as a war-cry, closed bravely on the dead brute's haunch and tore out the hair, while the pack sat lolling back, the battle done.

Bob Yancy's face was set. He had seen nearly all of the fight and we supplied the rest. Billy was wagging his

tail, shaking and shivering with excitement. There were some red-stained slashes on his ribs. Bob greeted him affectionately: "You dandy. It's the finish that shows up the stuff a bear-dog is made of, and I tell you there isn't anything too good in Yancy's ranch for you. Good Old Thunder has saved my life before, but this is a new one. I never thought you'd show up this way."

"And you," he said to Turk, "I've just two words for you. Come here!" He took off his belt, put it through the collar of the Terrible Turk, and led him to one side. I turned my head away. A rifle cracked, and the big, strong bulldog was no more. He had been tried in the fire and found wanting, a bully, a coward, a thing not fit to live.

In the triumphal procession heading homeward, on the front of Yancy's saddle was Billy, the hero of the day, his white coat stained with red. His body was stiff and sore, but his spirits were not lessened. He probably did not fully understand the feelings he had aroused in others, but he did know that he was having a glorious time, and that at last the world was returning the love he had so bounteously given to it. Old Thunder was riding on a packhorse. It was weeks before he got over the mauling he had had from the bear and the bulldog, and he was soon afterwards put into honorable retirement, on account of his age.

Billy was all right again in a month. A half a year later he had shed his puppy ways, and his good dog-sense came forth in strength. He had proved himself brave as a lion, full of energy, affectionate, true as steel. Within two years he was leader of the pack. They do not call him "Silly" now, but "Billy, the dog that made good."

How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

The reading of this story, besides giving you pleasure, has given you a new idea of the faithfulness of dogs. But if you are to get the full benefit from any story or poem in this book you must pause long enough to notice certain things that will give you an understanding of it.

Parts. First, you should study the Table of Contents (pages 9-10) to gain a general idea of the book as a whole. Notice that there are six main Parts and that each story or poem belongs to a special group that treats of some one main subject—such as animals. Each selection will have more meaning for you if you understand how it helps to bring out the central idea of the group. After you have read all the selections in a group, you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the Summary—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit gained from your reading. (See "Summary of Part I," page 94.)

Type Group. Next you should notice that the first three selections of each Part have the same theme, forming a group of a common subject, or "type." (See "Type Group—Dogs," Part I.) This type group shows how each selection under "Other Animals" may be worked out by you in a similar way, with the help of the library reading suggested at the end of the story. Notice that the type group ends with "General Questions and Suggested Readings" (see page 51).

Reading Aims. Before reading any story, you should look carefully at the "Reading Aims" found at the beginning of the story (see page 13). Then, when you read, keep your mind purposefully upon these ideas.

Biography. You should always learn something about the author. When you read, for example, on page 25 that Ernest Thompson Seton gave the best years of his life to the study of animals, you feel that he speaks with authority in telling of a dog's faithfulness.

Silent Reading Tests. You should read the story with such concentration that you can answer the questions under "Questions for Testing Silent Reading" (see page 26), and be prepared to tell the main thought of the story from the "Outline for Testing Silent Reading" (see page 26).

Theme Topics. Prepare to take part in the discussion of the things listed in "General Questions and Topics" (see page 26) and to make a two-minute talk in class on one or more of the topics mentioned under "Suggestions for Theme Topics" (see page 27).

Glossary. Learning the pronunciation and meaning of words and the interpretation of words and phrases used in some special sense is one of the benefits of reading. When you cannot get the meaning of a word or phrase from the story, look it up in the Glossary.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ernest Thompson Seton (1860-) was born in England, but came with his parents to Canada when he was a small child. To the boys and girls of his Woodcraft League he is known as Chief Black Wolf. He is "dark of hair and sure of foot and keen of eye and master of the arts and crafts that delight the soul of a boy." He is skillful in imitating the songs of birds; he can give the moose's call; and he can howl like a wolf. It is said, "He is as husky as a farm hand, as experienced as a Canadian trapper, and as woods-wise as an Indian." He himself says that even when he was ten years old he knew exactly what he wanted to do and that he never wavered from his intention.

For a time he was a wolf-trapper, and on one occasion, when he was carelessly setting his wolf-traps, he himself was caught in a trap hand and foot. He was freed only by the intelligence of a faithful dog, who brought him the trap-wrench lying just beyond his reach. From this experience he learned "how a wolf feels when he is trapped."

At all times Seton studied nature and animal life, and kept notes of what he saw. Soon he became famous as a naturalist, and was for several years official naturalist to the government of Manitoba. He is also an artist and draws the animal pictures that add so much to the charm of his stories. You will enjoy the picture of Silly Billy hanging to the big bear's face, "flapping like a rag," in *Wild Animal Ways,* the book from which the story of Billy is taken.

He has always been interested in teaching boys and girls to know and love outdoor life, to be as skillful in the woods as Indians, and to understand animals. He was head of the Boy Scouts from its foundation in this country, and is now chief of the Woodcraft League. He says that all his work has been done with the idea of making people take an interest in the animal world, for he believes that "we and the beasts are kin." There are interesting accounts of Seton in "Let's Play Indian," by Sykes in *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1910, and "Tests to Show How Alive You Are," by Crane in *The American Magazine*, February, 1921.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Compare Turk's characteristics with Old Thunder's. 2. Name the titles given to the three divisions of the story. 3. The first part describes Billy; what else is told in this unit? 4. What is told in the second unit? In the third? 5. What do you learn from this story about the kinds of dogs needed in a bear-hunting pack? 6. Tell why "the chase" as a means of capturing Reelfoot was unsuccessful. 7. How was the Terrible Turk regarded by the rest of the pack? 8. The author tells us that Reelfoot was an extraordinary animal; give reasons to prove this. 9. Why did not the hunters fire at Reelfoot when he attacked Bob? 10. Why do you think Billy became "leader of the pack"?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words, using these topics: (*a*) Silly Billy's characteristics; (*b*) Terrible Turk, the pack leader; (*c*) How Billy made good.

General Questions and Topics. 1. In what way is this story helpful to us? 2. Have you ever known a pup like Billy? 3. What other stories by this author have you read? 4. What stories about dogs have you read recently in newspapers or magazines? 5. Do you think that Billy deserved the title "Silly"? Give reasons. 6. What do you know of the author that makes you feel that he writes with authority on animals? 7. Animals have personalities like human beings; what human qualities had Silly Billy? 8. Find what is said of Bob Yancy as a professional hunter; why did he hunt wild animals? Is it right to hunt for any other purpose? 9. Find examples of humor in the story. 10. You will enjoy reading "The Master of the Hounds," Allen (in *St. Nicholas*, April, 1922).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) Why I like Billy, the hero of this story; (*b*) What I know of the author; (*c*) A playful dog that I once knew.

BUCK, THE DOG THAT LOVED HIS MASTER*

JACK LONDON

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) who won the bet; (*b*) what means Thornton used to inspire Buck's courage and confidence; (*c*) what qualities Buck had that gained for him the admiration of both his friends and his foes.

Buck performed a feat at Dawson that put his name many notches higher than before on the totem-pole of Alaskan fame. This feat was particularly pleasing to the three men; for they stood in need of the outfit which it furnished, and were enabled in this way to make a long-desired trip into the East, where miners had not yet appeared. It was brought about by a conversation in the Eldorado Saloon, in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck was the target for these men, and Thornton, his master, was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third seven hundred.

"Pooh! pooh!" said John Thornton; "Buck can start a thousand pounds."

* This selection from London's *The Call of the Wild* is used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"And break it out? And walk off with it for a hundred yards?" demanded Matthewson, a bonanza king.

"And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

"Well," Matthewson said, slowly, so that all could hear, "I've got a thousand dollars that says he can't. And there it is." So saying, he slammed a sack of gold dust of the size of a Bologna sausage down upon the bar.

Nobody spoke. Thornton's bluff, if bluff it was, had been called. He could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, as now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting. Further, he had no thousand dollars; nor had Hans or Pete.

"I've got a sled standing now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find the thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, an old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was as a cue to him, seeming to rouse him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

"Can you lend me a thousand?" he asked almost in a whisper.

"Sure," answered O'Brien, thumping down a well-filled sack by the side of Matthewson's. "Though it's little faith I'm having, John, that the beast can do the trick."

The Eldorado emptied its occupants into the street to see the test. The tables were deserted, and the dealers and gamekeepers came forth to see the outcome of the wager and to lay odds. Several hundred men, furred and mittened, stood around the sled within easy distance. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold—it was sixty below zero—the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. Men offered odds of two to one that Buck could not budge the sled. A quibble arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet decided in his favor, whereat the odds went up to three to one against Buck.

There were no takers. Not a man believed him capable of the feat. Thornton had been hurried into the wager, heavy with doubt; and now that he looked at the sled itself, the concrete fact, with the regular team of ten dogs curled up in the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared. Matthewson waxed jubilant.

"Three to one!" he proclaimed. "I'll lay you another thousand at that figure, Thornton. What d'ye say?"

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused—a fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save the clamor for battle. He called Hans and Pete to him. Their sacks were slim, and with his own the three partners could rake together only two hundred dollars. In the ebb of their fortunes, this sum was their total

capital; yet they laid it unhesitatingly against Matthewson's six hundred.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of extra flesh, and the one hundred fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy forelegs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"Good, sir! Good, sir!" stuttered a king of the Skookum Benches. "I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the voices of the gamblers vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch-strings.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur

soft love curses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was growing mysterious. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittened hand between his jaws, pressing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half-reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck repeated the movement, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad,

the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again . . . half an inch . . . an inch . . . two inches. . . . The jerks became noticeably fewer; as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth. Those who hurried up heard him cursing Buck, and he cursed him long and fervently, and softly and lovingly.

"Good, sir! Good, sir!" spluttered the Skookum Bench king. "I'll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir—twelve hundred, sir."

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though animated by a common thought, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor were they again thoughtless enough to interrupt.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Jack London (1876-1916) did a great many different things before he was twenty years old. When he was ten years old, he became a newsboy in San Francisco. Later, he worked in a cannery. By the time he was sixteen, he was known as an oyster pirate, but he was soon glad to give up this dangerous and unlawful occupation. When he was seventeen, he went on a sealing expedition—a voyage which took him past the Hawaiian Islands and to Japan, and which made him an experienced seaman. Upon his return, most of the money earned upon the voyage went to the support of his family, and he went to work in a jute mill "for ten cents an hour, ten hours a day," giving nearly all his earnings to his mother. While working here he won a twenty-five dollar prize for an article called "Typhoon Off the Coast of Japan," written in three evenings after working hours.

In 1894, worn out by excessively hard manual labor, he became a tramp and went eastward with "Kelly's Army," later joining the famous "Coxey's Army." The hardship of this trip, and the dreadfulness of the life he saw, made such an impression on him that he was, as he says, "scared into thinking," with the result that he decided to earn his living by "selling his brains instead of his muscle." This meant education; and he returned to Oakland, California, to enter high school at nineteen years of age. Here, with the help of a devoted sister, he worked his way through school, rapidly making up lost time and entering college in 1896. He found it necessary to earn more money before the year was out, and again he went to work, this time in a laundry.

In 1897, thrilled with the news of the gold discoveries in Alaska, he joined the rush to the Klondike. His strong physique and resourcefulness helped him here to succeed where others failed, and he was one of the few who got through the difficult Chilkoot Pass before winter closed in; he staked his claim on October 12. Jack London did not get the gold he went for, but he did get other gold—the material for the stories that were to make him famous—for during the winter in the

Klondike he made the acquaintance of the dog Buck, the noble hero of *The Call of the Wild,* from which this story is taken. Buck is the hero of a film version of this book.

This book, considered by many his best, made him famous; and from the time of its publication, he did as he had planned—earned his living by the work of his brain instead of by muscle. He purchased a ranch near Glen Ellen, California, in "The Valley of the Moon," and there, relieved of the hardship of his early life, he lived with his wife, Charmian London, also an author, until his death in 1916.

Among his animal stories, the book *White Fang* is interesting as a companion to *The Call of the Wild;* and *Michael, the Brother of Jerry,* another dog story, shows the cruelty involved in the training of animals for public performances. As a result of this book a club has been formed in Boston, called the Jack London Club, which attempts to discourage such training. In the article "Jack London, Farmer," by Millard, in *The Bookman,* October, 1916, there is an interesting account of the life at Glen Ellen; and in *St. Nicholas,* July, 1917, the story "Cruises of the Bay Pirate Jack," by French, tells of London's adventurous boyhood.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? 2. When Buck was hitched to the sled, murmurs of admiration went up; describe him as you see him. 3. What led Buck to understand the importance of the event to his master? 4. What characteristics did Buck show that made him valuable to his master? 5. How did Thornton show his appreciation of Buck's success?

General Questions and Topics. 1. What value for us has this story? 2. Show that the author has much sympathy for dogs. 3. This story has conversation; do you like best a story in which there is conversation? Why? 4. At what point in the story were you most interested? 5. What other story by Jack London have you read? 6. What is meant by the phrase "on the totem pole of Alaskan fame"? 7. The author tells us that Buck was the target of all the men; can you think of a reason for this? 8. You will enjoy reading "The Strength of a Dog," Dickie, in *St. Nicholas,* March, 1917. 9. Darling's *Baldy of Nome* gives a good account of Baldy, an Alaskan

racing dog, who died recently in an animal hospital in Berkeley, California. Baldy, known as "the toughest dog in all the Northland," was the leading dog in a noted racing team which won six of the All Alaska sweepstakes races across the Seward Peninsula from Nome to Candle and back, 418 miles in all. Chapter XIII in *Baldy of Nome* tells of one of Baldy's races.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) A story illustrating the devotion of a dog to his master. (*b*) The most interesting dog I ever knew. (*c*) The best dog story I ever read. (*d*) Alaskan dog teams. (*e*) Dogs that work.

GULLIVER THE GREAT

WALTER A. DYER

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Gulliver overcame Mr. Enderby's dislike and fear of dogs; (*b*) what characteristics Gulliver had that enabled him to win the man's friendship.

It was a mild evening in early spring, and the magnolias were in bloom. We motored around the park, turned up a side street, and finally came to a standstill before the Churchwarden Club.

There was nothing about its exterior to indicate that it was a clubhouse at all, but within there was an atmosphere of comfort. Old prints of horses and ships and battles hung on the walls. It was my first visit to the Churchwarden Club, of which my quaint, old-fashioned Uncle Ford had long been a member, and I was charmed.

We dined in the long basement restaurant, the walls of which were completely covered with long pipes, arranged in the most marvelous patterns; and after our

mutton chop and plum pudding, we filled with the choicest of tobacco the pipes which the old major brought us.

Then came Jacob R. Enderby to smoke with us. Tall and spare he was, with long, black hair, large nose, and piercing eyes. I disgraced myself by staring at him. I didn't know that such a man existed in New York, and yet I couldn't decide whether his home should be in Arizona or Cape Cod.

Enderby and Uncle Ford were deep in a discussion, when a waiter summoned my uncle to the telephone. I neglected to state that my uncle is a physician; and this was a call. I knew it the moment I saw the waiter approaching. I was disappointed and disgusted. Uncle Ford saw this and laughed.

"Cheer up!" said he. "You needn't come with me to visit the sick. I'll be back in an hour, and meanwhile, Mr. Enderby will take care of you; won't you, Jake?"

For answer Enderby arose, and refilling his pipe, took me by the arm, while my uncle got into his overcoat. As he passed us on the way out, he whispered in my ear: "Talk about dogs."

I heard and nodded.

ENDERBY'S DISLIKE OF DOGS

Enderby led me to the loafing-room, a large apartment with huge leather chairs and a seat in the bay-window. Save for a gray-haired old chap, the room was deserted. But no sooner had Enderby seated himself on the window-seat than there was a rush, a short, glad bark, and Nubbins, the steward's bull-terrier, bounded in, landing at Enderby's side with expressions of great joy. I reached forward to pat him, but he paid no atten-

tion to me. At last his wriggling subsided, and he settled down with his head on Enderby's knee, the picture of content. Then I recalled my uncle's parting words.

"Friend of yours," I suggested.

Enderby smiled. "Yes," he said, "we're friends, I guess. And the funny part of it is that he doesn't pay any attention to anyone else except his master. They all act that way with me, dogs do." And he pulled Nubbins's stubby ears.

"Natural attraction, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, it is," he answered, with the modest frankness of a big man. "It's a thing hard to explain, though there's a sort of reason for it in my case."

I pushed toward him a little tobacco-laden stand. He refilled and lighted. "It's an extraordinary thing, even so," he said, puffing. "Every dog nowadays seems to look upon me as his long-lost master, but it wasn't always so. I hated dogs and they hated me."

Not wishing to say "Really" or "Indeed" to this big, outdoor man, I simply grunted my surprise.

"Yes, we were born enemies. More than that, I was afraid of dogs. A little fuzzy toy dog, ambling up to me in a room full of company, with his tail wagging, gave me the shudders. I couldn't touch the beast. And as for big dogs outdoors, I feared them like the plague. I would go blocks out of my way to avoid one. I don't remember being cowardly about other things, but I just couldn't help this. It was in my blood, for some reason or other. It was the bane of my life. I couldn't see what the brutes were put into the world for, or how anyone could have anything to do with them. And the dogs disliked and distrusted me. The most docile old Brunos would growl and show their teeth when I came near."

"Did the change come suddenly?" I asked.

"Quite. It was in 1901. I accepted a commission from an importing and trading company to go to the Philippines to do a little quiet exploring. I spent four months in the sickly place. Then I got the fever, and when I recovered I couldn't wait. I was just crazy to get back home.

"I made inquiries and learned of an old tramp steamer, named the *Old Squaw,* that was making ready to leave for Honolulu on the following day with a cargo of hemp and stuff, and a bunch of Moros for some show in the States. I booked passage on that steamer. She was the worst old tub you ever saw. I didn't learn much about her, but I verily believe her to have been a condemned excursion boat.

"She was battered and unpainted, and I don't believe she could have reached Honolulu much before the next regular boat; but I couldn't wait, and I took her. I made myself as comfortable as possible, bribed the cook to insure myself against starvation, and swung a hammock on the forward deck as far as possible from the worst of the vile smells.

ENDERBY MEETS GULLIVER

"But we hadn't lost sight of Manila Bay when I discovered that there was a dog aboard—and such a dog! I had never seen one that sent me into such a panic as this one, and he had free range of the ship. A great Dane he was, named Gulliver, and he was the pride of the captain's heart.

"With all my fear, I realized he was a magnificent animal, but I looked on him as a gigantic devil. Without exception, he was the biggest dog I ever saw, and as

muscular as a lion. He lacked some points that show-judges set store by, but he had the size and the build. I have seen Vulcan and the Wurtemburg breed, but they were fox terriers compared with Gulliver. His tail was as big around as my arm, and the cook lived in terror of his getting into the galley and wagging it; and he had a mouth that looked to me like the crater of a volcano, and a voice that shook the planking when he spoke.

"I first caught sight of him appearing from behind a huge coil of rope in the stern. He stretched and yawned, and I nearly died of fright. I caught up a belaying-pin, though little good that would have done me. I think he saw me do it, and doubtless he set me down for an enemy then and there.

"We were well out of the harbor, and there was no turning back, but I would have given my right hand to be off that boat. I fully expected him to eat me up, and I slept with that belaying-pin sticking into my ribs in the hammock, and with my revolver loaded and handy. Fortunately, Gulliver's dislike for me took the form of contempt. He knew I was afraid of him, and even the Moros treated him with respect when they were allowed on deck. I couldn't understand it. I would as soon have made a pet of a hungry boa constrictor.

"On the third day out the poor old boiler burst and the *Old Squaw* caught fire. She was dry and rotten inside and burned like tinder. No attempt was made to extinguish the flames, which got into the hemp in the hold in short order. The smoke was stifling, and in a jiffy all hands were struggling with the boats. The Moros came tumbling up from below and added to the confusion with their terrified yells.

"The davits were old and rusty, and the men were soon fighting among themselves. One boat dropped stern foremost, filled, and sank immediately, and the *Old Squaw* was visibly settling. I saw there was no chance of getting away in the boats, and I recalled a life-raft on the deck forward near my hammock. It was a sort of double wooden platform on a pair of hollow, water-tight, cylindrical buoys. It wasn't twenty feet long and about half as broad, but it would have to do. I fancy it was a forgotten relic of the old excursion-boat days.

"There was no time to lose, for the *Old Squaw* was bound to sink presently. Besides, I was aft with the rest, and the flames were licking up the deck and running-gear in the waist of the boat.

"The galley, which was amidships near the engine-room, had received the full force of the explosion, and the cook lay moaning with a small water-cask thumping against his chest. I couldn't stop to help the man, but I did kick the cask away. It seemed to be nearly full, and it occurred to me that I should need it. I glanced quickly around, and luckily found a tin of biscuits that had also been blown out of the galley. I picked this up, and rolling the cask of water ahead of me as rapidly as I could, I made my way through the hot, stifling smoke to the bow of the boat.

"I kicked at the life-raft; it seemed to be sound, and I lashed the biscuits and water to it. I also threw on a coil of rope and a piece of sailcloth. I saw nothing else that could possibly be of any value to me. I abandoned my trunk for fear it would only prove troublesome. Then I hacked the raft loose with my knife and shoved it over the bulwark. Apparently no one had seen me, for there

was no one else forward of the sheet of flame that now cut the boat in two.

"The raft was a mighty heavy affair, but I managed to raise one end to the rail. I don't believe I would ever have been able to heave it over, but I didn't have to. I felt a great upheaval, and the prow of the *Old Squaw* went up into the air. I grabbed the ropes that I had lashed the food on with and clung to the raft. The deck became almost perpendicular, and it was a miracle that the raft didn't slide with me into the flames. Somehow it stuck where it was.

"Then the boat sank with a great roar, and for about a thousand years, it seemed to me, I was under water. I didn't do anything. I couldn't think. I was only conscious of a tremendous weight of water and a feeling that I would burst open. Instinct alone made me cling to the raft.

"When it finally brought me to the surface I was as nearly dead as I care to be. I lay there on the thing in a half-conscious condition for a long time. If my life had depended on my doing something, I would have been lost. Then gradually I came to, and began to spit out salt water and gasp for breath. I gathered my wits together and sat up. My hands were numb, and I had to loosen the grip of my fingers with the help of my toes. Then I looked about me. My biscuits and water and rope were safe, but the sailcloth had vanished. I remember that this annoyed me at the time, though I don't know what earthly good it would have done.

"The sea was fairly calm, and I could see all about. Not a human being was visible, only a few floating bits of wreckage. Every man on board except myself must have gone down with the ship and drowned.

THE RESCUE OF GULLIVER

"Then I caught sight of something that made my heart stand still. The huge head of Gulliver was coming rapidly toward me through the water! The dog was swimming strongly, and must have leaped from the *Old Squaw* before she sank. My raft was the only thing afloat large enough to hold him, and he knew it. I drew my revolver, but it was soaking wet and useless. Then I sat down on the cracker tin and gritted my teeth and waited. I had been alarmed, I must admit, when the boiler blew up and the panic began, but that was nothing to the terror that seized me now.

"Here I was all alone on the top of the Pacific Ocean with a horrible demon making for me as fast as he could swim. My mind was benumbed, and I could think of nothing to do. I trembled, and my teeth rattled. I prayed for a shark, but no shark came.

"Soon Gulliver reached the raft and placed one of his forepaws on it and then the other. The top of it stood six or eight inches above the water, and it took a great effort for the dog to raise himself. I wanted to kick him back, but I didn't dare to move. Gulliver struggled mightily. Again and again he reared his great shoulders above the sea, only to be cast back, scratching and kicking, at a lurch of the raft. Finally a wave favored him, and he caught the edge of the under platform with one of his hind feet. With a stupendous effort he heaved his huge bulk over the edge and lay sprawling at my feet, panting and trembling."

Enderby paused and gazed out of the window with a big sigh, as though the recital of his story had brought back some of the horror of his remarkable experience.

Nubbins looked up inquiringly, and then snuggled closer to his friend, while Enderby smoothed the white head.

"Well," he continued, "there we were. You can't possibly imagine how I felt unless you, too, have been afflicted with dog-fear. It was awful. And I hated the brute so. I could have torn him limb from limb if I had had the strength. But he was vastly more powerful than I. I could only fear him.

"By and by he got up and shook himself. I cowered on my cracker tin, but he only looked at me scornfully, went to the other end of the raft, and lay down to wait patiently for deliverance. We remained this way until nightfall. The sea was calm, and we seemed to be drifting but slowly. We were in the path of ships likely to be passing one way or the other, and I would have been hopeful of the outcome if it had not been for my hated companion.

"I began to feel faint, and opened the cracker tin. The biscuits were wet with salt water, but I ate a couple, and left the cover of the tin open to dry them. Gulliver looked around, and I shut the tin hastily. But the dog never moved. He was not disposed to ask favors. By kicking the sides of the cask and prying with my knife, I managed to get the bung out and took a drink. Then I settled myself on the raft with my back against the cask, and longed for a smoke.

"The gentle motion of the raft produced a lulling effect on my exhausted nerves, and I began to nod, only to awake with a start, with fear gripping at my heart. I dared not sleep. I don't know what I thought Gulliver would do to me, for I didn't understand dogs, but I felt that I must watch him constantly. In the starlight I could see that his eyes were open. Gulliver was watchful

too. All night long I kept up a running fight with drowsiness. I dozed at intervals, but never for long at a time. It was a horrible night, and I cannot tell you how I longed for day and welcomed it when it came.

"I must have slept toward dawn, for I suddenly became conscious of broad daylight. I roused myself, stood up, and swung my arms and legs to stir up circulation, for the night had been chilly. Gulliver rose, too, and stood silently watching me until I ceased for fear. When he settled down again I got my breakfast out of the cracker tin. Gulliver was restless and was evidently interested.

"'He must be hungry,' I thought, and then a new fear caught me. I had only to wait until he became hungry and then he would surely attack me. I concluded that it would be wiser to feed him, and I tossed him a biscuit. I expected to see him grab it ravenously, and wondered as soon as I had thrown it if the taste of food would only serve to make him more ferocious. But at first he would not touch it. He only lay there with his great head on his paws and looked at me. Distrust was plain in his face. I had never realized before that a dog's face could express the more delicate feelings. His gaze charmed me, and I could not take my eyes from his. The build of him was tremendous as he lay there, and I noticed the big swelling muscles of his jaw. At last he arose, sniffed at the biscuit, and looked up at me again.

"'It's all right; eat it!' I cried. The sound of my own voice frightened me. I had not intended to speak to him. But in spite of my strained tone he seemed somewhat more trustful of me. He took a little nibble, and then swallowed his biscuit after one or two crunches. I threw him another and he ate that.

" 'That's all,' said I. 'We must be sparing of them.' I was amazed to discover how perfectly he understood. He lay down again and licked his chops.

"Late in the forenoon I saw a line of smoke on the horizon, and soon a steamer hove into view. I stood up and waved my coat frantically, but to no purpose. Gulliver stood up and looked from me to the steamer, much interested.

" 'Too far off,' I said to Gulliver. 'I hope the next one will come nearer.'

"At midday I dined and fed Gulliver. This time he took two biscuits quite without reserve and whacked his great tail against the raft. It seemed to me that his attitude was less unfriendly, and I wondered at it. When I took my drink from the cask, Gulliver showed signs of interest.

" 'I suppose dogs get thirsty, too,' I said aloud. Gulliver rapped with his tail. I looked about for some sort of receptacle, and finally pulled off my shoe, filled it with water, and shoved it toward him with my foot. He drank gratefully.

"During the afternoon I sighted another ship, but it was too distant to notice me. However, the sea remained calm and I did not despair.

GULLIVER WINS HIS MASTER'S LOVE

"After we had had supper, I settled back against my cask, resolved to keep awake, for still I did not trust Gulliver. The sun set suddenly and the stars came out, and I found myself strangely lonesome. It seemed as though I had been alone out there on the Pacific for weeks. The miles and miles of heaving waters, almost

on a level with my eye, were beginning to get on my nerves. I longed for someone to talk to, and wished I had dragged the half-breed cook along with me for company. I sighed loudly, and Gulliver raised his head.

" 'Lonesome out here, isn't it?' I said, simply to hear the sound of my own voice.

"Then for the first time Gulliver spoke. He made a deep sound in his throat, but it wasn't a growl, and with all my ignorance of dog language I knew it.

"Then I began to talk. I talked about everything—the people back home and all that—and Gulliver listened. I know more about dogs now, and I know that the best way to make friends with a dog is to talk to him. He can't talk back, but he can understand a heap more than you think he can.

"Finally Gulliver, who had kept his distance all this time, arose and came toward me. My words died in my throat. What was he going to do? To my relief he did nothing but sink down at my feet with a grunt and curl his huge body into a semicircle. He had dignity, Gulliver had. He wanted to be friendly, but he would not take the liberty. However, I had lost interest in conversation, and sat watching him and wondering.

"In spite of my resolution, I fell asleep at length from exhaustion, and never woke until daybreak. The sky was clouded and our craft was pitching. Gulliver was standing in the middle of the raft, looking at me in evident alarm. I glanced over my shoulder, and the blackness of the horizon told me that a storm was coming, and coming soon. I made fast our slender store of food, tied the end of a line about my own waist for safety, and waited. In a short time the storm struck us in all its tropical fury. The raft pitched and tossed, now high

up at one end, and now at the other, and sometimes almost engulfed in the waves.

"Gulliver was having a desperate time to keep aboard. His blunt claws slipped on the wet deck of the raft, and he fell and slid dangerously. The thought flashed across my mind that the storm might prove to be a blessing in disguise, and that I might soon be rid of the brute.

"As I clung there to the lashings, I saw him slip down to the farther end of the raft, his hind quarters actually over the edge. A wave swept over him, but still he clung, panting madly. Then the raft righted itself for a moment, and as he hung there he gave me a look I shall never forget—a look of fear, of pleading, of reproach, and yet of silent courage. And with all my stupidity I read that look. Somehow it told me that I was the master, after all, and he the dog. I could not resist it. Cautiously I raised myself and loosened the spare rope I had saved. As the raft tipped the other way Gulliver regained his footing and came sliding toward me.

"Quickly I passed the rope around his body, and as the raft dived again I hung on to the rope with one hand, retaining my own hold with the other. Gulliver's great weight nearly pulled my arm from its socket, but he helped mightily, and during the next moment I took another turn about his body and made the end of the rope fast.

"The storm passed as swiftly as it had come, and though it left us drenched and exhausted, we were both safe. That evening Gulliver crept close to me as I talked. Loneliness will make a man do strange things.

"On the fifth day, when our provisions were nearly gone, and I had begun to feel the sinking dullness of despair, I sighted a steamer coming directly toward us.

Instantly I felt new life in my limbs and around my heart, and while the boat was yet miles away I began to shout and to wave my coat.

"'I believe she's coming, old man!' I cried to Gulliver; 'I believe she's coming!' I soon wearied of this foolishness and sat down to wait. Gulliver came close and sat beside me, and for the first time I put my hand on him. He looked up at me and rapped furiously with his tail. I patted his head—a little gingerly, I must confess. It was a big, smooth head, and it felt solid and strong. I passed my hand down his neck, his back, his flanks. He seemed to quiver with joy. He leaned his huge body against me. Then he bowed his head and licked my shoe.

"A feeling of intense shame and unworthiness came over me, with the realization of how completely I had misunderstood him. Why should this great, powerful creature lick my shoe? It was unbelievable. Then, somehow, everything changed. Fear and distrust left me, and a feeling of comradeship and understanding took their place. We two had been through so much together. A dog was no longer a frightful beast to me; he was a dog! I cannot think of a nobler word. And Gulliver licked my shoe! Doubtless it was only the fineness of his nature that had prevented him from licking my hand. I might have resented that. I put my arms suddenly around Gulliver's neck and hugged him. I loved that dog!

"Slowly, slowly, the steamer crawled along, but still she kept up her course. When she was about a mile away, however, I saw that she would not pass as near to us as I had hoped; so I began once more my waving and yelling. She came nearer, nearer, but still showed no signs of seeing us.

"She was almost abreast of us, and passing. I was in a frenzy. She was so near that I could make out the figure of the captain on the bridge, and other figures on the deck below. It seemed as though they must see us, though I realized how low in the water we stood, and how pitifully weak and hoarse my voice was. I had been a fool to waste it. Then an idea struck me.

"'Speak!' I cried to Gulliver, who stood watching beside me. 'Speak, old man!'

"Gulliver needed no second bidding. A roar like that of all the bulls of Bashan rolled out over the blue Pacific. Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful. His great sides heaved with the mighty effort, his red, cavernous mouth open, and his head raised high.

"'Good, old man!' I cried. 'Good!' And again that magnificent voice boomed forth. Then something happened on board the steamer. The figures came to the side. I waved my coat and danced. They saw us.

"I was pretty well done up when they took us aboard, and I slept twenty-four hours straight. When I awoke,

there sat Gulliver by my bunk; and when I turned to look at him, he lifted a great paw and put it on my arm."

Enderby ceased, and there was silence in the room save for the light snoring of Nubbins.

"You took him home with you, I suppose?" I asked.

Enderby nodded.

"And you have him still?" I certainly wanted to have a look at that dog.

But he did not answer. I saw an expression of great sadness come into his eyes as he gazed out of the window, and I knew that Jacob Enderby had finished his story.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

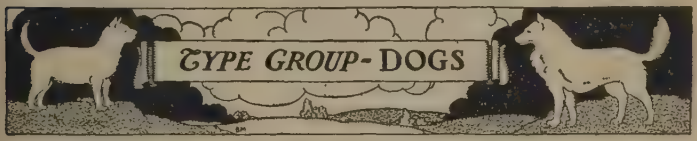
Biography. Walter Alden Dyer (1878-) says that he classifies mankind into three groups—people who love dogs, people who mildly like them, and people who dislike them; he thinks that people rarely change from one class to another. In "Gulliver the Great," however, he tells how a man who disliked dogs was changed into a man who loved them. He says further: "The dog is, of all creatures, man's most devoted friend —faithful, useful, sympathetic, enjoyable, sagacious, brave." In *The Independent* for November 9, 1918, there are interesting pictures of Mr. Dyer and his "own irrepressible Irish terrier," Sandy, "a mighty hunter of woodchucks."

Mr. Dyer is a native of Massachusetts and is a graduate of Amherst College. From 1906 to 1914 he was managing editor of *Country Life*, in which many of his articles and stories appear. He is an authority on antiques, and you will find his articles "Some Old Clocks," and "Old Lamps and Candlesticks" listed in the reference reading of this book. His home is at "Rock Walls Farm," Amherst, Massachusetts.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Who tells the story? To whom does he tell it? 2. The introduction precedes the story proper; what is told in the introduction? 3. Tell

briefly the story of the shipwreck. 4. Describe Enderby's feelings when he saw the dog swimming toward the raft. 5. How did Gulliver regard Enderby? 6. Why did Enderby save the dog from drowning? 7. How long were the dog and the man on the raft before they were rescued? 8. What led to the friendship between the dog and the man? 9. How did they attract the attention of those on the steamer which finally rescued them?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Do you think that fear of dogs is common? Give reasons for your answer. 2. Compare Gulliver with Silly Billy. 3. What does the author tell us is the best way to make friends with a dog? 4. In what are you most interested in this story, the dog, the man, or the shipwreck? 5. Do you like the way the story ends? Give reasons. 6. This story is taken from *Gulliver the Great;* you will be interested in the following stories from the same book: "The Strike at Tiverton Manor" and "Tom Sawyer of the Movies."



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. Which of the three stories in this group do you like best? 2. Which dog should you rather own? Why? 3. Make a list of the chief characteristics of the dogs mentioned. 4. Are there any characteristics in your list that you have never found in a dog? 5. Has the hero of any of these stories brought to your mind a dog that you have known? If so, compare the two dogs. 6. How has your reading of the selections in this group affected your interest in stories of dogs? 7. A list of stories of dogs is given below, to be reported on in class; can you suggest an additional story that you have recently read in a magazine or newspaper or book, which you think worthy to be added to this list? 8. Read the

tribute of Senator Vest, page 11; which of the dogs mentioned in this group of stories is the best example of his ideal? 9. The late President Warren G. Harding was a lover of dogs, and his famous Airedale, Laddie Boy, was closely associated with the life at the White House during the Harding administration. Tell the class of any stories or incidents that you have read about Laddie Boy; also make a collection of pictures of Laddie Boy, or of other dogs mentioned in this type group, suitable for a picture exhibit of dogs.

Library Reading. (*a*) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "Autobiographic Sketch of the Most Famous War Dog," (in *The Literary Digest*, April 19, 1919); "What We Two Dogs Did," Terhune and Gatlin (in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, September, 1919); "Comet," Derieux (in *Frank of Freedom Hill*, and also in *The American Magazine*, December, 1921); *Bob, Son of Battle*, Ollivant; *A Dog of Flanders*, De la Ramée (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "Turk, the Faithful Dog," Baker (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); *Famous Dogs in Fiction*, McSpadden; "A Snow King," Stockton (in *Stories of Brave Dogs Retold from St. Nicholas*); "What We Dogs Think About," Kelly (in *St. Nicholas*, December, 1922).

(*b*) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** "Blue Chap: A Dog That Knew," Roe (in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, July, 1919); *Greyfriars Bobby*, Atkinson; *The Dog Crusoe*, Ballantyne; *Pierrot, Dog of Belgium*, Dyer; *The National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1919; *Jack, the Fire Dog*, Wesselhoeft; *Gulliver the Great*, Dyer; *The Call of the Wild*, London; *White Fang*, London; *Wild Animal Ways*, Seton; *Rab and His Friends*, Brown; *A Wilderness Dog*, Hawkes; *Prince Jan*, Hooker; *Wolf, the Storm Leader*, Caldwell.

(*c*) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "The Dog That Saved the Bridge," Roberts (in *The Secret Trails*); "Little Girl Afraid of a Dog," Wilkins (in *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1906); "The Nor'-west Courier," John E. Logan (in *A Victorian Anthology*, Stedman); "These Dogs Can Teach Us All Something," Derieux (in *The American Magazine*, April, 1920).

SHAGGYCOAT AND THE NIMBLE OTTER

CLARENCE HAWKES

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) why Shaggycoat thought he owned the pond; (*b*) how he attempted to show the otter that he was master of the place; (*c*) how Shaggycoat succeeded in his undertaking.

Shaggycoat, the adventurous young beaver, was astonished and angered when he saw the nimble otter come sliding over the surface of the beavers' pond. The thing that astonished him was to see the otter slide, and he was angry because the stranger acted just as though the pond belonged to him, while Shaggycoat knew that it was his own. Had he not spent days and weeks searching in the wilderness for a spot where he could make his home, and had not he and Brighteyes, his faithful helpmate, built the dam that flooded the meadow? It was all his own, and the manner of this merry stranger made him furious.

Shaggycoat would show him who was master here, and so he began swimming rapidly about under the ice, trying to find an escape to the outer air. But Jack Frost had shut down a transparent ice window over the pond the night before, and, although Shaggycoat could still see the sky and the trees along the shore, yet the outer

world would not be his again until spring. He could find an air hole by going upstream two or three miles to some rapids, but the return trip overland was not inviting, for he, like other beavers, was a poor traveler and would not go any long distance except by water.

It was out of the question for Shaggycoat to go two miles upstream and think of returning overland merely to fight; he therefore gave up the plan and amused himself by watching the otter. He had never seen anyone so nimble before, and he would have been amused at the otter's pranks had they not been upon his own particular pond.

The otter would go up the bank where it was steep and give three or four great jumps. When he struck the surface ice, he would double his forelegs up so that they lay along his sides, and slide across the ice on his breast, trailing his hind legs. Then he would scramble up the opposite bank and repeat the performance. Shaggycoat, swimming about under the ice watching his visitor, thought he had never seen anything quite so interesting in his life.

Finally the otter in one of his slides passed over the spot where Shaggycoat was swimming, and saw him for the first time. He could not stop in his slide in time to pay his compliments to the beaver, but he soon came slipping and sliding back and glared down at the owner of the pond, showing a set of teeth almost as good as the beaver's own. Shaggycoat glared back at him; they both knew the fight would come some other day.

The otter seemed to say by his look, "Come up here and I will shake you out of that drab coat"; the beaver's countenance replied, "You just come down here and I'll drown you and then tear you to pieces just to see what your brown coat is made of."

Shaggycoat saw a great deal of the otter on these crisp, clear days, before the ice became clouded, and his coming and going always made the beaver uneasy.

Sometimes this playful coaster would slide the entire length of the pond, going half a mile in two or three minutes. He would stick his sharp claws into the ice and give two or three bounds, then he would slide a long distance. The momentum that he got from the leaps would usually carry him seventy-five to a hundred yards. Shaggycoat thought it must be great sport, but the coaster should play upon his own pond, if he had one, and leave other people's alone.

One day a great fall of snow spread a soft, white blanket over the ice, and the beaver saw no more of his enemy until spring. At last with their golden key the sunbeams unlocked the ice door over the lake, and the beavers were again free to go and come in the outer world. Then Shaggycoat swam a mile or so upstream to look for elderberry wood. There was something in the tart, acid sap of the elderberry that he craved after the inactive life of winter. This was his spring medicine, a tonic that the beaver always seeks if he can find it, when the first great thaw opens the ice in the river.

He was also fond of the sweet maple sap and stopped to girdle a small soft maple on the way. He would remember that maple tree and come again. The sap would run freely during the day and freeze at night, and in the morning the ice would be covered with syrup, white, transparent, and sweet as honey. This was primitive sugar-making in which the beaver indulged.

He had satisfied his spring craving for both sweet and sour with maple and elder sap, and was swimming slowly downstream toward his lake when he heard a sound on shore. Something was coming through the

woods, for he heard the snow crackling. Shaggycoat kept very still and watched and listened. Nearer and nearer the sounds came, and presently he saw the otter coming with long leaps, breaking the crust at every jump. Almost at the same instant they discovered each other. The otter was all fight in a second; the fur stood up on his neck, his eyes snapped, and his lips parted, showing a white, gleaming set of teeth.

He made straight for the beaver, covering the snow with great jumps. Shaggycoat saw that his best course was to meet his enemy in the water. On land he would be no match for so nimble a foe. He therefore swam in mid-stream, clambered upon a low rock, and waited for the attack. This was the hour for which he had longed all through the winter months, but now that it was at hand, he almost wished he were back in his snug house on the lake. The otter was much larger than he, and his every motion was so quick that the beaver feared him even before he found how good a fighter he was. The otter began by swimming about the rock several times, snapping at his foe at every chance. This forced Shaggycoat to turn very fast and as he was not so quick as his foe, he got his tail nipped twice before he knew it. Then having concluded that the rock was no place for him, he made a clumsy spring for the otter's back. With a great splash he fell into the water, but the otter was not where he had been a second before! He was glaring at the beaver from the rock, which he had reached in some mysterious manner.

While Shaggycoat was still wondering what to do next, the otter took matters into his own hands by jumping squarely upon the beaver's back, and setting his teeth into his neck. It would have been a sorry day for poor

Shaggycoat if there had not been a projecting rock near by, under which he could plunge, scraping off his enemy, and thus saving his neck from being badly chewed, if not broken. He was getting decidedly the worst of it. When the otter went back to the rock, Shaggycoat swam out from his hiding-place, and started for the lake at his best speed, with his foe in hot pursuit.

What a swim that was and how they churned up the water in that running fight back to the lake! Foam and blood flecked the water and a line of bubbles marked their progress.

It seemed to Shaggycoat that the stronghold toward which he was retreating, fighting off his heavy foe so bravely, was miles away, but at last, to his great joy, it was reached. And there, at the upper end of the lake was Brighteyes, licking at the maple stump that he had girdled that morning. Like a faithful helpmate she flew to his relief, while the otter, seeing that he had two beavers to fight instead of one, gave up the chase and swam away.

The next otter that Shaggycoat saw was much smaller than his enemy and he at once concluded that it was a female. She was lying upon a rock in mid-stream, watching the water closely. Her intense manner at once attracted the beaver's attention, and he kept quiet and watched just to find out what she was doing.

Presently she sprang from the rock like a flash and swam downstream with a rapidity that fairly took Shaggycoat's breath away, good swimmer that he was. But he was still more astonished when a second later she struck out for the shore bearing a large fish in her jaws. The fish was giving a few last feeble flops with its tail.

What she wanted with the fish Shaggycoat could not imagine, so he kept still and watched. She lay down upon the sand, and holding the fish down with one paw, began tearing it to pieces and eating it. She had not been long at work when Shaggycoat noticed two otter pups, that had before escaped his attention, playing in the sand near the old otter. They were as playful as kittens and were rolling and tumbling about, having a merry time. When the old otter had finished her fish, she called the youngsters to her, and lying down upon the sand, gave them their supper.

When they were satisfied, she tried to coax them into the water. She would plunge in herself, and then face about and stand pleading with them, but they were afraid and would not venture in. Finally, one of them, assuming a little boldness, came to the water's edge, and dipped his paw in it; he evidently did not like it, however, for he went back on the bank.

Then the old otter fell back on a strange trick, and got her way as mothers will. She lay down upon the sand and romped and rolled with her pups, tumbling them over and over. Finally, at the height of the play, they were coaxed to climb upon her back. Then she slipped quickly into the stream, where she tumbled them off and left them kicking and sputtering. A moment later they scrambled out looking like drowned rats. The lesson that she had sought to teach them had been learned. They had discovered that the water did them no harm, and before night had fallen and the stars appeared, they were playing in the stream of their own free will.

All this amused Shaggycoat so much that he forgot to be angry with the old otter, and he finally went away

to look for his own supper of poplar bark. Later in the summer he did really meet his enemy face to face, but under such strange conditions that the beaver never forgot the incident. He was swimming rapidly downstream on the return trip to Brighteyes and his own forest lake. Suddenly, as he rounded a sharp bend in the stream, he came upon his enemy close at hand. The otter seemed to be engaged in wrestling with something in the water. He was near shore and making a great splash.

All of the old fury came back to Shaggycoat. This was the fellow who had so punished him on that memorable day the year before, but Shaggycoat was now larger and stronger. He felt that he was a match for the otter. He would punish him now so that he would never dare to slide upon his pond again.

Shaggycoat started forward noiselessly to take his enemy by surprise. He had got within twenty yards before the otter saw him, and then that bold fellow seemed greatly frightened. He plunged about wildly and churned up the water, roiling the stream. Then it was that Shaggycoat noticed something strange which set the fur up on his neck and all along his back. He recalled feelings that were anything but pleasant. The beaver saw that the forepaw of the otter was firmly held in a trap. Shaggycoat had himself been caught the year before in just such a cruel thing.

Now was his time. The trap would hold the otter tight and he would punish him. Again the otter reared and plunged, and a new thought came to Shaggycoat. Perhaps there were more traps all about them. Maybe there was one right under his own paws this very minute. His fury at his enemy gave way to fear for his own safety

and he fled without even waiting to see if his enemy got free. As he fled, his terror of traps grew so great that for miles and miles he did not dare to touch his paws on the bottom of the stream. At last, weary and exhausted, he crawled under an overhanging bank and slept, and in sleep forgot the fear that had pursued him all through the night. But his enemy never troubled him again, either upon the stream that he frequented in summer, or on his own forest lake in winter.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Clarence Hawkes (1869-) has not been able to see since he was fifteen years old, though it is hard to believe that the author of the charming sketch "Shaggycoat" is blind. The reason that he can describe animal life so vividly in spite of this handicap is that, for the first fifteen years of his life, as he says, "I exposed hundreds of films in my brain-cells, which I have since developed and given to my readers." He was born in the little farming village of Goshen, Massachusetts, and he was "early introduced to the hoe, the rake, the ax, and all the other implements of torture." As a farm boy he was out of doors a great deal all the year round, and his intense love for nature, fostered in addition by his father and mother, led him to observe very closely the life of woods and fields.

When he was nine years old, a serious trouble in an ankle caused the amputation of one leg below the knee, and he "learned the very hard lesson of standing on the coaching line and shouting yourself hoarse for the boy who has just made the home run which you by rights should have made." He was still very active, however, and could hold his own with his playmates. When necessary, he could turn his crutch into a weapon of defense and use it as a club.

From the time he was nine until he was fourteen he spent much of his time in field and forest, learning many things about nature and animal life, not realizing, of course, how much it would mean to him in later years. On August 12, 1883, while

out hunting with his father, he was blinded by an accidental shot from his father's gun, and the world became black to him. After six months, he was sent to Perkins Institute, a school for the blind in Boston, where he learned that he could still live happily, even though blind, by means of his "rule of the three P's—Patience, Perseverance, and Pluck, all spelled with capitals." In 1902 he published his first animal story, *Little Frisky,* and he has since written one or two books a year. He says about his animal stories: "In this work my early training afield has stood me in good stead. There is no phase of nature and no habit of bird or squirrel, or of any of the little denizens of field and forest that I do not feel perfectly confident to describe from my boyhood acquaintance with them." He adds, "It is partly because of my impatience of those all about me who had eyes, yet saw not, ears, yet heard not, that I took up this work." "Shaggycoat and the Nimble Otter" is taken from his book *Shaggycoat.* The following magazine articles by Hawkes give interesting accounts of his life: "Hitting the Dark Trail," *The Outlook,* July 31, 1909, and "How We Lived at Perkins Institute," *The Outlook,* June 6, 1908.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What incident in this story shows that the beaver is a poor traveler on land? 2. What showed Shaggycoat that the otter was nimble? 3. Describe the first encounter between the beaver and the otter; what was the result? 4. Why did Shaggycoat think he owned the pond? 5. Shaggycoat enjoyed watching the otter play on the ice; why then was he disturbed by it? 6. Tell about Shaggycoat's first trip up the river in the spring. 7. How did the mother teach the two little otters to swim? 8. Why did not Shaggycoat attack the otter when he met him later in the summer?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Do you think Shaggycoat was a coward? Give reasons. 2. Why did Shaggycoat prefer to meet the otter in the water? 3. The otter retreated when he found he must fight two foes; was that good judgment or cowardice? 4. You will enjoy reading Chapters V and XVI in *Shaggycoat, the Biography of a Beaver.*

Library Reading. *Adventures in Beaver Stream Camp,* Dugmore; *In Beaver World,* Mills; "The Otter and the Seal," Ward

(in *Animal Life under Water*); "In Beaver Land," Hawkes (in *Trails to Woods and Waters*); "Biography of a Beaver," Hulbert (in *Forest Neighbors*); *Two Boys in Beaver Land,* Dugmore; *The House in the Water,* Roberts; "Traveling with a Beaver," Mills (in *Waiting in the Wilderness*); "The Beavers and the Wolverine," Reid (in *The Desert Home*); *Watched by Wild Animals,* Mills; "A Fight with an Otter," Fleuron (in *Grim: The Story of a Pike*); "The Right to the Water," Mills (in *The American Boy,* August, 1922); "At Sharp Angle Beaver Pond," Clayton H. Ernst (in *The Youth's Companion,* August 7, 1919); *Jack the Young Trapper,* Grinnell.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

ANDREW LANG

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Androcles first met the lion; (*b*) how he gained the lion's friendship; (*c*) how the lion repaid Androcles for his kindness.

Many hundred years ago there lived in the north of Africa a poor Roman slave called Androcles. His master held great power in the country, but he was a hard, cruel man, and his slaves led a very unhappy life. They had little to eat, had to work hard, and were often punished if they failed to satisfy their master's wishes. For a long time Androcles had borne with the hardships of his life, but at last he could bear it no longer, and he made up his mind to run away. He knew that it was a great risk, for he had no friends in that foreign country with whom he could seek safety and protection; and he was aware that if he was overtaken and caught he would be put to a cruel death. But even death, he thought, would

not be so hard as the life he now led, and it was possible that he might escape to the seacoast, and somehow some day get back to Rome and find a kinder master.

So he waited till the old moon had waned to a tiny gold thread in the skies, and then, one dark night, he slipped out of his master's house, and, creeping through the deserted market place and along the silent town, he passed out of the city into the vineyards and cornfields lying outside the walls. In the cool night air he walked rapidly. From time to time he was startled by the sudden barking of a dog, or the sound of voices coming from some late merrymakers in the country places which stood beside the road along which he hurried. But as he got farther into the country these sounds ceased, and there was silence and darkness all round him. When the sun rose, he had already gone many miles away from the town in which he had been so miserable. But now a new terror oppressed him—a terror of great loneliness. He had got into a wild, barren country, where there was no sign of human habitation. A thick growth of low trees and thorny bushes spread out before him, and as he tried to thread his way through them he was severely scratched, and his garments were torn by the long thorns. Besides, the sun was very hot, and the trees were not high enough to afford him any shade. He was worn out with hunger and weariness, and longed to lie down and rest. But to lie down in that fierce sun would have meant death, and he struggled on, hoping to find some wild berries to eat, and some water to quench his thirst. But when he came out of the scrub-wood, he found he was no better off than before. A long, low line of rocky cliffs rose before him, but there were no houses, and he saw no hope of finding food. He was so tired that he could not

wander farther, and seeing a cave which looked cool and dark in the side of the cliffs, he crept into it, and, stretching his tired limbs on the sandy floor, fell asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a noise that made his blood run cold. The roar of a wild beast sounded in his ears, and as he started, trembling and in terror, to his feet, he beheld a huge, tawny lion, with great glistening white teeth, standing in the entrance of the cave. It was impossible to fly, for the lion barred the way. Immovable with fear, Androcles stood rooted to the spot, waiting for the lion to spring on him and tear him limb from limb.

But the lion did not move. Making a low moan as if in great pain, it stood licking its huge paw, from which Androcles now saw that blood was flowing freely. Androcles, seeing the poor animal in such pain and noticing how gentle it seemed, forgot his own terror, and slowly approached the lion, which held up its paw as if asking the man to help it. Then Androcles saw that a monster thorn had stuck in the paw, making a deep cut, and causing great pain and swelling. Swiftly but firmly he drew out the thorn and pressed the swelling to stop the flowing of the blood. Relieved of the pain, the lion quietly lay down at Androcles's feet, slowly moving his great bushy tail from side to side as a dog does when it feels happy and comfortable.

From that moment Androcles and the lion became devoted friends. After lying for a while at his feet, licking the poor wounded paw, the lion got up and limped out of the cave. A few minutes later it returned with a little dead rabbit in its mouth, which it put down on the floor of the cave beside Androcles. The poor man, who was starving with hunger, cooked the rabbit somehow, and ate it. In the evening, led by the lion, he found a place

where there was a spring, at which he quenched his dreadful thirst.

For three years Androcles and the lion lived together in the cave; wandering about the woods together by day, sleeping together at night, for in summer the cave was cooler than the woods, and in winter it was warmer.

At last the longing in Androcles's heart to live once more with his fellowmen became so great that he felt he could remain in the woods no longer, but that he must return to a town, and take his chance of being caught and killed as a runaway slave. And so one morning he left the cave, and wandered away in the direction where he thought the sea and the large towns lay. But in a few days he was captured by a band of soldiers who were patrolling the country in search of fugitive slaves, and he was put in chains and sent as a prisoner to Rome. Here he was cast into prison and tried for the crime of having run away from his master. As a punishment he was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild beasts on the first public holiday, in the great circus at Rome.

When the day arrived Androcles was brought out of his prison, dressed in a simple, short tunic, and with a scarf round his right arm. He was given a lance with which to defend himself—a forlorn hope, as he knew that he had to fight with a powerful lion which had been kept without food for some days to make it more savage and bloodthirsty. As he stepped into the arena of the huge circus, above the sound of the voices of thousands on thousands of spectators he could hear the savage roar of the wild beasts from their cages below the floor on which he stood.

Of a sudden, silence fell on the spectators, for a signal had been given, and the cage containing the lion

with which Androcles had to fight had been shot up into the arena from the floor below. A moment later, with a fierce spring and a savage roar, the great animal had sprung out of its cage into the arena, and with a bound had rushed at the spot where Androcles stood trembling. But suddenly, as he saw Androcles, the lion stood still, wondering. Then quickly but quietly it approached him, and gently moved its tail, licked the man's hands, and fawned upon him like a great dog. Androcles patted the lion's head, and gave a sob of recognition, for he knew that it was his own lion, with which he had lived and lodged all those months and years.

All the people marveled at seeing this strange and wonderful meeting between the man and the wild beast. The Emperor, from his high seat above the arena, sent for Androcles, and bade him tell his story and explain this mystery. The Emperor was so delighted with the story that he said Androcles was to be released and to be made a free man from that hour. He rewarded him with money and ordered that the lion was to belong to him and was to accompany him wherever he went.

When the people in Rome met Androcles walking, followed by his faithful lion, they used to point at them and say, "That is the lion, the guest of the man, and that is the man, the doctor of the lion."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Andrew Lang (1844-1912) was born at Selkirk, Scotland, and educated at Edinburgh Academy and St. Andrews University, Scotland, and Oxford University, England. He was a brilliant student and was much interested in the study of early literature and of primitive man and his customs. In 1889 he published *The Blue Fairy Tale Book,* and this was followed

yearly at Christmas by a book of fairy tales and romances drawn from many sources, until now all of his books of tales fill a long shelf. "Androcles and the Lion" is taken from *The Animal Story Book* and shows Lang's interest in old stories, for this tale is at least nineteen hundred years old.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? When? 2. Under what circumstances did Androcles first meet the lion? 3. What is there in this story which tells us that the lion appreciated what Androcles did for him? 4. Why was Androcles not satisfied to live in the forest with the lion? 5. Why was Androcles taken prisoner when he returned to Rome? 6. What was his punishment to be? 7. Describe the scene which took place in the arena. 8. Why did the Emperor reward Androcles?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What tells you that there was slavery in Rome at the time of this story? 2. What tells you that Androcles lived in a walled city? 3. Compare this story with "Daniel in the Lions' Den." 4. In this story the lion repaid a kindness shown to him; was this true of the lion in the fable "The Lion and the Mouse"?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) How this story illustrates the golden rule. (*b*) What we can do to help unfortunate animals.

Library Reading. *Red Book of Animal Stories,* Lang; *Lion and Tiger Stories Retold from St. Nicholas,* Carter; "Lion Hunting by Flash Light," Dugmore (in *Collier's Weekly,* August 14, 1909); *African Game Trails,* Roosevelt; *How I Found Livingston,* Stanley; "St. Gerasimus and the Lion." Brown (in *The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts*); "My Lion Friend," Gerard, and "A Lion Story," Baker (in *The Animal Story Book,* edited by Seton, *Young Folks' Library,* Vol. VI.)

A Suggested Problem. Write to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Madison Avenue and 26th Street, New York City, for information about a Humane Poster Contest. Prepare an exhibit of posters that illustrate kindness to animals.

Kowalski

THE WARY WOLF

ENOS A. MILLS

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) Why the wolf has become a cautious animal; (*b*) what skillful methods hunters and trappers use to capture wolves.

One day in western Wyoming an elk was killed by hunters. It was left lying on the ground all night. Its only protection was a handkerchief tied to one of the horns. Tracks in the snow showed that wolves were about and that they had circled the carcass, but without going close enough to touch it.

In another instance a deer was left out all night in the wolf country.

"How did you protect it?" someone asked the hunter.

"By simply rubbing my hands over it," he answered.

A wolf will not eat or touch anything that has human scent upon it, or that carries the scent of iron or steel, which he connects with the deadly scent of man.

A cowboy shot his injured pony and left it lying on

the plains. The pony was shod. Wolves did not touch the carcass. On another occasion and in the same locality a pony was killed by lightning. It was not shod and carried no human scent. Upon this pony the wolves were feasting within a few hours.

The wolf in his struggles with man has become an extremely cautious animal. He is hunted and pursued with deadly cunning. Guns, traps, poison, and dogs are used for his destruction. There is no quarter for him—always a price on his head; and the sum is large. Survivors must be very wide-awake and wary. The numbers that still survive show that this price has been met. They have not been beaten. Altogether, the wolves now alive are much more destructive than their ancestors were, and far more capable of saving themselves from destruction by man.

Much of the time wolves hunt in coöperating packs. They run an animal down by following it in relays; sometimes one or more wolves lie in wait at a point of vantage while others drive or force the victim into ambush. On an island in Alaska a number of wolves in relays chased a deer and at last drove it into the sea. Near the point where it leaped into the water a swimming wolf was in waiting.

Three wolves chased a young antelope through my mountain camp. Though they nearly ran over me, I doubt whether either the antelope or the wolves saw me. On they went across the plateau. I hoped the antelope might escape; but just before he reached the top of a ridge I saw a wolf peering over. The antelope and the wolves disappeared on the other side, where I suppose the drifting clouds and steadfast pines again witnessed a common tragedy of the wild.

On another occasion I saw three wolves drive a deer from a cañon and so direct its course that it came out where the way was covered with a deep snowdrift. As the deer floundered through the soft snow it was pounced upon by a fourth wolf, which was lying in wait at this point.

Wolves occasionally capture the young, the stupid, and the injured among deer, sheep, elk, and moose; but the loss of big game from wolf depredations is not heavy. The animals that are chased by wolves have developed a wariness and endurance that usually enable them, except perhaps during heavy snows, to triumph over this enemy.

The food habits of wolves are not entirely bad. In many localities they prey freely upon damaging pests—mice, rats, rabbits, and prairie dogs. They are also scavengers.

The vast herds of buffaloes used to be constantly followed by countless packs of wolves. At that time the gray wolf was commonly known as the buffalo wolf, and he is still often spoken of by that name. The wolves were watchful to pounce upon any stray, weak, or injured animal.

Reliable accounts tell us that often a number of buffaloes would take a calf or a wounded buffalo to a place of safety. What a strange thing it must have been, out on the plains, to see a pack of wolves, fierce and fiendish, trying to break through the buffalo line of defense that surrounded a retreating calf! Except while migrating, buffalo bulls appear to have had the habit of standing guard over a sick or injured buffalo until the weak one got well or died.

Wolves prey on cattle and sheep, and to a less extent on horses, pigs, and chickens. Many stockmen think

that one pair of wolves may damage cattle herds to the value of a thousand dollars a year. A single wolf has been charged with killing eighty head of cattle in a year, or even ten head of stock in a month. Occasionally a pair of wolves may kill a number of animals in a day. In Texas the red wolf feeds on cattle, colts, sheep, and goats—the gray wolf mostly on cattle; while the black wolf shows a fondness for pork of a better grade than razorback.

The cattle-raising country has a wolf population. Formerly wolves followed the buffalo herds in their long migrations up and down the plains; they now follow the cattle herds in the West. They winter with the cattle in the lowlands, and in the summer accompany the "beef on hoof" up into the high ranges among the peaks.

When they come upon a herd of cattle they separate one from the others; then one or more wolves attack the head, while another or others attack behind. Their powerful jaws snap quickly and cut or crush deeply.

On one occasion, in southern Colorado, I saw a herd of cattle standing in a circle with their heads outward. A number of wolves were attacking them. By leaping all at the same time—first at one, then at another—they finally frightened one victim out of the circle of safety. He was at once driven away from the herd, and in a short time the wolves had disabled his hind legs and pulled him down.

On another occasion, in North Park, Colorado, I saw two wolves pull down three two-year-olds in a short time. I watched them through a field glass. One wolf attacked in front, while the other kept leaping and snapping at the flanks and legs until the animal fell. These three animals were killed in less than half an hour. As they

were not eaten, the killing seemed to be for the amusement of the wolves.

In wolf-infested cattle territory it is common for one or more cows to guard the calves while the other cows go for water. At the ranch where I made my headquarters for a few days, the plan of equipping every thoroughbred calf with a bell was being tried. This practice was not entirely effective in keeping wolves away.

The hunter and the trapper keep bringing forward new and skillful ways of poisoning and trapping wolves. But it becomes increasingly difficult to get a wolf. Most of the wolves now trapped are the young or the stupid ones. Many trappers use traps by the gross. These are set in clusters in narrow trails and in the approaches to stream crossings. The traps are concealed, placed in water, and false-scented. Whole batteries are placed before or round a stake, the top of which is highly scented with something pleasing to wolf nostrils.

One day I watched a trapper spend several hours in placing more than a hundred traps round the carcass of a cow. He avoided touching the carcass. This concealed trap arrangement was as complicated as a barbed-wire entanglement. At one place he set the traps three abreast and five deep. On another line of approach he set ten traps, singly, but on a zigzag line. Two fallen logs made a V-shaped chute, which ended close to the carcass. In the narrow end of this chute another cluster of traps was set. Thus the carcass was completely surrounded by numerous concealed traps. It seemed impossible for any animal to walk to the carcass without thrusting a foot into one of the steel jaws of this network of concealed traps. Yet a wolf got through that night and feasted on the carcass!

Clever ways have been found to keep human scent off the poisoned meat. Poison is put into pieces of meat without touching them with the hands. Then these choice dainties are taken on horseback in a rawhide bucket and scattered with wooden pincers, the trapper wearing rubber gloves. Yet most wolves will starve before touching these morsels, evidently scenting the poison!

Forced by poison and traps to avoid most dead stuff that man has touched, the wolf is compelled to do more killing. Then, too, his increased experience, together with his equipment, affords him a living and leaves him spare energy and time; so for the fun of it he kills and kills.

In Montana I once saw a pair of wolves attack a broncho. The horse fought the wolves off successfully for several minutes, and finally smashed a hind leg of one with a kick. He then tried to stamp the injured wolf to death. Under the brave protection of the other wolf, which fiercely fought the enemy, the disabled one tried to escape; but the horse landed a kick on this fighter, crippled it, and finally killed both.

Anyone who has had experience with wolves is certain to believe that they are intelligent—that they reason. A trapper who thinks that a wolf is guided by instinct, and forgets that wolves are always learning, will be laughed at by a growing wolf population.

Old wolves educate their children, so that the youngsters avoid new dangers. The "safety-first" slogan in the wolf world appears to be: "Avoid being seen by man; and never, never touch anything that carries the scent of man or of iron or steel."

A generation or two ago a wolf took no pains to keep out of sight; now he uses his wits to avoid being seen.

Then it was easy to trap him; now he has become exceedingly difficult to trap. Long-range rifles, poison, and steel traps brought about these changes. It was about 1880 when wolves began to develop this cunning. Heavy bounties brought many trappers and hunters into the wolf domain; but in spite of this constant warring, for fifteen years the wolves actually increased in number.

The wolf has great strength and endurance; his senses are keen; his jaws are powerful. He is a good swimmer. I have seen wolves swimming in rivers, wide lakes, and among breakers. They appear to be equally at home in the mountains, in the forest, in thickets, or on the prairie. They often live from eight to fifteen years.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, is much smaller and has more fox traits than his big brother, the gray wolf. The wolf is closely related to the dog family; in fact, an Eskimo dog is a domesticated wolf. The track of a wolf is almost the same as that of a dog.

The average weight of a gray wolf is close to one hundred pounds. In some cases this species has been known to weigh one hundred fifty pounds. It is, therefore, about twice the weight of the coyote, or prairie wolf, and considerably larger and heavier than the average collie. For the most part, the gray wolf near the Arctic regions is larger than his brother in the southern United States.

Among Indians wolf-pets are common. At an Indian encampment in Alaska I was once greeted by a number of romping Indian children who had several black-faced wolf puppies with faces painted vermilion and yellow.

The puppies are born early in March. The number varies from six to twelve. For the first few weeks they are almost black, especially about the head. Until they are about six months old the mother stays with them

much of the time, while the father hunts and brings food to the entrance of the den. At the age of a year the young wolf is still puppy-like, and he does not become full-grown until more than two years of age. Young wolves are sometimes seized by eagles or foxes; and all wolves are subject to attacks from disease.

Old storybooks are full of tales that show wolves to be fierce animals. These stories tell us that wolves pursue lone horsemen, or attack the occupants of a sleigh; that a fiddler returning at night is forced to take refuge on top of a deserted building or in a tree-top; or that a mail carrier narrowly escapes with his life after losing his sack. We still hear of wolves attacking a lone traveler, but careful investigation of these stories shows them to be false.

The howl of the wolf is deep, while that of the coyote is shrill and high-pitched. It appears that wolves have a language and a system of signaling. These consist of howls, snarls, and barks of varying length, with varying spaces, or accents. Wolves prowl and howl mostly at night; but it is not uncommon for them to hunt or to wander in the daytime.

The gray wolf is known also as the timber wolf. He may be gray, grayish yellow, or grayish black, occasionally reddish; and now and then he verges on cream color. The color varies greatly, even among the members of a single pack. Formerly the gray wolf was scattered over all North America. In different localities he varied in size, color, and minor characteristics; he adapted himself to the food supply of his locality and followed the necessary means of getting his food. But everywhere he was really the gray wolf.

The present wolf population of the United States is not numerous; but it is active and destructive. This

animal has been exterminated in most of the eastern States and in California. The coyote is more beneficial to man than the gray wolf, and does less damage to man's cattle.

In common with most animals, wolves live on a fixed, or home, range. They spend their life in one locality, which has a diameter of fifteen or twenty miles. To a certain extent its area and form depend on the food supply. One wolf that I knew of had a home range that was forty by ten miles.

Most of the time wolves run in pairs. Their home is a den, which is often located on a southern slope. It may be of their own digging, or it may be a badger or prairie-dog hole which the wolves have enlarged. It is sometimes located in a natural cave or it may be in a huge hollow tree in the woods. Almost always a pair had a den to themselves.

Wolves within the United States are not ferocious; they do not attack human beings. But the wolf is not a coward; he is brave enough when anything is to be gained by being brave. The reckless bravery that is pretty certain to be accompanied by death does not appeal to the wolf. Instances are on record, however, where numbers of wolves have risked their lives in trying to save a wounded companion from men or animals.

A man captured and brought home a number of wolf puppies, which he placed in a box inside a high picket fence. He thought that the mother might come to their rescue; hence he prepared to entrap her. He took off a picket of the fence. Then he placed steel traps inside and outside of the fence and in the gap. On the first night the mother bravely came to the rescue, but she avoided all dangers and carried off her puppies.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Enos A. Mills (1870-1922) has been called "the friend of the Rocky Mountains" and a "knight-errant for the out-of-doors." When he was fourteen his health was poor, and a physician told him that the Colorado air might cure him. His parents were unable to help him, and so, all alone, the boy found his way from his birthplace in Kansas to Colorado and built for himself a log cabin at the foot of Long's Peak, fifty miles from a railroad. Here, for a part of each year he worked at guiding, and in the mines of Montana, but most of the time he wandered about the West "having adventures with snowslides and avalanches and making friends with everything in fur and feathers."

He soon regained his health, and, some years later, he went to a San Francisco business college. Again, however, his health broke down, and he was in despair. One day when he was wandering outside San Francisco, he met the great explorer and naturalist John Muir, who talked with the boy and, recognizing his ability as a student of nature, advised him to go back to his mountains and write about them. This Mills did; and he also fought, with his time and money and ability, for the establishing of national parks in different parts of the country.

Until his death in 1922, he had a summer resort, Long's Peak Inn, at Long's Peak, Colorado, where, as a nature guide, he conducted a "Trail School." On the road to his house motorists might see the sign "What do you want with an armful of wild flowers?" This illustrates his belief that "A live flower, a live bird, or a live tree will give much more general and lasting returns than a flower plucked, or a tree cut down, or a bird that has been slain." His beautiful tribute "A Little Tree," on page 263 of this book, shows that he was also a "friend of trees."

Mr. Mills was an athletic man with a great deal of endurance. Some of his most difficult exploring was done as "official snow observer" for Colorado. He has camped alone without a gun in every state in the Union. Interesting accounts of his adventures are given in his book *The Adventures of a Nature Guide.* After

reading this book, we are sure that all the facts told in "The Wary Wolf" (from *Watched by Wild Animals*) are gained from personal observation and experience.

Since Mr. Mills's sudden death in September, 1922, there have been many expressions of appreciation for his work. One of the most interesting is Judge Ben Lindsey's proposal to establish in the schools an "Enos Mills Day," on which stories by him shall be read and his work for the conservation of natural beauties discussed. The following are interesting articles about Mr. Mills: "Knight-Errant for the Out-of-doors," Sissons, in *The Sunset Magazine,* April, 1917, and "Enos A. Mills, Nature Guide," Chapman, in *Country Life,* May, 1920.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. The author points out clever ways by which the wolf avoids destruction; what instances are mentioned? 2. Upon what animals do wolves prey? 3. Give illustrations of the different ways in which wolves attack their prey. 4. Tell how traps are used to catch wolves. 5. What is the "safety-first" slogan in the wolf world? 6. What changes in the habits of wolves show that they are becoming more cunning?

General Questions and Topics. 1. The author describes "a concealed trap arrangement" for catching wolves; make a diagram to show this arrangement. 2. What do you know of Enos Mills that proves him a friend of animals? 3. The killing of animals for mere pleasure is not humane; what do you know of the habits of wolves that justifies killing them? 4. Skim quickly page 69, grasping and reading aloud the most important sentences. 5. Make a list of all the things mentioned in the paragraph made up of lines 8-13, page 74.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) An incident from your own observation in which an animal showed caution. (*b*) "Wild Life Trails" (in *Watched by Wild Animals,* Chapter IX, Mills). (*c*) Coöperation among animals.

Library Reading. *Gray Wolf Stories,* Sexton; "Badlands Billy: The Wolf That Won," Seton (in *Animal Heroes*); *White Wolf,* Gregor; "Mowgli's Brothers," Kipling (in *The Jungle Book*); "An Adventure with Dusky Wolves," Reid (in *The Desert Home*); "The Wolf," Porter (in *Wild Beasts*); "A Momentous Wolf Hunt," Garland (in *Boy Life on the Prairie*).

WOLF, THE FAITHFUL COLLIE

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Wolf saved his master; (*b*) the meaning of heroism.

Wolf was a collie, red-gold and white of coat, with a shape more like that of his long-ago wolf ancestors than like a domesticated dog's shape. It was from this fact that he was named Wolf.

He looked not at all like his great sire, Lad, nor like his dainty, thoroughbred mother, Lady. Nor was he like them in any other way, except that he inherited old Lad's gallant spirit and loyalty. No, in traits as well as in looks, he was more wolf than dog. He almost never barked, his snarl supplying all vocal needs.

The mistress or the master or the boy—any of these three could romp with him, roll him over, and tickle him. And Wolf entered gleefully into the fun of the romp. But, let any human besides these three lay a hand on his slender body, and a snarling plunge for the offender's throat was Wolf's reply.

It had been so since his puppyhood. He did not fly at guests, nor, indeed, pay any heed to their presence, so long as they kept their hands off him. But to all of these the boy was forced to say at the outset of the visit:

"Pat Lad and Bruce all you want to, but leave Wolf alone. He doesn't care for people." Then the boy would proceed to tumble Wolf about, to the delight of both.

In romping with humans whom they love, most dogs will bite more or less gently, or pretend to bite, as a part of the game. Wolf never did. In his wildest and

roughest romps with the boy or with the boy's parents, Wolf did not so much as open his mighty jaws—perhaps because he realized that a bite was not a joke, but an effort to kill.

There had been only one exception to Wolf's hatred for mauling at strangers' hands. A man came to The Place on a business call, bringing with him a two-year-old daughter. The master warned the baby that she must not go near Wolf, although she might pet any of the other collies. Then he became so much interested in the business talk that he and his guest forgot all about the child.

Ten minutes later, the master chanced to shift his gaze to the far end of the room, and he broke off with a gasp, in the very middle of a sentence.

The baby was seated astride Wolf's back, her tiny heels digging into the dog's ribs, and each of her chubby fists gripping one of his ears. Wolf was lying there, with a happy grin on his face and wagging his tail in joy.

No one knew why he had yielded to the baby's tugging hands, except because she *was* a baby, and because the gallant heart of the dog had gone out to her helplessness.

Wolf was the official watchdog of The Place, and his name carried dread to the loafers and tramps of the region. Also, he was the boy's own dog. He had been born on the boy's tenth birthday, five years before this story of ours begins, and ever since then the two had been chums.

One sloppy afternoon in late winter, Wolf and the boy were sprawled, side by side, on the rug in front of the library fire. The mistress and the master had gone to town for the day. The house was lonely, and the two chums were left to entertain each other.

The boy was reading a magazine. The dog beside him was blinking in drowsy comfort at the fire. Presently, finishing the story he had been reading, the boy looked across at the sleepy dog.

"Wolf," he said, "here's a story about a dog. I think he must have been something like you. Maybe he was your great-great-great-great grandfather, because he lived an awfully long time ago—in Pompeii. Ever hear of Pompeii?"

Now, the boy was fifteen years old, and he had too much sense to imagine that Wolf could possibly understand the story he was about to tell him; but long since, he had fallen into the way of talking to his dog, sometimes as if to a person. It was fun for him to note the eagerness wherewith Wolf listened and tried to grasp the meaning of what he was saying. Again and again, at the sound of some familiar word or tone of voice, the collie would prick up his ears or wag his tail, as if in the joyous hope that he had at last found a clue to the owner's meaning.

"You see," went on the boy, "this dog lived in Pompeii, as I told you. You've never been there, Wolf."

Wolf was looking up at the boy in wistful excitement, seeking to guess what was expected of him.

"And," continued the boy, "the kid who owned him seems to have had a regular knack for getting into trouble all the time. His dog was always on hand to get him out of it. It's a true story, the magazine says. The kid's father was so grateful to the dog that he bought him a solid silver collar. Solid silver! Get that, Wolfie?"

Wolf did not "get it." But he wagged his tail hopefully, his eyes bright with interest.

"And," said the boy, "what do you suppose was en-

graved on the collar! Well, I'll tell you: *'This dog has thrice saved his little master from death. Once by fire, once by flood, and once at the hands of robbers!'* How's that for a record, Wolf? For one dog, too!"

At the words "Wolf" and "dog" the collie's tail beat the floor. Then he moved closer to the boy, whose voice soon took on a sadder note.

"But at last," said the boy, "there came a time when the dog couldn't save the kid. Mount Vesuvius erupted. All the sky was pitch-dark, as black as midnight, and the city of Pompeii was buried under lava and ashes. The dog might have got away by himself—dogs can see in the dark, can't they, Wolf?—but he couldn't get the kid away. And he wouldn't go without him. You wouldn't have gone without me, either, would you, Wolf? Pretty nearly two thousand years later some people dug through the lava that covered Pompeii. What do you suppose they found? Of course they found a whole lot of things. One of them was that dog—silver collar and all. He was lying at the feet of a child. It must have been the child he couldn't save. He was one grand dog—hey, Wolf?"

The continued strain of trying to understand began to get on the collie's high-strung nerves. He rose to his feet, quivering, and sought to lick the boy's face, thrusting one upraised white forepaw at him for a handshake. The boy slammed shut the magazine.

"It's slow in the house, here, with nothing to do," he said to his chum. "I'm going to the lake with my gun to see if any wild ducks have landed in the marshes yet. It's almost time for them. Want to come along?"

The last sentence Wolf understood perfectly. On the instant, he was dancing with excitement at the prospect of a walk. Being a collie he was of no earthly help in

a hunting-trip; but on such tramps, as everywhere else, he was the boy's faithful companion.

Out over the slushy snow the two started, the boy with his single-barreled shotgun slung over one shoulder, the dog trotting close at his heels. The March thaw was changing to a sharp freeze. The deep and soggy snow was crusted over just thick enough to make walking difficult for both dog and boy.

The Place was on a point that ran out into the lake, on the opposite bank from the mile-distant village. Behind, across the highway, lay the winter-choked forest. At the lake's northerly end, two miles beyond The Place, were the marshes where, a month hence, wild duck would gather. Thither, with Wolf, the boy plowed his way through the biting cold.

A quarter of a mile below the marshes the boy struck out across the upper corner of the lake. Here the ice was rotten at the top, but beneath, it was still a full eight inches thick, strong enough to bear the boy's weight.

Along the gray ice-field the two plodded. The skim of water, which the thaw had spread an inch thick over the ice, had frozen in the day's cold spell. It crackled like broken glass as the chums walked over it. The boy had on big hunting-boots, so the glass-like ice did not bother him. To Wolf it gave sharp pain. The small particles were forever getting between the callous black pads of his feet, pricking and cutting him sharply.

Little smears of blood began to mark the dog's course; but it never occurred to Wolf to turn back, or to betray by any sign that he was suffering. It was all a part of the day's work—a cheap price to pay for the joy of tramping with his adored young master.

Then, forty yards or so on the hither side of the

marshes, Wolf beheld an amazing thing. The boy had been walking directly in front of him, with his gun over his shoulder. With no warning at all, the youthful hunter fell, feet foremost, through three feet of water and through nearly two feet more of sticky marsh mud that underlay the lake bed.

The light shell of new-frozen water that covered the lake's thicker ice had also concealed an air hole nearly three feet wide. Into this, as he strode carelessly along, the boy had stepped. Straight down he had gone, with all the force of his one hundred ten pounds and with all the strength of his forward stride.

Instinctively he had thrown out his hands to restore his balance. The only effect of this was to send the gun flying ten feet away.

His outflung hands struck against the ice on the edges of the air hole, and clung there. Sputtering and gurgling the boy brought his head above the surface and tried to raise himself, by his hands, high enough to wriggle out upon the surface of the ice. This would have been simple enough for so strong a lad, but the glue-like mud had imprisoned his feet and the lower part of his legs and held them powerless.

Try as he would, the boy could not wrench himself free. The water, as he stood upright, was on a level with his mouth. The air hole was too wide for him, at such a depth, to get a good hold on its edges and lift himself bodily to safety.

Gaining such a finger-hold as he could, he heaved with all his might, throwing every muscle of his body into the struggle. One leg was pulled almost free of the mud, but the other was driven deeper into it. And as the boy's fingers slipped from the smoothly wet ice-edge, the at-

tempt to restore his balance drove the free leg back, knee-deep into the mire.

Ten minutes of this hopeless fighting left the boy panting and tired out. The icy water was numbing his nerves and chilling his blood. His hands were without sense of feeling as far up as the wrists. Even if he could have shaken free his legs from the mud, now he had not strength enough left to crawl out of the hole. He ceased his frantic battle and stood dazed. Then he came sharply to himself. For, as he stood, the water crept upward from his lips to his nostrils. He knew why the water seemed to be rising. It was not rising. It was he who was sinking! As soon as he stopped moving, the mud began, very slowly, but very steadily, to suck him downward.

This was not a quicksand, but it was a deep mud-bed, and only by constant motion could he avoid sinking farther and farther into it. He had less than two inches to spare at best before the water should fill his nostrils; less than two inches of life, even if he could keep the water down to the level of his lips.

There was a moment of utter panic. Then the boy's brain cleared. His only hope was to keep on fighting—to rest, when he must, for a moment or so, and then to renew his numbed grip on the ice-edge and try to pull his feet a few inches higher out of the mud. He must do this as long as his chilled body could be forced into obeying his will.

He struggled again, but with no result in raising himself. A second struggle, however, brought him chin-high above the water. He remembered that some of these earlier struggles had scarce budged him, while others had gained him two or three inches. He wondered why; then turning his head, he realized.

Wolf, as he turned, was just loosing his hold on the wide collar of the boy's mackinaw. His cut forepaws were still braced against a flaw of ragged ice on the air hole's edge, and all his body was tense.

He was dripping wet, too. The boy noted that; and he realized that the repeated effort to draw his master to safety must have resulted, at least once, in pulling the dog down into the water with the floundering boy.

"Once more, Wolfie! Once more!" chattered the boy through teeth that clicked together.

The dog darted forward, caught his grip afresh on the edge of the boy's collar, and tugged with all his fierce strength, growling and whining all the while.

The boy aided the collie's tuggings by a supreme struggle that lifted him higher than before. He was able to get one arm and shoulder above the ice. His numb fingers closed about the limb of a tree which had been washed downstream in the autumn freshets and had been frozen into the lake ice.

With this new hold, and aided by the dog, the boy tried to drag himself out of the hole. But the chill of the water had done its work. He had not the strength to move farther. The mud still sucked at his calves and ankles. The big hunting-boots were full of water that seemed to weigh a ton.

He lay there, gasping and chattering. Then, through the gathering twilight, his eyes fell on the gun lying ten feet away.

"Wolf!" he ordered, nodding toward the weapon, "Get it! *Get* it!"

Not in vain had the boy talked to Wolf for years as if the dog were human. At the words and the nod, the collie trotted over to the gun, lifted it by the stock, and

hauled it awkwardly along over the bumpy ice to his master, where he laid it down at the edge of the air hole.

The dog's eyes were cloudy with trouble, and he shivered and whined as if with a chill. The water on his thick coat was freezing to a mass of ice. But it was from anxiety that he shivered and not from cold.

Still keeping his numb grasp on the tree branch, the boy balanced himself as best he could, and thrust two fingers of his free hand into his mouth to warm them.

When this was done, he reached out to where the gun lay, and pulled its trigger. The shot boomed deafeningly through the winter silence. The recoil sent the weapon sliding sharply back along the ice, spraining the boy's trigger finger and cutting it to the bone.

"That's all I can do," said the boy to himself. "If anyone hears it, well and good. I can't get at another cartridge. I couldn't put it into the breech if I had to. My hands are too numb."

For several endless minutes he clung there listening. But this was a desolate part of the lake, far from any road, and the season was too early for other hunters to be abroad. The bitter cold, in any case, made sane people hug the fireside rather than venture so far into the open. Nor was the single report of a gun uncommon enough to call forth alarm in such weather.

All this the boy told himself as the minutes dragged by. Then he looked again at Wolf. The dog, head on one side, still stood protectingly above him. The dog was cold and in pain, but being only a dog, it did not occur to him to trot off home to the comfort of the library fire and leave his master to look out for himself.

Presently, with a little sigh, Wolf lay down on the ice, his nose across the boy's arm. Even if he lacked

strength to save his beloved master, he could stay and share the boy's sufferings.

But the boy himself thought otherwise. He did not intend to freeze to death, nor was he willing to let Wolf imitate the dog of Pompeii by dying helplessly at his master's side. Controlling for an instant the chattering of his teeth, he called,

"Wolf!"

The dog was on his feet again at the word, alert, eager.

"Wolf!" repeated the boy. *"Go!* Hear me? *Go!"*

He pointed homeward.

Wolf stared at him. Again the boy called, *"Go!"*

The collie lifted his head to the twilight sky in a wolf-howl, hideous in its grief—a howl as wild as that of any of his savage ancestors. Then, stooping first to lick the numb hand that clung to the branch, Wolf turned and fled.

Across the cruelly sharp ice he tore at top speed, head down, whirling through the deepening dusk like a flash of tawny light.

Wolf understood what was wanted of him. Wolf always understood. The pain in his feet was as nothing. The stiffness of his numbed body was forgotten in the need for speed.

The boy looked after the vanishing figure which the dusk was swallowing up. He knew the dog would try to bring help. Whether or not that help could arrive in time, or at all, was a point on which the boy would not let himself dwell. Into his benumbed brain crept the memory of an old Norse proverb he had read in school: *"Heroism consists in hanging on one minute longer."*

Unconsciously he tightened his feeble hold on the tree-branch and braced himself.

From the marshes to The Place was a full two miles. Despite the deep and sticky snow, Wolf covered the distance in less than six minutes. He paused in front of the gate-lodge, at the entrance to the drive. But the gardener and his wife had gone to Paterson, shopping, that afternoon.

Down the drive to the house he dashed. The maids had taken advantage of their employers' day in New York to walk across the lake to the village motion-picture show.

Wise men claim that dogs have not the power to think or to reason things out. So perhaps it was mere chance that next sent Wolf's flying feet across the lake to the village. Perhaps it was chance, and not the knowledge that where there is a village there are people.

Again and again, in the car, he had sat upon the front seat alongside the mistress when she drove to the station to meet guests. There were always people at the station, and to the station Wolf now raced.

The usual group of platform idlers had been driven home by the cold. A baggageman was hauling a trunk and some boxes out of the express room on to the platform to be put aboard the five o'clock train from New York.

As the baggageman passed under the clump of station lights, he came to a sudden halt, for out of the darkness dashed a dog. Full tilt the animal rushed up to him and seized him by the skirt of the overcoat.

The man cried out in scared surprise. He dropped the box he was carrying and struck at the dog to ward off his attack. He recognized Wolf, and he knew the collie's reputation.

But Wolf was not attacking. Holding tight to the coat skirt, he backed away, trying to draw the man with

him, and all the time whimpering aloud like a nervous puppy.

A kick from the man's heavy-shod boot broke the dog's hold on the coat, even as a second yell from the man brought four or five other people running out from the station waiting-room.

One of these, the telegraph operator, took in the scene at a single glance. With great presence of mind he bawled loudly,

"MAD DOG!"

This happened just as Wolf, reeling from the kick, sought to gain another grip on the coat skirt. A second kick sent him rolling over and over on the tracks, while other voices took up the panic cry of "Mad dog!"

Now a mad dog is supposed to be a dog afflicted by rabies. Once in ten thousand times, at the very most, a mad-dog hue-and-cry is justified. Certainly not oftener. A harmless and friendly dog loses his master on the street. He runs about, confused and frightened, looking for the owner he has lost. A boy throws a stone at him. Other boys chase him. His tongue hangs out and his eyes glaze with terror. Then some fool bellows,

"Mad dog!"

And the cruel chase is on—a chase that ends in the pitiful victim's death. Yet in every crowd there is a voice ready to raise that cruel shout.

So it was with the men who saw Wolf's frenzied effort to take aid to the endangered boy.

Voice after voice repeated the cry. Men groped along the platform edge for stones to throw, and the village policeman ran upon the scene, drawing his revolver.

Finding it useless to make a further attempt to drag the baggageman to the rescue, Wolf leaped back, facing

the ever larger crowd. Back went his head again in a hideous wolf-howl. Then he galloped away a few yards, trotted back, howled once more, and again galloped toward the lake.

All of this only convinced the crowd that they were threatened by a mad dog. A shower of stones fell about Wolf as he came back a third time to influence these dull people into following him.

One pointed rock smote the collie's shoulder, glancing, cutting it to the bone. A shot from the policeman's revolver fanned his fur as it whizzed past.

Knowing that he faced death, he stood his ground, not troubling to dodge the stones, but continuing to run lakeward and then trot back, whining with excitement.

A second pistol shot flew wide. A third grazed the dog's hip. From all directions people were running toward the station. A man darted into a house next door, and came out carrying a shotgun.

Just then the train from New York came in, and the sport of "mad-dog" killing was delayed, while the crowd scattered to each side of the track.

From the front car of the train the mistress and the master stepped out into the noise and confusion.

"Better hide in the station, ma'am!" shouted the telegraph operator, at the sight of the mistress. "There is a mad dog loose out here! He's chasing folks around, and—"

"Mad dog!" repeated the mistress. "If you knew anything about dogs, you'd know mad ones never 'chase folks around' any more than typhoid patients do. Then—"

A flash of tawny light beneath the station lamp, a scurrying of frightened idlers, a final wasted shot from

the policeman's pistol, as Wolf dived headlong through the frightened crowd toward the voice he heard and recognized.

Up to the mistress and the master galloped Wolf. He was bleeding, his eyes were bloodshot, his fur was rumpled. He seized the master's gloved hand lightly between his teeth and sought to pull him across the tracks toward the lake. The master knew dogs, especially he knew Wolf, and without a word he suffered himself to be led. The mistress and one or two men followed.

Presently Wolf loosed his hold on the master's hand and ran on ahead, darting back every few minutes to make certain he was being followed.

"Heroism—consists—in—hanging—on—one—minute —longer," the boy was whispering to himself for the hundredth time as Wolf pattered up to him in triumph across the ice, with the human rescuers a scant ten yards behind!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Albert Payson Terhune (1872-) knows intimately the collies he writes about; in fact they are his own dogs, and if one were to go to "Sunnybank," Mr. Terhune's estate at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, he could see with his own eyes the real Wolf of "Wolf, the Faithful Collie," which first appeared in *St. Nicholas*, December, 1919. Many letters from children come to Mr. Terhune daily, asking if there really is a "Wolf," and he answers them all. He says, "I'd rather get a letter of praise from a youngster than from all the grown-ups in the world." Mr. Terhune was born in Newark, New Jersey, and was educated at Columbia University. His mother is "Marion Harland," a well-known writer. In 1893 he traveled on horseback through Syria and Egypt investigating leper settlements and living among the Bedouins of the desert. He has been on the staff of the *New York Evening World* since

894. In *St. Nicholas*, March, 1922, the article "The Sunny-ank Collies," by Duren, gives a very interesting account of Mr. Terhune and his dogs at "Sunnybank." On June 27, 1923, Wolf ras killed. They do not mourn for him at Sunnybank; they re proud of him because he died a hero in saving a tramp dog rom an express train. Sunday editions of leading metropoli-an newspapers, such as the *New York Times* and the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, carried notices of his heroic death, including pictures of the dog and his master. Wolf's picture is on page 12.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why was the hero f this story named Wolf? 2. In what way was Wolf like his great sire, Lad, and his dainty, thoroughbred mother, Lady"? 3. Visitors were warned not to pat Wolf; why? 4. What excep-ion was there to the collie's dislike of strangers? 5. Describe he walk to the lake taken by Wolf and the boy. 6. What acci-lent happened to the boy? 7. How did Wolf assist his master o keep his head above water? 8. Why did not Wolf go home he first time the boy told him to do so? 9. What definition of eroism did the boy remember in his distress? 10. What led Wolf to go to the station for help? 11. How was Wolf received here? 12. What finally convinced the people that Wolf was ot mad? 13. What tells you that the boy was a hero?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your wn words, using these topics: (*a*) Wolf's character and dis-osition; (*b*) Wolf's trip to the lake with the boy; (*c*) The acci-lent; (*d*) Wolf's rescue of the boy.

General Questions and Topics. 1. How do you account for he fact that Wolf would not pretend to bite his master when hey were playing? 2. How did Wolf show his interest when is master talked to him? 3. Have you ever known a dog who ould understand what was said to him? Give illustrations. 4. Tell the story that the boy told to Wolf. 5. What character-stics had Wolf which led him to continue his journey even when n great pain? 6. Find at least three instances in this story which show that Wolf understood what his master said to him. 7. Read the incident in *The Call of The Wild*, Chapter VI, telling ow Buck saved his master from drowning; compare Buck with Wolf. 8. What characteristics similar to Wolf's had Billy, the

dog that made good? 9. You will enjoy reading another story about the same dog, "Wolf," by Terhune, in *St. Nicholas,* April, 1919. 10. The story "Wolf, the Faithful Collie" is included in *Buff: A Collie;* you will enjoy reading other stories in the same book. 11. What have you learned from this story about "mad dog scares"? What can be done to help animals suffering from heat and thirst?

Library Reading. *His Dog,* and *Lad, a Dog,* Terhune; *The Bar Sinister,* Davis; *Dumb-Bell of Brookfield,* Foote; *Frank of Freedom Hill,* Derieux; "Is Thy Servant a Dog?" Waldo (in *Our Dog Friends Retold from St. Nicholas*).

A Suggested Problem. Prepare a list of titles that you would suggest to another fifth-grade class for reading in connection with this story, similar to that found in the type group, page 52, using the same divisions (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*). Consult "Library Reading," above, and on page 52, and include other dog stories that you have found interesting. The class will select the best reading list.

SUMMARY OF PART I

1. As you look backward over the animal stories you have read in this group, which did you enjoy most? 2. From which story did you gain most information? 3. Which story would be most interesting to tell a younger sister or brother? 4. Make a list of the books or stories suggested in "Library Reading" that you have found in your school library or the public library. 5. Which do you like better, stories in which animals are actors, or stories of the hunting of animals? 6. Seton says, "We and the beasts are kin"; which story best proves this statement? 7. Which report of book or story given in class was the most interesting and helpful to you? 8. Which theme topics brought out the most interesting discussion? 9. Which author pictures the animals he describes in a way that makes them seem most real to you? Which author succeeds best in giving you the feeling that he writes from his own personal experience? Which is most humorous? 10. What progress have you made in silent reading? 11. Which dogs are shown in the picture on page 13; which animals in the picture on page 53?

PART II

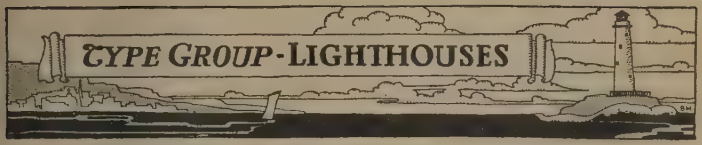
THE STORY OF LIGHT AND LIGHTHOUSES

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

—CARL SANDBURG



WHITE ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE

CELIA THAXTER

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the author's childhood was spent at White Island Lighthouse; (*b*) what the dangers and difficulties of living in a lighthouse are.

I well remember my first sight of White Island, where we took up our abode on leaving the mainland. I was scarcely five years old; but from the upper windows of our dwelling in Portsmouth, I had been shown the clustered masts of ships lying at the wharves along the Piscataqua River, faintly outlined against the sky, and, baby as I was, even then I was drawn, with a vague longing, seaward. How delightful was that long, first sail to the Isles of Shoals! How pleasant the sound of the ripple against the boatside, the sight of the wide water and limitless sky, the warmth of the broad sunshine that made us blink like young sandpipers as we sat in triumph, perched among the household goods with which the little craft was loaded!

It was at sunset in autumn that we were set ashore on that loneliest, lovely rock, where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant, and filled me with awe and wonder. At its base a few goats were

grouped on the rock, standing out dark against the red sky as I looked up at them. The stars began to twinkle; the wind blew cold, charged with the sea's sweetness; the sound of many waters half bewildered me. Someone began to light the lamps in the tower. Rich red and golden, they swung around in mid-air. Everything was strange and fascinating and new. We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was to be for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling and deep window seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we soon grew acquainted!

A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the sea. I do not think a happier trio ever existed than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy; and we never wearied of our pleasures. True, the winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless. Into the deep window seats we climbed, and with pennies—for which we had no other use—made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the dark blue sea, all "feather-white" where the short waves broke hissing in the cold. The sea fowl soared aloft or tossed on the water; or, in calmer days, we saw how the stealthy Star-Islander paddled among the ledges, or lay for hours stretched on the wet seaweed, with his gun, watching for wild fowl. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the rocks. We were forced to lay in stores of all sorts in the autumn, as if we were fitting out a ship for an

Arctic expedition. The lower story of the lighthouse was hung with mutton and beef, and the storeroom packed with provisions.

In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house, we played in stormy days; and every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and think how far the lighthouse sent its rays, and how many hearts it gladdened with a feeling of safety. As I grew older I was allowed to kindle the lamps sometimes myself. That was indeed a pleasure.

> I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
> For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
> They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
> Ten golden and five red.

We hardly saw a human face besides our own all winter; but with the spring came new life to our lonely dwelling—human life among other forms. Our neighbors from Star Island rowed across; the pilot boat from Portsmouth steered over and brought us letters, newspapers, and magazines, and told us the news of months.

Once or twice every year came the black, lumbering old "oil-schooner" that brought supplies for the lighthouse, and the inspector, who gravely examined everything to see if all was in order. He left stacks of clear red and white glass chimneys for the lamps, and several doeskins for polishing the great silver-lined copper reflectors; large bundles of wicks, and various pairs of scissors for trimming them; heavy black casks of ill-perfumed whale oil, and other things, which were all stowed in the round, dimly-lighted rooms of the tower. Very awe-struck, we children always crept into the cor-

ners and whispered and watched the intruders till they embarked in their ancient, clumsy vessel, and, hoisting their dark, weather-stained sails, bore slowly away again. About ten years ago that old white lighthouse was taken away, and a new, perpendicular brick tower built in its place. The old lantern, with its fifteen lamps, ten golden and five red, gave place to Fresnel's powerful single burner, or, rather, three burners in one, inclosed in its case of prisms. The old lighthouse was by far the more picturesque; but perhaps the new one is more effective, the light being, undoubtedly, more powerful.

One autumn at White Island our little boat had been to Portsmouth for provisions. With the spyglass we watched her returning, beating against the head wind. The day was bright, but there had been a storm at sea, and the breakers rolled and roared about us. The process of "beating" is so tedious that, though the boat had started in the morning, the sun was sending long yellow light from the west before it reached the island. There was no cessation in those billows that rolled from the Devil's Rock upon the slip; but still the little craft sailed on, striving to reach the landing. The hand at the tiller was firm, but a huge wave suddenly swept in, swerving the boat to the left, and in a moment she was overturned and flung upon the rocks, and her only occupant tossed high upon the beach, safe except for a few bruises; but what a moment of terror it was for all of us who saw and could not save!

All the freight was lost except a roll of iron wire and a barrel of walnuts. These were spread on the floor of an unoccupied eastern chamber in the cottage to dry. And they did dry; but before they were gathered, up came a terrible storm from the southeast. It raved and

tore at lighthouse and cottage; the sea broke into the windows of that eastern chamber where the walnuts lay, and washed them out till they came dancing down the stairs in briny foam.

The sea broke the windows of the house several times during our stay at the lighthouse. Everything shook so violently that dishes on the closet shelves fell to the floor. One night when, from the southeast, the very soul of chaos seemed to have been let loose upon the world, the whole "walk" (the covered bridge that connected the house and lighthouse) was carried thundering down the gorge and dragged out into the raging sea.

It was a distressing situation for us—cut off from the precious light that must be kept alive; for the breakers were tearing through the gorge so that no living thing could climb across. But the tide could not resist the mighty impulse that drew it down; it was forced to obey the still voice that bade it ebb; all swollen and raging and towering as it was, slowly and surely, at the appointed time, it sank away from our rock, so that, between the billows that still strove to clutch at the white, silent, golden-crowned tower, one could creep across, and scale the height, and wind up the machinery that kept the great clustered light revolving till the gray daylight broke to extinguish it.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Celia Thaxter (1836-1894), who was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, spent most of her life on the Isles of Shoals, ten miles off Portsmouth. For ten years her father was keeper of White Island Lighthouse, which she has so vividly described. After her marriage in 1851

to Levi L. Thaxter, she lived on Appledore, another of the Isles of Shoals, until her death. Naturally most of her writing, like the selection "White Island Lighthouse," reflects the life of her island home.

Hawthorne visited the Isles of Shoals in September, 1852, and he wrote in his *American Notebooks:* "Mr. Thaxter rowed me this morning in his dory to White Island, on which is the lighthouse. The island would be difficult of access in a rough sea, the shore being so rocky. On landing, we found the keeper peeling his harvest of onions. . . . His house stands close by the garden—a small stone building, with peaked roof, and whitewashed. The lighthouse stands on a ledge of rock, with a gully between, and there is a covered way, triangular in shape, connecting his residence with it." These last details, as Hawthorne describes them, may be seen in the picture on page 96.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe Celia Thaxter's first view or impression of White Island Lighthouse. 2. How did the children amuse themselves during the long winter? 3. Describe the "old lantern." 4. Why was a new one installed? 5. What trouble was encountered by the little provision boat on its return from Portsmouth? 6. Why was the keeper so alarmed when the "walk" was washed away? 7. How were they enabled to light the lantern at the usual time?

General Questions and Topics. 1. The inspector came to the lighthouse twice each year; by whom was he employed? 2. Can you explain what is meant by the process of "beating" as it is used in this story? 3. Compare Celia Thaxter's home, White Island Lighthouse, with the lighthouse keeper's quarters of today, pages 76-79, *The United States Lighthouse Service,* Department of Commerce, Lighthouse Bulletin, 1915. 4. Do you think you would enjoy living in a lighthouse, as Celia Thaxter did? Why?

A Suggested Problem. Make a collection of pictures and articles, found in newspapers and magazines, bearing on the subject of "Light and Lighthouses." Such an exhibit would interest other grades besides your own.

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT

HENRY D. THOREAU

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what Thoreau learned from his trip through the Highland Lighthouse; (*b*) the duties and responsibilities of the lighthouse keeper.

The Highland Lighthouse, where we were staying, is a firm-looking building of brick, painted white, and topped by an iron cap. Attached to it is the keeper's dwelling, which is a one-story brick structure built by the government. As we were going to spend the night in a lighthouse, we wished to make the most of so strange an experience, and, therefore, told our host that we should like to accompany him when he went to light up.

At early candlelight he lighted a small Japan lamp, allowing it to smoke rather more than we like on ordinary occasions, and told us to follow him. He led the way first through his bedroom, which was placed nearest to the lighthouse, and then through a long, narrow, covered passageway, between whitewashed walls like a prison entry, into the lower part of the lighthouse, where many great butts of oil were arranged around. We ascended by a winding and open iron stairway, with a scent of oil and lamp-smoke, to a trapdoor in an iron floor, and through this into the lantern. It was a neat building, with everything in apple-pie order; there was no danger of anything rusting for want of oil.

The light consisted of fifteen powerful lamps, placed within smooth, curved reflectors twenty-one inches in diameter, and arranged in two horizontal circles one above

the other, facing every way excepting directly down the Cape. These lamps were surrounded, at a distance of two or three feet, by large plate-glass windows, with iron sashes, on which rested the iron cap. All the iron work, except the floor, was painted white. Thus the lighthouse was completed.

We walked slowly around in that narrow space as the keeper lighted each lamp, and talked with him at the same moment about the great number of sailors on the deep who witness the lighting of the Highland Light. His duty was to fill and trim and light his lamps, and keep the reflectors bright. He filled the lamps every morning, and trimmed them in the course of the night. He complained of the quality of the oil which was furnished. The house burned about eight hundred gallons in a year, which cost not far from one dollar a gallon; but perhaps a few lives would be saved if better oil were provided. Another lighthouse keeper said that the same proportion of winter-strained oil was sent to the southernmost lighthouse in the Union as to the most northern. Formerly, when this lighthouse had windows with small and thin panes, a severe storm would sometimes break the glass, and then they were obliged to put up a wooden shutter in haste to save their lights and reflectors. Thus sometimes in tempests, when the mariner stood most in need of their guidance, they had nearly changed the lighthouse into a dark lantern, which shed forth only a few feeble rays, and those commonly on the land side.

The keeper spoke of the anxiety which he felt on cold and stormy nights in the winter, when his lamps burned dimly, the oil being chilled, and he knew that many a poor fellow was depending upon him. Sometimes he was obliged to warm the oil in a kettle in his

house at midnight, and fill his lamps over again. He could not have a fire in the lighthouse since it produced such a sweat on the windows. His successor told me that he could not keep a hot fire because the oil was poor.

This keeper's successor, who kindly entertained me the next year, stated that one extremely cold night, when this and all the neighboring lights were burning summer oil, he was fortunate enough to have a little winter oil, which he had saved for emergencies. Once during the night he was waked up with anxiety, and found that his oil was chilled, and his lights almost out. After many hours he succeeded in refilling his reservoirs with winter oil at the wick end, and with difficulty made them burn. He then looked out and found that the other lights in the neighborhood, which he could usually see, had gone out, and he heard afterwards that the Pamet River and Billingsgate Lights also had been put out.

Our host said that the frost, too, on the windows caused him much trouble, and in sultry summer nights the moths covered them and dimmed his lights; sometimes even small birds flew against the thick plate glass, and were found on the ground beneath in the morning, with their necks broken.

Thus he struggled, by every method, to keep his light shining before men. Surely the lighthouse keeper has a responsible office. When his lamp goes out, *he* goes out; or, at most, only one such accident is pardoned.

I thought it a pity that some poor student did not live there, to profit by all that light, since he would not rob the mariner. "Well," he said, "I do sometimes come up here and read the newspaper when they are noisy down below." Think of fifteen great lamps to read the newspaper by! Government oil!—light enough, per-

haps, to read the Constitution by! I thought that he should read nothing less than his Bible by that light. I had a classmate who fitted for college by the lamps of a lighthouse, which was more light than the University afforded.

When we had come down and walked a dozen rods from the lighthouse, we found that we could not get the full strength of its light on the narrow strip of land between it and the shore. We saw only so many feeble and rayless stars—but at forty rods inland we could see to read, though we were getting the light from only one lamp. Each reflector sent forth a separate "fan" of light—one shone on the windmill, and one in the hollow, while the spaces between were in shadow. It is said that this light can be seen twenty nautical miles and more, by an observer fifteen feet above the level of the sea. We could see the revolving light at Race Point, the end of the cape, about nine miles distant, and also the light on Long Point, at the entrance of Provincetown Harbor, and one of the distant Plymouth Harbor Lights across the bay. The keeper thought that the other Plymouth Light was hidden by the Long Point Light. He told us that the mariner was sometimes led astray by the lantern of a fisher who was afraid of being run down in the night; or even by a cottager's light, mistaking them for some well-known light on the coast.

Though it was once said that Providence placed this mass of clay here to build a lighthouse on, the keeper said that the lighthouse should have been built half a mile farther south, where the coast begins to bend, and where the light could be seen at the same time with the Nausett Lights. They are now talking of building one there. It happens that the present light is the more useless now,

so near the extremity of the cape, because other lighthouses have since been built there.

Among the regulations of the Lighthouse Board, hanging against the wall here—many of them excellent, if there were a regiment stationed here to attend to them—there is one requiring the keeper to record the number of vessels which pass his light during the day. But there are a hundred vessels in sight at once, steering in all directions, and he must have more eyes than Argus to tell which are passing his light. It is a task best suited to the habits of the gulls which coast up and down here, and circle over the sea.

The keeper entertained us handsomely in his solitary little ocean house. He was a man of patience and intelligence, who rang as clear as a bell in answering our queries. The lighthouse lamps a few feet distant shone full into my chamber, making it as bright as day. I knew exactly how the Highland Light shone all that night, and I was in no danger of being wrecked. I thought as I lay there, half awake, and half asleep, looking upward through the window at the lights above my head, how many sleepless eyes—mariners of all nations spinning their yarns through the various watches of the night—were directed toward my couch from far out on the ocean stream.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) is chiefly known for his famous experiment in living alone for two years in the house he built with his own hands on the shore of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts. The house cost less than twenty-nine dollars, and by cultivating beans and other vegetables Thoreau was able to support himself on a little more than eight dollars a year. He

did this to prove that a man could live on so little money that he would not have to spend all his time in earning a living. Having proved this to his own satisfaction, he gave up the experiment. In his book *Walden, or Life in the Woods,* he has given a fascinating account of his life at Walden. In many ways it resembles that of Burroughs at "Slabsides," for Thoreau, like Burroughs, was a close observer of nature and spent hours in the woods studying the ways of birds and animals.

Thoreau was always a devoted follower of Emerson, and when he was a young man just out of college he spent much of his time at Emerson's home doing "odd jobs" about the house and garden. He much preferred this kind of life to the regular work of pencil-making, in which he was very skillful, or of teaching, for which his college education had prepared him. An instance of Thoreau's extreme independence was his refusal to pay his poll-tax because he did not approve of the government's policy. As a result, he was put into jail. When Emerson went to get him out, he said to Thoreau, "Henry, why are you here?" Thoreau answered, "Waldo, why are you *not* here?" by which he meant that since Emerson did not approve of the government's policy, he too should have refused to pay his tax.

Though Thoreau spent most of his life in Concord, he frequently took short journeys to other places. One of these trips was the famous one described in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.* Another took him to Cape Cod, where he visited the Highland Light. His book describing this trip contains the selection "The Highland Light." If one were to visit Cape Cod now, he would stand upon the same bluff that Thoreau stood upon, and see the same harbor and the same waterfront, but he would see a different lighthouse, a larger and finer one equipped with modern apparatus, and with a wireless station by its side.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What picture of the Cape Cod or Highland Light do you gain from reading this selection? 2. Describe Thoreau's trip with the keeper when he went to light up in the evening. 3. What interesting incidents were related to Thoreau by the two lighthouse keepers? 4. What are the duties of a keeper? 5. Tell why his position is a respon-

sible one and to whom he is responsible. 6. Why could not the keeper have a fire in the lighthouse? 7. Thoreau comments courteously on the way he was entertained at the lighthouse; what characteristic of the keeper does he mention?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Do you think you would enjoy living in a lighthouse? Give reasons. 2. Explain the reference to Argus, page 107, line 9. 3. If you were to visit a lighthouse, what should you be most interested in? 4. Does the reading of this selection make you feel more keenly the service the keeper gives to the sailors? 5. Explain the humorous reference to the University, page 106, line 4. 6. What is the meaning of: "When his lamp goes out, *he* goes out"?

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT*

HENRY VAN DYKE

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Fortin fought to keep the light burning; (*b*) what fine personal characteristics enabled Fortin and his family to render this service.

When the lighthouse was built, many, many years ago, the Isle of the Wise Virgin was called the Isle of Birds. It was a very good house for that day. The keeper's dwelling had three rooms and was solidly built. The tower was thirty feet high. The lantern held a revolving light, and once every minute it was turned by clockwork, flashing a broad belt of radiance fifteen miles across the sea. All night long that big bright eye was opening and shutting. "Look!" said Thibault. "It winks like a one-eyed Windigo."

*From *The Ruling Passion*, copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries sent down an expert from Quebec to keep the light in order and run it for the first summer. He took Fortin as his assistant. By the end of August he reported to headquarters that the light was all right, and that Fortin was qualified to be appointed keeper. Before October was out, the certificate of appointment came back, and the expert packed his bag to go up the river.

"Now look here, Fortin," said he, "this is no fishing trip. Do you think you are up to this job?"

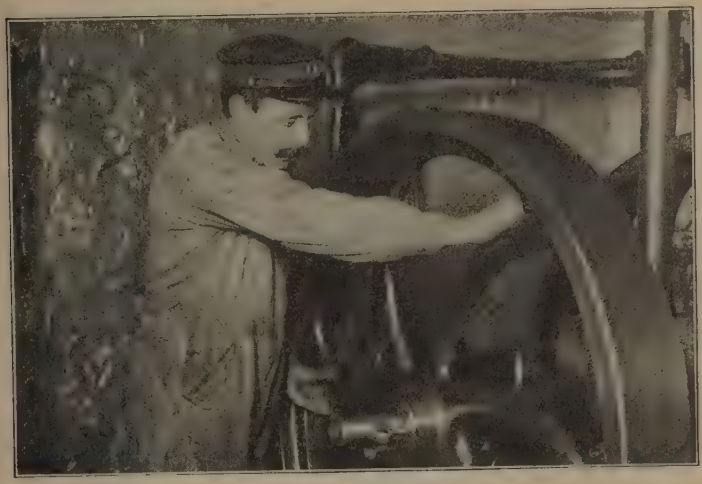
"I suppose," said Fortin.

"Well now, do you remember all this business about the machinery that turns the lantern? That's the main thing. The bearings must be kept well oiled, and the weight must never get out of order. The clock-face will tell you when it is running right. If anything gets hitched up, here's the crank to keep it going until you can straighten the machine again. It's easy enough to turn it. But you must never let it stop between dark and daylight. The regular turn once a minute—that's the mark of this light. If it shines steady, it might as well be out. Any vessel coming along in the night and seeing a fixed light would take it for the Cape Seal and run ashore. This light has to revolve once a minute every night from April first to December tenth, certain. Can you do it?"

"Certain," said Fortin.

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk! Now, you've got oil enough to last you through till the tenth of December, when you close the light, and to run on for a month in the spring after you open again. The ice may be late in going out and perhaps the supply-boat can't get down before the middle of April. But she'll bring plenty of oil when she comes, so you'll be all right."

"All right," said Fortin.



IN A LIGHTHOUSE

"Well, I've said it all, I guess. You understand what you've got to do? Good-by and good luck. You're the keeper of the light now."

"Good luck," said Fortin, "I am going to keep it."

The same day he shut up the red house on the beach and moved to the white house on the island with Marie-Anne, his wife, and the three girls, Alma, aged seventeen, Azilda, aged fifteen, and Nataline, aged thirteen. He was the captain, and Marie-Anne was the mate, and the three girls were the crew. They were all as full of happy pride as if they had come into possession of a great fortune.

It was the thirty-first day of October. A snow-shower had silvered the island. The afternoon was clear and beautiful. As the sun sloped toward the rose-colored hills of the mainland the whole family stood out in front of the lighthouse, looking up at the tower.

"Regard him well, my children," said Baptiste; "God has given him to us to keep, and to keep us. Thibault says he is a Windigo. Well! We shall see that he is a friendly Windigo. Every minute all the night he shall wink, just for kindness and good luck to all the world, till the daylight."

On the ninth of November, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Baptiste went into the tower to see that the clockwork was in order for the night. He set the dial on the machine, put a few drops of oil on the bearings of the cylinder, and started to wind up the weight.

It rose a few inches, gave a dull click, and then stopped dead. He tugged a little harder, but it would not move. Then he tried to let it down. He pushed at the lever that set the clockwork in motion.

Then it dawned fearfully upon him that something must be wrong. Trembling with anxiety, he climbed up and peered in among the wheels.

The escapement wheel was cracked clean through, as if someone had struck it with the head of an ax, and one of the pallets of the spindle was stuck fast in the crack. He could knock it out easily enough, but when the crack came around again the pallet would catch and the clock would stop once more. It was a fatal injury.

Baptiste turned white, then red, gripped his head in his hands, and ran down the steps, out of the door, straight toward his canoe, which was pulled up on the western side of the island. As he leaped down the rocky slope, the setting sun gleamed straight in his eyes. It was poised like a ball of fire on the very edge of the mountains. Five minutes more and it would be gone. Fifteen minutes more and darkness would close in. Then the giant's eye must begin to glow, and to wink once a

minute all night long. If not, what became of the keeper's word, his faith, his honor?

No matter how the injury to the clockwork was done. No matter who was to be blamed or punished for it. That could wait. The question now was whether the light would fail or not. And it must be answered within a quarter of an hour.

"Marie-Anne! Alma!" he shouted, "all of you! To me, in the tower!"

He was up in the lantern when they came running in, excited, asking twenty questions at once. Nataline climbed the ladder and put her head through the trapdoor.

"What is it?" she panted. "What has hap—"

"Go down," answered her father, "go down all at once. Wait for me. I am coming. I will explain."

Baptiste was still hot with anger and the unsatisfied desire to whip somebody, he did not know whom, for something, he did not know what. But, angry as he was, he was still sane enough to hold his mind hard and close to the main point. The crank must be adjusted; the machine must be ready to turn before dark. While he worked he hastily made the situation clear to his listeners.

That crank must be turned by hand, round and round all night, not too slow, not too fast. The dial on the machine must mark time with the clock on the wall. The light must flash once every minute until daybreak. He would do as much of the labor as he could, but the wife and the two older girls must help him. Nataline could go to bed.

At this Nataline's short upper lip trembled. She rubbed her eyes, and began to weep silently.

"What is the matter with you?" said her mother; "have you fear to sleep alone? A big girl like you!"

"No," she sobbed, "I have no fear, but I want some of the fun."

"Fun!" growled her father. "What fun? She calls this fun!" He looked at her for a moment, as she stood there, half-defiant, half-despondent, with her red mouth quivering and her big brown eyes sparkling fire; then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Come here, my little wildcat," he said, drawing her to him and kissing her; "you are a good girl after all. I suppose you think this light is part yours, eh?"

The girl nodded.

"Well! You shall have your share, fun and all. You shall make the tea for us and bring us something to eat. Perhaps when Alma and 'Zilda fatigue themselves they will permit a few turns of the crank to you. 'Are you content? Run now and boil the kettle."

It was a very long night. No matter how easily a handle turns, after a certain number of revolutions there is a stiffness about it. The stiffness is not in the handle, but in the hand that pushes it.

Round and round, evenly, steadily, minute after minute, hour after hour, shoving out, drawing in, circle after circle, no swerving, no stopping, no varying the motion, turn after turn—fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven—what's the use of counting? Watch the dial; go to sleep—no! no sleep! But how hard it is to keep awake! How heavy the arm grows, how stiffly the muscles move, how the will creaks and groans! It is not easy for a human being to become part of a machine.

Fortin himself took the longest spell at the crank, of course. He went at his work with a rigid courage. His red-hot anger had cooled down into a shape that was like a bar of forged steel. He meant to make that light

revolve if it killed him to do it. He was the captain of a company that had run into an ambuscade. He was going to fight his way through if he had to fight alone.

The wife and the two older girls followed him blindly and bravely, in the habit of sheer obedience. They did not quite understand the meaning of the task, the honor of victory, the shame of defeat. But Fortin said it must be done, and he knew best. So they took their places in turn, as he grew weary, and kept the light flashing.

And Nataline—well, there is no way of describing what Nataline did, except to say that she played the fife.

She felt the contest just as her father did, not as deeply, perhaps, but in the same spirit. She went into the fight with darkness like a little soldier. And she played the fife.

When she came up from the kitchen with the smoking pail of tea, she rapped on the door and called out to know whether the Windigo was at home tonight.

She ran in and out of the place like a squirrel. She looked up at the light and laughed. Then she ran in and reported. "He winks," she said, "old one-eye winks beautifully. Keep him going. My turn now!"

She refused to be put off with a shorter spell than the other girls. "No," she cried, "I can do it as well as you. You think you are so much older. Well, what of that? The light is part mine; father said so. Let me turn."

When the first glimmer of the little day came shivering along the eastern horizon, Nataline was at the crank. The mother and the two older girls were half-asleep. Baptiste stepped out to look at the sky. "Come," he cried, returning. "We can stop now, it is growing gray in the east."

"But not yet," said Nataline; "we must wait for the first red. A few more turns. Let's finish with a song."

She shook her head and piped up the refrain of an old Canadian ballad. And to that cheerful music the first night's battle was carried through to victory.

The next day Fortin spent two hours in trying to repair the clockwork. It was of no use. The broken part could not be replaced.

At noon he went over to the mainland to tell of the disaster, and perhaps to find out if any hostile hand was responsible for it. He found out nothing. Everyone denied all knowledge of the accident. Perhaps there was a flaw in the wheel; perhaps it had broken itself. That was possible. Fortin could not deny it; but the thing that hurt him most was that he got so little sympathy. Nobody seemed to care whether the light was kept burning or not. When he told them how the machine had been turned all night by hand, they were astonished. "Thunder!" they cried, "you must have had great misery to do that." But that he proposed to go on doing it for a month longer, until December tenth, and to begin again on April first, and go on turning the light by hand for three or four weeks more until the supply-boat came down and brought the necessary tools to repair the machine—such an idea as this went beyond their horizon.

"But you are crazy, Baptiste," they said; "you can never do it; you are not capable."

"I would be crazy," he answered, "if I did not see what I must do. That light is my charge. In all the world there is nothing else so great as that for me and for my family—you understand? For us it is the chief thing. It is my Ten Commandments. I shall keep it."

After a while he continued: "I want someone to help me with the work on the island. We must be up all the nights now. By day we must get some sleep. I want

another man or a strong boy. Is there any who will come? The Government will pay. Or if not, I will pay, myself."

There was no response. All the men hung back.

"Well," he said, "there is no one. Then we shall manage the affair in the family. Good night, gentlemen!"

He walked down to the beach with his head in the air, without looking back. But before he had his canoe in the water he heard someone running behind him. It was Thibault's youngest son, Marcel, a well-grown boy of sixteen, very much out of breath with running and shyness.

"Monsieur Fortin," he stammered, "will you—do you think—am I big enough?"

Baptiste looked him in the face for a moment. Then his eyes twinkled.

"Certainly," he answered; "you are bigger than your father. But what will he say to this?"

"He says," blurted out Marcel—"well, he says that he will say nothing if I do not ask him."

So the little Marcel was enlisted in the crew on the island. For thirty nights those six people—a man, and a boy, and four women (Nataline was not going to submit to any distinctions on the score of age, you may be sure) —for a full month they turned their flashing lantern by hand from dusk to daybreak.

The fog, the frost, the hail, the snow beleaguered their tower. Hunger and cold, sleeplessness and weariness, pain and discouragement, held rendezvous in that dismal, cramped little room. Many a night Nataline's fife of fun played a feeble, wheezy note. But it played. And the crank went round. And every bit of glass in the lantern was as clear as polished crystal. And the big lamp was full of oil. And the great eye of the friendly giant

winked without ceasing, through fierce storm and placid moonlight.

When the tenth of December came, the light went to sleep for the winter, and the keepers took their way across the ice to the mainland. They had won the battle not only on the island, fighting against the elements, but also against public opinion. The inhabitants began to understand that the lighthouse meant something—a law, an order, a principle.

When the time arrived to kindle the light again in the spring, Fortin could have had anyone that he wanted to help him. But no; he chose the little Marcel again; the boy wanted to go, and he had earned the right. Besides, he and Nataline had struck up a close friendship on the island, cemented during the winter by various hunting excursions after hares and ptarmigan. Marcel was a skillful setter of snares. But Nataline was not content until she had won consent to borrow her father's rifle. They hunted in partnership. One day they had shot a fox. That is, Nataline had shot it, though Marcel had seen it first and tracked it. Now they wanted to try for a seal on the point of the island when the ice went out. It was quite essential that Marcel should go.

But there was not much play in the spring session with the light on the island. It was a bitter job. December had been lamblike compared with April. First the southeast wind kept the ice driving in along the shore. Then the northwest wind came hurtling down from the Arctic wilderness like a pack of wolves. There was a snowstorm of four days and nights that made the whole world—earth and sky and sea—look like a crazy whirl chaos. And through it all, that weary, dogged crank must be kept turning—turning from dark to daylight.

It seemed as if the supply-boat would never come. At last they saw it, one fair afternoon, April the twenty-ninth, creeping slowly down the coast. They were just getting ready for another night's work.

Fortin ran out of the tower, took off his hat, and began to say his prayers. The wife and the two elder girls stood in the kitchen door with tears in their eyes. Marcel and Nataline were coming up from the point of the island, where they had been watching for their seal. She was singing. When she saw the boat she stopped short for a minute.

"Well," she said, "they find us awake. And if they don't come faster than that we'll have another chance to show them how we make the light wink, eh?"

Then she went on with her song.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry van Dyke (1852-), a native of Pennsylvania, was educated at Princeton University and at the University of Berlin. He has also received honorary degrees from other institutions, including Oxford University, England. From 1900 to 1922 he was professor of English literature at Princeton. At the outbreak of the World War, and until 1917, he was minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

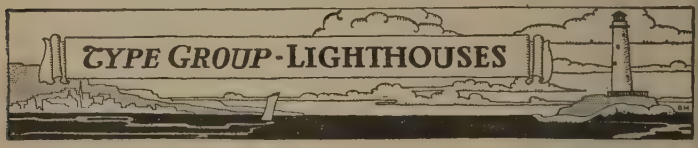
Dr. van Dyke is a devoted fisherman and has taken many camping trips in the north woods. He therefore knows well the scenes and many of the characters of his stories. "The Keeper of the Light" is taken from *The Ruling Passion,* and is founded upon fact. Josephus Daniels, while Secretary of the Navy, liked the story so much that he made it the basis of an address on the subject of faithfulness to duty; this address he often delivered to the men of the Navy.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the light for which Fortin was chosen keeper. 2. There were some important things for the new keeper to bear in mind; what

were they? 3. How did Fortin's wife and daughters regard his new work? 4. What misfortune happened shortly after the new keeper took charge of the lighthouse? 5. The members of the family shared the responsibility of keeping the light burning; what duty was assigned to each? 6. Describe how "the first night's battle was carried through to victory." 7. On the next day what success had Fortin in repairing the broken part? 8. The author tells us that Nataline acted "like a little soldier"; what soldierly qualities did she show?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words, using these topics: (*a*) How Fortin became the keeper of the light; (*b*) The accident; (*c*) How the light was kept burning the first night; (*d*) The attempt to get help; (*e*) How the light was kept burning until the supply-boat came.

General Questions and Topics. 1. How did this light differ from the one described in "The Highland Light"? 2. What characteristics did the family have which made possible so difficult an undertaking? 3. Peter is the hero in the story "The Leak in the Dyke," Carey (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); compare his heroism with that of Fortin. 4. Why did not some of the men volunteer when Fortin asked for aid? 5. Have you ever known of a case in which people did not like something because it was new and strange? If so, tell about it.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. After reading the three stories in this group, can you tell what characteristics a lighthouse keeper should have? 2. Compare the Highland Lighthouse as described by Thoreau with the White Island Lighthouse pictured by Celia Thaxter. 3. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many wrecks occurred, among others that of the schooner

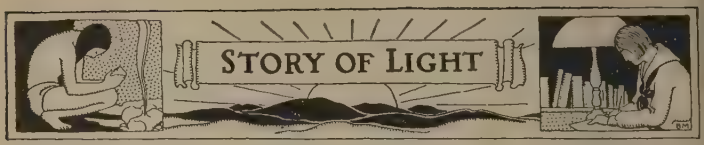
Hesperus. Twelve days after this wreck Longfellow wrote a ballad on the incident, called "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which your teacher will read to you. 4. Compare the lighthouses in these stories with those of today. You will find an interesting article on "Types of Construction of Lighthouses" in *The United States Lighthouse Service Bulletin,* 1915, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C. 5. Thoreau tells of birds killed by flying against a lighthouse; you will be interested in the illustration and article in *Bird-Lore,* Jan.-Feb., 1923, describing perches built on certain Dutch and English lighthouses as resting places for migrating birds.

Library Reading. (*a*) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "Beacons of the Sea," Putnam (in *The National Geographic Magazine,* January, 1913); "The Deep-sea Lighthouse Builder," Johnston (in *Deeds of Doing and Daring*); "Lighthouses," Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); "Why Lighthouses Migrate," (in *The Literary Digest,* October 2, 1920); "How Lighthouses Are Built" (in *The Book of Knowledge,* Volume III); "The Keeper of the Light," van Dyke (in *The Ruling Passion*); *Sentinels Along Our Coasts,* Collins.

(*b*) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *The Light Keepers,* Kaler; *When Lighthouses Are Dark,* Brill; *Captain January,* Richards, Chapter I; "Lights of the Florida Reef," Munroe (in *Our Country: East*).

(*c*) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "Winstanley," Ingelow; "The Building of Bell Rock" (Inchcape Rock), Stevenson (in *A Family of Engineers*); *Light Ships and Lighthouses,* Talbot; "Heroes of Peace: Heroism in the Lighthouse Service," Kobbe (in *The Century Magazine,* June, 1897); *The United States Lighthouse Service Bulletin,* 1915; "Lighting the Mississippi," Dacy (in *Scientific American,* December, 1922).

A Suggested Problem. The use of radio in connection with lighthouses is a recent development; find out all that you can about it and report to the class. The following references will help you: "The Radio Lighthouse," Collins (in *The Review of Reviews,* March, 1923); "Radio Fog Signals and Their Use in Navigation," (in the *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Lighthouses to the Secretary of Commerce,* 1921, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.).



THE LIGHTHOUSE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what Longfellow regards as the purpose of the lighthouse; (*b*) how he compares this purpose to that of the ship.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef, along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born in Portland, Maine, and spent his childhood in this delightful old seaport town. Perhaps this accounts for the interest in things of the sea which he shows in his poems, "Seaweed," "The Building of the Ship," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Lighthouse," and others. He had a happy childhood and boyhood and entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Hawthorne. After leaving college he studied in Europe and then became Professor of Modern Languages first at Bowdoin and later at Harvard. In 1854 he resigned his professorship in order to get more time for writing, and in 1855 the famous poem *Hiawatha* was published. After this he devoted all his time to writing.

Longfellow's great gift of story-telling has made him especially "the children's poet." On his seventy-second birthday, an armchair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree" mentioned in "The Village Blacksmith" was presented to Longfellow by the children of Cambridge, as an expression of their love and appreciation. When the chair was installed in his home, we are told that he gave orders that no child who wished to see it should be excluded, and the tramp of dirty little feet through the hall was for many months the despair of the housemaids.

Longfellow's poem "The Lighthouse" was written about one of the finest sea-rock lights in the world—the famous Minot's Ledge Light, which warns the sailors entering and leaving Boston Bay of the terrible peril which lurks beneath the waves of the southern side of this busy harbor. Ship after ship was wrecked on the jagged Minot's Ledge until the first lighthouse was built there. This was a skeleton iron structure completed in 1848 and destroyed by a terrific gale in April, 1851. The present lighthouse, the one described by Longfellow, was started in 1855. It was built of masonry and modeled after the famous Eddystone Lighthouse. It was so difficult to build that it took five years to finish it. It has proved to be a real giant, as Longfellow calls it, for it has withstood the tremendous fury of many northeast gales.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. In what kind of place is the lighthouse built? 2. What does the poet tell us the lighthouse is like? 3. How does the poet say the "great ships" feel, as they see the lighthouse? 4. What childhood memories does the mariner recall? 5. What characteristics of the lighthouse are mentioned in lines 17-20, page 123? 6. To whom does the lighthouse speak in the last stanza? 7. The lighthouse calls the ship a "floating bridge"; what purpose does it serve? 8. What does the lighthouse say is its own purpose?

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is meant by "A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day"? 2. Longfellow tells us that the sea bird is blinded by the glare of the lighthouse lamps; what similar incident is related by Thoreau in "The Highland Light"? 3. Name as many ways as you can in which the lighthouse is like the giant Christopher. 4. Which did you

like the better, "The Wreck of the Hesperus" or "The Lighthouse"? Why? 5. Memorize the last stanza of this poem. 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: *Christopher,* page 123, line 1; *Prometheus,* page 124, line 9; *Jove,* page 124, line 10. 7. What do you know of the author? 8. What poems by Longfellow have you read? Make a list.

Library Reading. "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Longfellow; "Lights That Guide in the Night," Ellicot (in *Sea Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*); "The Inchcape Rock," Southey (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," Ingelow; "Minot's Ledge Light," Talbot (in *Light Ships and Lighthouses*).

GRACE DARLING

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) why Grace Darling was considered a heroine; (*b*) what characteristics she had which led her to face danger to save others.

Grace Horsley Darling was born November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast. She was the seventh child of her parents. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, had settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 he was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. At the time of their removal to Longstone, Grace was about eleven years old. Among the desolate rocks the children made their playground, with shells and seaweed for toys. William Darling was known as a steady, intelligent, trustworthy man, and peculiarly fitted for his post. The

Longstone Lighthouse was a very dangerous one, and only men of tried endurance and strong sense of duty were selected to be keeper.

The Darling family seemed very happy. The children were all educated in a respectable manner. Some of the daughters went out into the world, or married; but Grace, who was remarkable for her quiet disposition, remained at Longstone with her parents, helping her mother in household tasks. Now and then there were happy reunions, when the brothers and sisters came back to the rocky island home to spend a joyous Christmas. Then the lighthouse fires burned cheerily, and the parents looked proudly at the bright young faces gathered round the hearth.

Grace Darling had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred which made her name famous. She is said to have been about middle size, of fair complexion, gentle of manner, and with an expression of great mildness and kindness. William Howitt, the poet, visited her after she had become celebrated. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," he said, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest manner lies a spirit capable of great devotion. Daring is not so much a quality of her nature, but her sympathy with suffering was so great that it overcame everything like fear or selfishness, indeed, everything but itself."

On September 5, 1838, the *Forfarshire,* a vessel of three hundred tons' burden, under the command of John Humble, sailed from Hull on her voyage to Dundee with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron.

There were twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage

passengers, Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards—in all, sixty-three persons. The ship was almost a new one, for she was only two years old, but her boilers were in bad repair. They had been examined at Hull, and a small leak had been detected and closed up. This occasioned a little anxiety in the minds of the passengers, and one of the steerage passengers, Mrs. Dawson, was heard to say that if her husband came down to the vessel in time she should return with him.

The vessel sailed about half-past six in the evening, and passing through the Fairway between the Farne Islands and the land, entered Berwick Bay about eight. The wind blew strong from the north, and the leak increased so rapidly that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. About ten the *Forfarshire* bore off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging. We read,

> The engines soon after became utterly useless, and the engineman reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable; and the tide setting strong to the south, she moved in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered, and the Farne Light, which soon became visible, left no doubt as to the danger to all on board.

Between three and four the vessel struck with her bows foremost on the rocks, and some of the crew, hoping to save themselves, lowered the lifeboat, and left the ship. An awful scene of panic followed.

Very soon after the first shock a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rocks, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was almost broken in two pieces, and the afterpart, containing the cabin with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut. . . . The captain and his wife were among those who perished.

There were now only nine unfortunate creatures left on the wreck—four passengers and five of the crew. Among the former was Mrs. Dawson, the steerage passenger who had wished to leave the vessel. Her husband had not come in time. She was among the few who were in the forepart of the vessel. She had her two children with her, a boy and a girl, aged eight and eleven. She held them firmly to the last; but when relief came the children lay lifeless.

At the Longstone Lighthouse there were only Wiliam Darling and his wife and daughter. The dwellers in lighthouses are used to storms, but on the night of the fifth such a strong wind arose, and such a deluge of rain fell, that they felt unusual anxiety. Grace found it impossible to sleep. Toward morning she dozed, and then woke, with a piercing cry for help in her ears. She roused her father at once, but though through the mist William Darling's glass showed him dim figures clinging to the wreck, he shrank from the idea of tempting the raging waters. It was Grace who urged that the boat be launched. The brave girl seized an oar and sprang into the boat, and her father followed. Grace had never helped with the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire,* for others of the family were always at hand.

It does not need a keen imagination to picture that

scene: the frail boat toiling over the billows, the slight girl bending over her oar, her pity for the poor sufferers strengthening her weak arm. Who knows what silent prayers went up to Heaven as she looked fearfully across the stormy waters, while the startled sea birds shrieked above her head, and the salt spray dashed in her face?

"It could only have been by the use of muscular power, as well as strong courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock," we are told, in the account of the rescue; "and when there, a danger, greater even than that which they had met in approaching it, arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the heaving of the billows." However, the difficult task was accomplished, and the survivors of the wreck were amazed when the boat approached the rock, and they saw one of their deliverers was a girl; tears streamed down the sailors' faces as they watched her efforts. "God

bless her!" was probably the cry of their hearts; "she must be one of God's angels, and not a mere woman."

One by one the poor creatures were safely placed in the boat, but the return was even more dangerous than the outward journey. When Longstone was reached, the sufferers were housed in the lighthouse. Here, owing to the raging seas, they were obliged to remain from Friday morning until Sunday. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, and contented herself with lying on the table; the boat's crew that came off to their relief from Sunderland, and who were also detained by the stormy weather, slept on the floor round the fire.

This beloved heroine died at an early age, and two worthy memorials have been erected, one in Bamborough churchyard, and the other in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on the Farne Islands. The former contains a figure of Grace Darling, and the other bears this inscription:

To the Memory of
GRACE HORSLEY DARLING
A Native of Bamborough,
and
An Inhabitant of These Islands,
Who Died October 20, 1842,
Aged 26 Years.

But her best memorial is in the countless hearts that still love and cherish her, and to whom the name of Grace Darling, the noble heroine of the Farne Islands, is and always will be a sweet and sacred memory of a woman's pity and a woman's heroism.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Rosa Nouchette Carey (1840-1909) was born in London near old Bow Church. Her father was a ship-broker. She was one of a large family of children, and she used to write little plays which her brothers and sisters acted. She says that her chief amusement as a child "was to select favorite characters from history or fiction and try to personify them," and this is what she has done in the book *Twelve Notable Women of the Nineteenth Century,* from which the story of Grace Darling is taken. Miss Carey was very fond of children and loved to tell them stories. She spent many years of her life in taking care of her brother's children after they lost their mother.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. How old was Grace Darling when she began life at the Longstone Lighthouse? 2. Why was Grace's father chosen for the keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse? 3. Why did not Grace leave the lighthouse when she grew older as her brothers and sisters did? 4. Describe Grace Darling as she appeared at the time she became famous. 5. Tell about the scene on board the ship the night of the storm. 6. How did the people at the Longstone Lighthouse know that there was a wreck at sea? 7. Describe the rescue. 8. Since her death, in what way have people shown their appreciation of the heroism of Grace Darling?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate on a map in your geography the birthplace of Grace Darling. 2. Compare the heroism of Grace Darling with that of Fortin and his family in "The Keeper of the Light." 3. Trace on your map the course of the *Forfarshire* from Hull to the place where it was wrecked. 4. Grace Darling was considered the rescuer of the survivors; why was not her father called the hero? 5. The picture on page 130 is a copy of a famous painting by Brooks; can you make out the wreck in the upper right corner? How does this painting express the spirit of the story?

Library Reading. "The Story of Grace Darling," Hardy (in *Lighthouses; Their History and Romance*); "Miss Colfax's Light," Talbot (in *Light Ships and Lighthouses*); "Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America," *The American Magazine,* January, 1910.

A CANDLE'S BEAUTY

ANNE B. PAYNE

The beauty of a candle touches me,
It is so softly gay—
So steadfast and so careless of itself,
Giving its life away.

With waxen body, slender, white, and still,
Melting as snow or ice,
It is a spendthrift with a soul of flame,
Offering sacrifice.

A little space of moments and of hours
In which to shine and glow—
A candle's beauty touches me, oh, more
Than anything I know.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Annie B. Payne is one of the younger contributors to the magazine literature of the day. Her poem "A Candle's Beauty" appeared in *Good Housekeeping*, May, 1922.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What ancient candle customs do we still observe? 2. Why does the author say the candle is "careless of itself"? 3. To what is the candle compared in the second stanza? 4. "A candle's beauty touches me"; why do you think the author finds the candle's beauty touching?

Library Reading. "The Christmas Candle," Pumphrey (in *Pilgrim Stories*); "Candle-making at the Coolidges," Stone and Fickett (in *Everyday Life in the Colonies*); "Chicago's Christmas Candles and How They Are Made," *Fort Dearborn Magazine*, December, 1922.

THE OLD STREET LAMP

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the old street lamp was rewarded for its faithful service; (*b*) why the old street lamp's dream made it very happy.

There was once a very honest old street lamp that had done its work for many, many years; but now it hung for the last time to its post, and gave light to the street. Tomorrow it was to appear in the council house, and the Mayor and all his council were to inspect it, and say if it were worn out or not.

And the lamp was afraid. Perhaps it would be melted down in a factory. Oh, it would be sorry to go away from the old watchman who had always tended it, and cleaned it, and fed it oil, and who had come along every night with his ladder to light it!

On the bridge of the gutter stood three persons who wished to speak to the old lamp, for they thought they might be set up there on the post in his place. One was a herring's head. He thought it would be a great saving of oil if they put him up on the post, for he knew how to glimmer in the dark quite alone. One was a piece of rotten wood, which also glimmers in the dark. The third person was a glowworm; but the herring's head and the rotten wood said the glowworm would never do for a street light, for she only shone at certain times.

At that moment the wind came careering around the street corner and blew through the broken panes of the old street lamp.

'What's this I hear?" asked the wind. "So you're

going away tomorrow? I must make you a present before you go. I will blow in your brain-box, and make you *remember,* and *see,* like a real person."

"Thank you, heartily," said the old street lamp. "I only hope I shall not be melted down."

"I am very sure you will not be," said the wind, and then he blew; and at that moment the moon stepped forth from behind the clouds.

"What will *you* give the old street lamp?" asked the wind of the moon.

"I'll give nothing," said the moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps never lighted me." Then the moon hurried off and hid herself behind the clouds.

Just then a bright shooting star fell down, forming a long, bright stripe.

"What was that?" asked the herring's head. "Did not a star fall? I really think it went into the lamp! Certainly we had best say good-night and go home."

And so they did—all three. But the old lamp shed a marvelously strong light around.

"That was a glorious present," it said. "The bright stars which have always shone as I never could shine have noticed me and given me a present."

"I hope you may sometime shine with a wax light," said the wind. "But I will go down now." And he went down.

"Wax lights!" exclaimed the lamp. "I shall never have one of them. Oh, I hope I may not be melted down!"

The next morning the lamp sat in a grandfather's chair! And guess where. In the old watchman's house. The watchman had asked the Mayor if he might keep the faithful old street lamp; so it was not melted down, but

went home with him. It leaned over toward the warm stove. It felt very big, sitting in a chair all alone.

It was only a cellar where the old watchman and his wife lived, but it was clean and neat. There were curtains round the bed and the little windows. On the window-sill stood two curious flowerpots, made of clay in the shape of two elephants. The backs of the elephants were cut off, and from the inside of one there bloomed chives—that was the kitchen garden; and from the other a red geranium—that was the flower garden. Yes; the old street lamp could see it all quite well.

So it sat and looked about, and then, after supper, the old watchman seated himself beside it and spoke of how they had gone through the rain and fog together in the short, bright summer nights, and then the winter nights, when the snow beat down upon them. Yes; it was as the wind had said it would be—the old street lamp could remember everything quite well.

So the lamp lived in the cellar, and was kept neat and clean, and stood, all shining, in a corner. Strangers thought it a bit of old rubbish, but the old people did not care for that; they loved the lamp.

One day—it was the watchman's birthday—the old woman smiled to herself and said: "I'll make a light today."

The lamp rattled its cover. "Now I shall have a wax light inside of me," it said; but only some oil was brought, and the lamp burned merrily with that all through the evening, in honor of the watchman's birthday.

And when the old man had gone to bed, the lamp had a dream—about being put into a furnace and melted into an iron candlestick, as fair a candlestick as you would wish, one to hold wax lights. The candlestick was set in

a beautiful room which was all hung with pictures of forests, and meadows where the storks strutted about, and the blue sky with all the stars.

"How very wonderful!" said the street lamp, as it awoke. "It was not so bad to be melted. I held a wax light, and yet here I am in the old watchman's cellar once more, all cleaned and full of oil, which is quite as fine."

And the honest old street lamp was very happy, as it well deserved to be.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875) says in his book *The Story of My Life*, "My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident." His father was a shoemaker in Denmark, and the family was very poor. His mother's garden was an old chest filled with earth and placed on the roof; in "The Snow Queen" Andersen describes this garden. Even as a child, Andersen was very fond of the theater, and although he was too poor to go often and had to work hard in a cloth factory and at hop-picking, still he made his own little puppet theater, and invented plays for it from the old playbills he picked up. He had a beautiful voice, which brought him to the attention of Prince Christian, and arrangements were made for him to go to Copenhagen and study grand opera. In Copenhagen, however, he met with great hardship and almost starved to death. Finally Collins, the director of the Theater Royal, brought him to the attention of King Ferdinand VI, and from that time he prospered, not as an opera singer but as a writer.

Andersen's fairy tales at first met with little success in his own country, but in England, France, and Germany, his fame spread rapidly, and finally his own country recognized him. Indeed, exactly twenty-five years after he arrived alone and friendless in Copenhagen, he was the city's guest of honor and dined with the King and Queen.

Every year Andersen traveled in England or on the conti-

nent, and wherever he went the children thronged to see the author of the wonderful stories. The little son of a friend once gave Andersen one of his tin soldiers, and Andersen writes, "The tin soldier has faithfully accompanied me . . . probably some day he may relate his travels." Once, very early in the morning, when he was driving in a coach in England, three little girls who had been waiting for hours by the roadside for his coach to pass, gave him large bouquets of flowers as expressions of their affection; and at another time a little English boy stayed up all night in order to see Andersen off on an early morning boat. One little girl called him her "Fairy Tale Prince." In Edinburgh he found that the poorest children in the town knew and loved his stories, and he was especially happy when he heard from Ole Bull that his name had "flown across the ocean" and that his stories were known and loved in America. Dickens was one of the first to recognize the greatness of Andersen, and the two men were devoted friends.

Many of Andersen's fairy tales were written on the beautiful estate of a friend. "There," says Andersen, "for the first time I lived wholly among the scenery of Denmark, and there wrote the greater number of my fairy tales. On the banks of quiet lakes, amid the woods, on the green, grassy pastures, where the game sprang past me, and the stork paced along on his red legs, . . . nature preached to me my calling." We can easily see in many of Andersen's fairy tales the effects of this beautiful setting.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why was this a very important day for the old street lamp? 2. What did it fear? 3. What three persons were hoping to get the position left by the old lamp? 4. What did the wind do for the old lamp? 5. Why did the three watchers suddenly decide to go home? 6. The lamp said that the gift of the stars was a glorious present; what was this gift? 7. What was the wind's wish for the lamp? 8. Why did the watchman ask the Mayor for the old lamp? 9. Describe the lamp's new home. 10. How did his wife celebrate the old watchman's birthday?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Which of the three persons seeking the old lamp's position do you think would have

been most successful? Why? 2. Can you tell why the moon refused to help the street lamp? 3. Do you think the old street lamp was happy in the watchman's humble home? 4. The author tells us the old lamp could remember everything quite well; can you give instances to prove this? 5. Why did the author think the old street lamp had a right to be happy? 6. Tell the story of the lamp's dream. 7. What effect did this dream have upon the lamp?

Library Reading. "The Lamp," Forman (in *Stories of Useful Inventions*); "Old Lamps and Candlesticks," Dyer (in *Country Life,* May, 1907); "The Little Match Girl," Andersen; "The Lamplighter," Stevenson (in *A Child's Garden of Verse*).

THE STORY OF LIGHT

JOSEPH HUSBAND

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the homes of children have been lighted from the earliest times to the present day; (*b*) what different ways of making fire and light have been discovered.

What the world would be like if we had no light except the sunshine would be hard for us to imagine. Although it is the sun that gives us light for the greater part of the day, there are a few hours in every twenty-four when we are dependent upon artificial light. Every morning the sun rises, usually before we are out of our beds, and, except in the short winter days, the sunlight lasts until late in the day, particularly in the northern countries, where people often play out-of-door games until nine or ten o'clock. So strong is the sunlight that only on the most cloudy days and in unusually dark

rooms do we ever need to kindle lights during the daytime. It is easy to realize how strong the sunlight is, if we glance at the sun for even a second on a clear day, for it is so bright that the human eye cannot look at it.

HOW THE CAVE MAN LIGHTED HIS HOME

Thousands of years ago, in the early ages of mankind, the people who lived in the world had little use for light. The early man, like the savages in some parts of the world today, lived very much like an animal. Let us take a glance into the life of a boy whose home was a cave in those long-ago days. Little Dak lived with his parents and his brothers and sisters in a dark cave they had found in the side of a hill. Urse, the father, was a big fellow with long arms and a low forehead. He always dressed in a great bearskin tied around him with strips of rawhide, and whenever he went out of the cave he carried a strong club with a stone lashed in the end, like an ax. Dak's only clothing was a piece of deerskin. He was not big enough to carry a club, but he could run very swiftly and he knew how to hide so quickly and perfectly that even the sharp eyes of the wild animals could not find him. Urse awoke with the sun, and the hours of daylight were long enough for his simple work. When darkness came, his day was over and he went to sleep. The greatest problem in his life was food, and as he was a meat-eater his work consisted chiefly in the hunting of animals and in the preparation of their flesh for food and their skins for clothing. This cave in which Urse and his family lived was so deep that most of it was dark all the time, but the occupants did not object to the darkness as you would, for, of course, they had no books or magazines to read. When the bright day came

to an end and it was no longer light enough to see clearly, Urse rolled a few big stones across the mouth of the cave to keep out wandering animals, and then he and the others went to sleep.

But there was something that was very important to Dak and his family, something more necessary than light and yet hard to separate from it—that was fire. Light and heat are very closely related. There is great heat in the sunlight; even an electric globe becomes warm when it is lighted, and we all know that any kind of fire gives off light. Probably the most important thing in Dak's life, with the exception of food, was fire; for fire was necessary to cook the flesh of the wild animals that Urse killed, and fire was needed to warm him when he became wet with rain or chilled by the cold air of winter.

And so, although Urse and his family knew nothing about such light as brightens your own home, they did have the flickering light that came from the fires they made for cooking and warmth. Often they would sit around the blazing fagots in the cave and enjoy the light as well as the heat for an hour or two after the sun had set and darkness had settled down over the black forests. And sometimes when the fire blazed highest, Dak or his father would make crude pictures of strange animals on the white limestone walls of the cave with the blackened end of a burned stick.

EARLY WAYS OF MAKING FIRE AND LIGHT

Nobody knows just how fire first came into the world, but as far back as there are any traces of man on the earth, the signs of fire may be seen. The small pieces of burned wood and the smoked stones found in the homes of the cave men prove that these people knew about fire and

used it in their daily life. This was so long ago that it is impossible even to guess when it first happened. Today there are many Boy Scouts, however, who know how to make fire by what is probably the very same method that Dak, the cave boy, used. For even the people in those far distant times had learned that it is possible to make fire by rubbing two sticks together. There are several ways of doing this, but they are all based on the fact that two substances rubbed together become heated. Some materials heat more easily than others, and dry hard wood is one of them. If a pointed stick is twirled rapidly, while its pointed end is stuck into a hole in another piece of dry wood, the point will grow so hot that finally it will begin to glow. In this way, perhaps, men first made fire.

Then came better and easier ways. Men found that they could make a spark by striking stones together, and later when iron was discovered and they learned how to make steel, they found that a spark could be made still more easily by striking a piece of steel against a kind of hard stone called flint. Only a hundred years ago all fire was made in this way, and everyone had a flint and steel and a little tinder, or fine, dry material, such as grass or bits of paper, in which to catch the spark struck by the steel.

For many thousands of years the only light known to man was the firelight. As they had sat beside the fire in their caves, so when men began to live in houses a roaring blaze in a great fireplace served to light the room after evening came and the sunlight was gone. Gradually men learned that some kinds of wood burned more easily than others and made a brighter light; so they began to make great splinters of these kinds of

wood, like big matches, which they stuck in the walls in order to light their houses better.

Then it was found that a fairly good light could be made by burning a pile of wood splinters in an iron basket. This was a welcome improvement, for by this time men had begun to feel the need for some way to make their houses lighter at night. Out-of-doors on dark nights they carried torches of wood in order to see their way. The "link-boys," whom we read about in stories of early England, were boys who carried such torches and could be hired by people who wanted to go out through the dark streets.

But even down to the present day the most simple kind of light is the firelight—and just as Dak the cave boy thousands of years ago drew pictures by the glare of the blazing logs, so even in our own times did another boy, Abraham Lincoln, study his borrowed books as he lay upon the floor before the big fire on the hearth of the log cabin in which he lived.

Just as men discovered that some kinds of wood burned more brightly than others, so they learned that fatty or greasy wood made a better light than plain dry splinters. And as time went on, they began to make a new kind of light by soaking rushes or bundles of soft sticks in fat and burning them. These rush lights were really a kind of candle, and it was not long before the candle as we know it today came to be made. With this invention man for the first time had an artificial light that was cheap, easy to make, and that gave a really satisfactory light.

For a long time the candle was the only light that most people could afford. Priscilla, when she was a little girl in the early Puritan days of New England,

helped her mother make the candles. Sometimes they would take a long wick made of cotton and dip it in hot fat again and again until the wick was covered with layers of tallow, or animal fat saved from the meat they cooked. At other times, they would pour the hot fat into tin molds with a wick in the center of each mold and then push out the candles when they had hardened. When bedtime came, Priscilla would probably go to her room in the dark, because candles were so hard to make that they were not often given to the children. But if she was given a candle, she undressed very quickly and blew it out in order that it might not be wasted. Light was hard to make in those days and people were careful to use as little of it as possible.

As lights developed, a kind of lamp came into use. When Marcus, a Roman boy who lived two thousand years ago, went to his bed at night, he carried a lamp—but one that would seem strange indeed today. This lamp had at one end a handle and on the other, a short spout through which the wick was passed. The Roman lamp looked very much like a flat teapot. It was filled with oil, which soaked up through the wick in the spout, and when Marcus went to his bedroom the flicker of the burning wick hardly gave enough light to show him his way. The lamp smoked and the burning oil smelled unpleasant, but to Marcus, who knew no other kind of light, it was probably quite as satisfactory as the electric light is to the boy of the twentieth century. Even today Eskimos use lamps fed with fish oil, that are in many ways like these Roman lamps of two thousand years ago.

There are a number of different kinds of oil that can be burned for light. Oil can be made from the fat of animals, and fish contain so much oil that in the far North

the natives often use a dead fish for a candle. Whales are especially remarkable for the quantity of oil which they contain. Until seventy-five years ago all the lamps of America were fed with whale oil, and hundreds of ships and thousands of men were busy in the oceans of the world catching whales for this purpose.

Then, a little more than a hundred years ago, the glass chimney and other improvements were made in lamps, and a clearer, steadier light resulted. But the greatest improvement of all came in 1859, when rock oil, or natural mineral oil, was discovered in Pennsylvania by a man named Drake. This oil was found to lie in great pools deep down in the earth beneath layers of rock. By refining this oil, kerosene is made, and it was soon found to give a light so much better than any other kind of light then known, that for many years kerosene lamps were used everywhere. Even today these lamps are necessary where there is no gas or electricity.

For many years oil lamps were used to light the city streets. In the beautiful old city of Edinburgh, Robert Louis Stevenson used to sit every night in his window when he was a little boy and watch for old Leerie, the lamplighter.

GAS LIGHT AND ELECTRIC LIGHT

Just about the time that the United States became a nation, some men in England learned how to make gas from coal, and thus a new source of light came into the world. In a very few years gas was being used for light in a number of large cities. It was soon seen that this new light was much better than lamps or candles because of the quality of the light, its cheapness, convenience,

safety, and the ease with which it could be sent through pipes for almost any distance.

It was not until the middle of the past century that gas began to be used by people generally, and only then by those who lived in cities. Up to that time most of the improvement had been made in the actual making of the gas and but little attention had been given to the improving of the way to burn it in order to get a better light. Then, a chemist named Auer von Welsbach announced that he had made, out of cotton cloth and different kinds of salt, a gas burner, or mantle, by which it was possible to make a bright white light with less gas than the old-fashioned burners needed. This gas burner has ever since been called the Welsbach mantle and is used today wherever gas is burned to make light.

For over a hundred years scientific men have been experimenting with that strange and wonderful force called electricity. But it was not until about fifty years ago that practical electric light began to appear possible. The first electric lights were developed by Brush in 1877. They were clumsy affairs—light was made by passing an electric current across two sticks of hard material called carbons until they became so hot that they burst into flame. The light made in this way was strong and bright, but it flickered so much that it was hard on the eyes and every few hours the carbons burned out and new ones had to be put in. These lights, which were called "arc lights," were gradually improved, but today have been replaced by a better kind of electric lamp called the incandescent lamp.

The incandescent lamp was invented by Thomas A. Edison. This lamp consists of a thread of metal enclosed in a glass globe which is filled with some special

kind of gas. Then, when the light is turned on, the electric current passes through the thread or "filament," as it is called, and heats it to such a high temperature that it glows and gives a bright white light.

When Johnny Jones, who is a boy today, goes to bed at night he has the convenience of a light that would have seemed very wonderful to the boys and girls of years ago. Johnny's house is lighted by electricity—a turn of the switch and a fine bright light floods his room, so steady and so bright that he can study or read as late as he is allowed to sit up in the evening. And not only is this wonderful electric light bright and clear, but it gives off no smoke and but little heat. Moreover, there are no lamps to fill or clean, and no matches are necessary.

In centuries past the streets of cities were perilous places on dark nights. Under cover of darkness thieves and highwaymen carried on their work. But today our cities are bright far into the night, and wherever there is light there is usually safety. In every house and every office and factory artificial lights have made longer days and better work possible. The hours of pleasure have been increased, too, for our theaters and moving pictures depend upon the strong white light of electricity.

OTHER USES OF LIGHT

There are countless other services that light has rendered us. By rays of artificial light the colored pictures in fine books and magazines are made. Surgery owes much to light, for now night operations are possible, and by means of the X-ray, men may actually examine with their own eyes the hidden places of the body and so

effect cures that would have seemed miracles a few years ago.

With the aid of artificial light the railroads are able to run by night as well as by day. Signal lights guard the safety of the great passenger trains which move by night from place to place, and the safety of the passengers in the brilliantly lighted cars is secured by the red or green flashes of the block signals and by the powerful headlight of the locomotive.

At sea also artificial light has removed much of the terrible danger of the early days. All along the coasts all over the world lighthouses and lightships warn vessels of rocks and reefs and tell the seamen on the darkest nights how to steer their ships. Rivers and channels are marked by light buoys, and by a system of lights; vessels signal to each other at night and proceed on their courses at the same speed and with the same safety as by day.

Perhaps tonight when the sun has set and darkness has crept over the world you may think of this wonderful example of man's ingenuity, and when you eat your evening meal by pleasant artificial light you will recall the age of the cave man who crouched before his smoking fire, or the time of the boy Lincoln reading in front of the fireplace. And it may be that you will wonder what new lights may burn a hundred years from today, and what new uses man will have found for light.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joseph Husband (1885-) was born in Rochester, New York, and educated at Harvard University. He says, "Ten days after my graduation from Harvard I took my place as an unskilled workman in one of the largest of the great soft-

coal mines that lie in the Middle West. It was with no thought of writing my experiences that I chose my occupation, but with the intention of learning by actual work the 'operating end' of the great industry." This experience resulted in his book *A Year in a Coal Mine*. The article "Brothers in Industry," written in 1922 especially for *Junior High School Literature, Book Three,* shows his deep interest in the work of the world and in the workingman. During the war he served in the navy, and in 1919 he published *A Year in the Navy* and *On the Coast of France*. Mr. Husband is both a writer and a practical man of affairs, being at present head of an advertising agency in Chicago.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. The early Greeks had a story about how fire first came to the earth; what was this story? 2. How do we know that the cavemen had fires in their caves? 3. Give a description of Urse. 4. What was the greatest problem of the caveman's life? 5. Describe Dak's home. 6. What was one of the first things man learned to do? 7. How did the early men light their homes? 8. Who were the "link-boys"? 9. What kind of light did Marcus the Roman boy have in his home? 10. What oils are useful for lighting purposes? 11. How did her mother make the candles used in Priscilla's home? 12. Give an account of how gas came to be used as light. 13. How is Johnny Jones's home lighted? 14. Who was the inventor of the incandescent light?

General Questions and Topics. 1. How do *you* think the first fire came to the earth? 2. How did the cavemen make fire? 3. Compare the light in Dak's home with that in the home of Abraham Lincoln. 4. Show how artificial light is a protection to you. 5. Give several examples to show that artificial light saves human life. 6. Find a poem in Part V that pictures the use of firelight to light a home.

Library Reading. "How Fire Came to the Earth," Judd (in *Classic Myths*); *Longhead: The Story of the First Fire,* Robinson; *Og, Son of Fire,* Crump; "The Fire Country," Waterloo (in *The Story of Ab,* Chapters XX, XXIV); "How a Candle Is Made" (in *The Book of Knowledge,* Vol. VIII); "Matches," Mowry and Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); "With the Aid of Some Matches," Livermore (in

Boy Scouts' Year Book, 1920); "An Oil-country Crater," Eaton, and "Natural Gas," Munroe (in *Our Country: East, Youth's Companion Series*); "Lighting by Electricity," Carpenter (in *How the World Is Housed*); *The Book of Electricity,* Collins; "Old Time Lights," Moore (in *The Delineator,* February, 1906; *The Glow of the Lamp* (Moving Picture), General Electric Company; "How Much Science in a Common Parlor Match," Collins (in *Scientific American,* August, 1922).

SUMMARY OF PART II

1. Which of the selections in this group did you enjoy most? 2. From which did you learn most? 3. What do you see when you read the lines on page 95? Why is this an apt quotation for the selections of Part II? 4. Why is the picture on page 96 a suitable illustration for this group? 5. Which report on a book or story given in class was most interesting? 6. Which theme topic brought out the most interesting discussion? 7. How has the reading of the selections in this group affected your interest in light and lighthouses? 8. Which books or stories suggested in "Library Reading" have you found in the school library or the public library? 9. What is your record for speed and comprehension in silent reading?

PART III

CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AMERICAN

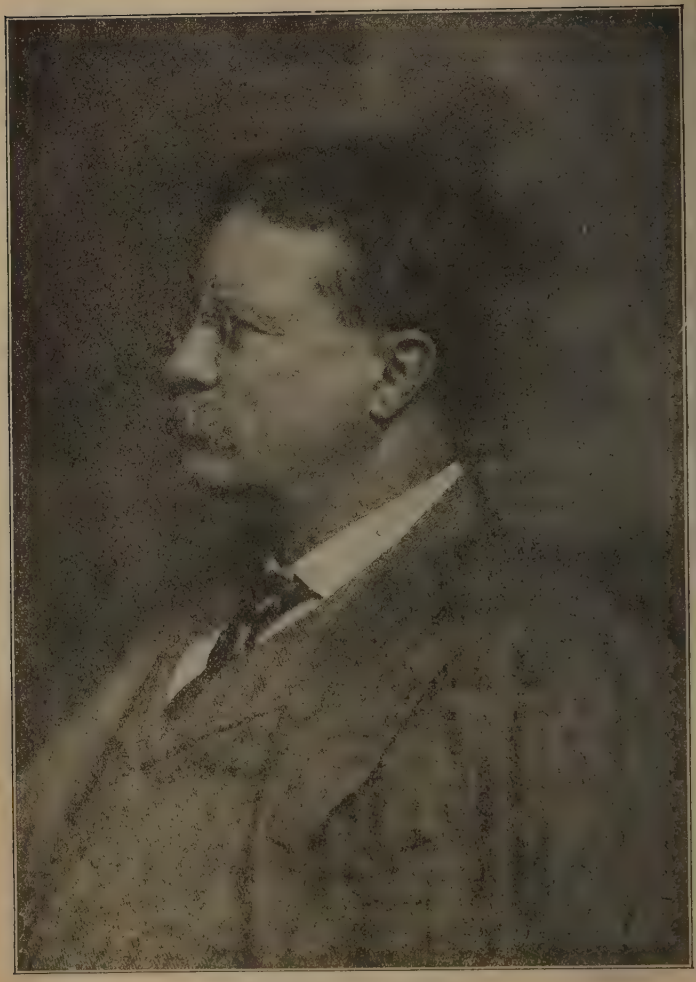
Theodore Roosevelt had armies of friends, and regiments of political enemies. Reluctant to begin a fight, he never shrank from one when it became his duty to fight for right and justice. And he never did less than his honest best.

As an officer of city, state, and nation, Theodore Roosevelt—the "Teddy" of millions of Americans—had always one ideal: he strove always to be the best and most useful American that Theodore Roosevelt could possibly be.

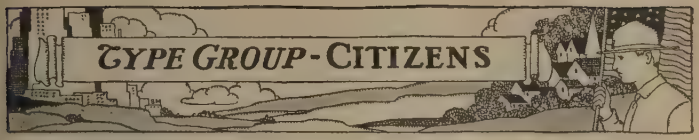
That was the secret of his power, the explanation of his success. His readiness to serve, together with his ability and his tireless energy, made him a leader of men. Hating insincerity and cowardice, he set for all men, in his own conduct, an example of honesty and courage.

Theodore Roosevelt—soldier, servant, and leader, good citizen and fearless President of the greatest of nations, the world respected and admired him, but America—loved him. Beside the names of Washington and Lincoln on the American roll of honor must be placed in letters of glowing gold the name of Theodore Roosevelt—American.

—Edward N. Teall



THEODORE ROOSEVELT



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

RESOLUTION DRAFTED BY HERMANN HAGEDORN AND ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING, 1919.

He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight, and millions followed him toward the light.

He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time.

Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him; but children made him their playmate.

He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God.

He was loyal to his country, and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best.

He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale.

His courtesy knew no wealth or class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every on-

slaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come.

He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces, and hardy companions, hazardous adventure, and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.

THE GOOD CITIZEN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how to be a good citizen; (*b*) the best way to have a good time in life.

I want to say a word to the two different classes of boys to be found in this as in all similar schools. Some of you boys, I suppose the big majority—in fact, I rather hope the big majority—will, when you leave school, have to work for your own livelihood, just as my boys will have to. I do not pity you at all, unless you are afraid of working for your livelihood. In that case I pity you, but with the pity that is akin not to love but to contempt. Then there is in addition the smaller number who do not have to work for their own livelihood. You will sometimes find that people advise the boys of the latter class to go into active business when they become men, just as if their own livelihood depended on it.

I believe in happiness, I believe in pleasure, I believe n having just as good a time in life as you can have, and I do not believe you will have any good time at all in life unless the good time comes as an incident of the doing of duty—some work worth doing. The men I have known whom I respect and admire are, without exception, men who have achieved something worth achieving, by effort, by the acceptance, perhaps, of risk and hardship, by hard work and even by dreary work, who have had their eyes fixed on a goal worth striving for and have striven steadily towards it; and those are the men who have had real happiness in life. I know a considerable number of people, men whom I knew in my youth, whom I know slightly now, who have with more or less intelligent industry devoted themselves to having a good time. They strike me as having had an uncommonly poor time.

In any institution such as this, all of you know that the boy is not really happy if he does not have some school feeling, that you cannot have a school a success at all unless the average boy thinks not only of his own individual success, but thinks of the school success. He may think of it in a great many ways. He is pretty sure to think of it in connection with the "eleven" and the "nine," and to develop a very fervid patriotism toward the close of either the baseball or the football season. As he gets more of a sense of responsibility in the upper classes, he grows to think of the standing of the school in all respects, and part of his own pleasure and of his own pride comes not only in his own achievements, but in the sum of the achievements of himself and his fellows in the school. If you do not get that feeling in the school, the school goes down. It is the same thing in the country on a large scale. If, when you get out into actual life,

you do not grow to feel, and to feel continually more and more, that in addition to your own success you wish to see community success, you wish to see national success, if you are not influenced by these emotions, you lose a large part of your power for usefulness, you lose a large part of your power of achieving not merely success, but happiness.

In short, today I preach to you the doctrine that in after life, whether you go into politics as a career, or whether, as every good citizen should, you go into politics as a decent citizen, whether you are making a career of it or not, or into business or literature or art or any of the professions, that wherever you work you must set before yourselves high ideals. You will amount to nothing unless you have the ideals, and you will amount to nothing unless in good faith you strive to realize them.

QUALITIES OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(*To be memorized*)

The man who counts is the man who is decent and who makes himself felt as a force for decency, for cleanliness, for civic righteousness. He must have several qualities. First and foremost, of course, he must be honest, he must have the root of right thinking in him. That is not enough. In the next place he must have courage. The timid good man counts but little in the rough business of trying to do well the world's work. And finally, in addition to being honest and brave, he must have common sense.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), twenty-sixth president of the United States, is a wonderful figure of adventure and heroism to boys and girls of today. Hermann Hagedorn, in *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, says: "The story of Theodore Roosevelt is the story of a small boy who read about great men, and wanted to be like them." Theodore Roosevelt became one of the great men that small boys read about and want to be like. As a child, Roosevelt was frail of body, but when he was about fourteen, he resolved to make himself as strong and active as some of his favorite heroes; and by regular exercise, boxing, and out-of-door life he succeeded in becoming a good boxer, a good rider, a good marksman, and thus laid the foundations of the endurance and skill that later made him the successful rancher, the successful Rough Rider, and the successful hunter of big game.

In 1884 Roosevelt bought two cattle ranches near Medora, North Dakota, and for two years he lived the life of a ranchman, taking part in the round-ups and sharing all the other activities and hardships of a cattle range. "How Roosevelt Captured the Thieves" (page 159) belongs to these years of ranch life. Roosevelt was at all times a valiant fighter for the right. As Police Commissioner in New York City he raised the police force to a high degree of efficiency and faithfulness to duty. Often he walked the streets at night to see if the laws were being enforced, and in the end he won the enthusiastic loyalty of the policemen themselves because "he always stuck to the man who proved he was doing or trying to do his job."

At the time of the Spanish War, Roosevelt resigned from the office of Secretary of the Navy in order to get into active fighting for what he believed to be a righteous cause. The way in which he organized his troop of Rough Riders and led them in a victorious charge over crest after crest of the San Juan hills is a familiar story, which is especially well told in Hagedorn's *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, Chapter XII. Upon America's entrance into the World War, Roosevelt again

wished to take part in the active fighting. This proved to b impossible, but his three sons, "the lion's cubs," as they wer called, all saw active service, and Quentin, the aviator, wa among those who gave up their lives.

Roosevelt is usually thought of as the warrior, the fighter the hunter of big game, but it is also important to think of hin as the peacemaker, for in 1906 he was awarded the Nobel Peac Prize of $40,000 for his services in bringing about the conclu sion of war between Russia and Japan. His letters written a this time show his patience, his tact, and his farsightedness they show also how deeply he cared for world peace.

At the time of Roosevelt's death, Rudyard Kipling, the fa mous English writer said, "It is as though Bunyan's Mr. Great heart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage, for he was th greatest proved American of his generation." This is the cen tral idea of his poem on Roosevelt, "Greatheart," which appeare shortly after Roosevelt's death. The message of Roosevelt's lif to boys and girls is well expressed in his own words in "Th American Boy" (in *The Elson Readers, Book V*)—"In life, a in a football game, the principle to follow is: *Hit the line hard don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!*" "The Good Citizen" is quoted from an address delivered by Mr. Roosevel to the boys of the Hill School.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1, What is Roose velt's opinion about working for a living? 2. Whom does h pity? 3. What kind of man does he admire? 4. Roosevelt says "I believe in having just as good a time in life as you ca have"; what does he think is the best way to have a good time 5. How should we feel toward our school? 6. How should w feel toward our country? 7. What must we set before ourselve in order to be useful and happy?

General Questions and Topics. 1. In what ways can w help to make our school successful? 2. In what ways can w help to make our country successful? 3. Was Roosevelt a good citizen? Give reasons. 4. Roosevelt says, "You will amount t nothing unless you have ideals . . . . and strive to realize them"; what are some of the ideals toward which we should strive?

HOW ROOSEVELT CAPTURED THE THIEVES

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Roosevelt captured the thieves; (*b*) the difficulties and dangers he encountered in taking them to prison.

Spring came early that year, and about the middle of March a great ice-jam which had formed at a bend far up the river came slowly past Elkhorn, roaring and crunching and piling the ice high on both banks, grinding against the cottonwoods in front of the porch and threatening to sweep away the house. But the force of the freshet carried the jam onward, leaving an open channel between solid masses of ice. The water ran through it like a mill-race.

Roosevelt had brought out a clinker-built boat to ferry him and his men to the opposite shore when the river was high. One afternoon they crossed the raging channel to bring home a number of deer they had shot for meat and hung up in a thicket of dwarf cedars. They found that the deer had been completely devoured, evidently by mountain lions. They followed the tracks into a tangle of rocky hills, but the oncoming night hid the footprints and they returned home. They tied the boat securely to a tree high up on the bank. The next morning the boat was gone.

It was Bill Sewall who made the discovery. He was not a man easily excited, and he took a certain quiet satisfaction in sitting down to breakfast and saying nothing while Roosevelt talked about what they were going to do to the mountain lions.

THE RANCH HOUSE

"I guess we won't go today," said Sewall, at length, munching the last of his breakfast.

"Why not?" Roosevelt demanded.

"Someone has gone off with the boat."

Roosevelt leaped instantly to his feet to see for himself. Sure enough, the rope had been cut.

They had little doubt who the thieves were. They had heard that there were three suspicious characters up the river who had good reason for wanting to "skip the country." The leader was a man named Finnegan, who had been heard to boast that he was "from Bitter Creek, where the farther up you went the worse people got," and he lived "at the fountainhead." The officers had been looking for him for some months. Travel by horse or foot was impossible. The Elkhorn boat had therefore come to Finnegan in the nature of a godsend.

Roosevelt ran to saddle Manitou. But Sewall hesi-

tated, pointing out that if the country was impassable for the horses of the thieves it was no less impassable for the pursuers. He declared that he and Dow could build a flat-bottomed boat in three days. Roosevelt told him to go ahead. With his forty or fifty cow-ponies on the farther side of the river, he could not afford to lose the boat. As a deputy sheriff, moreover, Roosevelt had certain responsibilities.

They left a cowboy named Rowe as guard over the ranch and "the women folk," and with their clumsy but water-tight craft loaded with two weeks' provisions of flour, coffee, and bacon, started, one cold morning toward the end of March, to drift down the river.

The region through which they passed was bare and bleak and terrible. On either side, beyond the heaped-up piles of ice, rose the small mountains, weather-worn into odd shapes, with spots of brown and yellow, purple and red. Here and there the black coal-veins which ran through these hills were aflame, and gleamed through the dusk as the three men made their camp that night.

The weather was cold and an icy wind blew in their faces.

"We're likely to have it in our faces all day," remarked Will Dow, cheerfully, paddling at the bow, the next morning.

"We can't, unless it's the crookedest wind in Dakota," answered Sewall, who was steering.

They followed the river's course in and out among the crags, east and west, north and south.

"It *is* the crookedest wind in Dakota," muttered Sewall to himself.

The thermometer dropped to zero, but there was plenty of firewood, and they found prairie fowl and

deer for their evening meals. Late the third day, rounding a bend, they saw their lost boat moored against the bank. Out of the bushes, a little way back, the smoke of a camp fire curled up through the frosty air. They flung off their heavy coats. Sewall was in the stern, steering the boat toward the shore. Dow was at Roosevelt's side in the bow. Roosevelt saw the grim, eager look in their eyes, and his own eyes gleamed.

He was the first ashore, leaping out of the boat as it touched shore and running up behind a clump of bushes to cover the landing of his companions. Dow was beside him in an instant. Sewall was fastening the boat.

They peered through the bushes. Beside a fire in a grove of young cottonwoods a man was sitting; his guns were on the ground at his side.

"Hands up!"

Roosevelt and Dow rushed in on the man, who was not slow to do as he was told. He was a half-witted fellow, a tool of rogues more keen than himself, and he readily promised, at the point of a gun, to make no move to warn the others.

Finnegan and the third man, named Bernstein, had gone hunting, believing themselves safe. Sewall guarded the prisoner while Roosevelt and Dow crouched under the bank and prepared to capture the others.

They waited an hour or more. Then, afar off, they heard them coming, and then they saw them, walking leisurely through the long, dry grass, with the sun glinting on the rifles they carried over their shoulders, now forty yards away, now thirty, now twenty . . .

"Hands up!"

Bernstein obeyed, but for an instant Finnegan hesitated, glaring at his captors with wolfish eyes. Roose-

velt walked toward him, covering the center of the man's chest to avoid over-shooting.

"You thief, put up your hands!"

Finnegan dropped his rifle and put up his hands.

They camped that night where they were. Sewall and Dow set to work chopping firewood, while Roosevelt kept watch over the sullen prisoners. To secure them the best way, the natural thing to do was to tie them hand and foot. But the air was icy; before morning hands and feet would have been frozen off. Roosevelt searched them, taking away everything that might be of service as a weapon. Then a further precaution occurred to him.

"Take off your boots!" he ordered.

It had occurred to him that bare feet would make any thought of flight through that cactus country extremely uninviting. The men surrendered their boots. Roosevelt gave them a buffalo robe in return and the prisoners crawled under it.

Captors and captives started downstream in the two boats the next morning. The cold was bitter. Toward the end of the day they were stopped by a small ice-jam which moved slowly, only to stop them again. They ran the boats ashore to see what was the matter, and found that the great ox-bow jam which had moved past Elkhorn a week before had come to a halt and now barred their way. They could not possibly paddle upstream against the current. They could not go on foot, for to do so would mean the sacrifice of their equipment. They determined to follow the slow-moving mass of ice, and hope for a thaw.

They continued to hope; day after weary day they watched in vain for signs of the thaw that would not

come, breaking camp in the morning on one barren point, only to pitch camp again in the evening on another, guarding the prisoners every instant, for the trouble they were costing made their captors even more determined that, whatever was lost, Finnegan and company should not be lost.

Their provisions ran short. They went after game, but there was none to be seen, no beast or bird, in that barren region. Soon they were reduced to unleavened bread made with muddy water. The days were utterly tedious, and were made only slightly more bearable by reading *The History of the James Brothers*, which the thieves quite properly carried among their belongings. And the thieves had to be watched every minute. The wind blew and chilled them all to the bone.

Roosevelt thought that it might be pleasant under certain circumstances to be either a Dakota sheriff or an Arctic explorer. But he did not find great joy in being both at the same time.

When the flour was nearly gone Roosevelt said to his men, "We can't shoot them, and we can't feed them. It looks to me as though we'd have to let them go."

Sewall disagreed. "The flour'll last a day or two more," he said, "and it's something to know that if we're punishing ourselves we're punishing the thieves also."

"Exactly!" cried Roosevelt. "We'll hold on to them."

The next day Sewall, on foot, searched the surrounding region far and wide for a ranch, and found none. The day after, Roosevelt and Dow covered the country on the other side of the river, and at last came to a cow camp of the Diamond C Ranch, where Roosevelt secured a horse.

This horse was a wiry, rebellious beast.

"The boss isn't a broncho-buster," remarked Dow to the cowboys. But the "boss" managed to get on the horse and to stay on. Dow returned to Sewall and the thieves, while Roosevelt rode fifteen miles to a ranch at the edge of the Kildeer Mountains. There he secured supplies and a prairie-schooner, hiring the ranchman himself, a rugged old plainsman, to drive it to the camp by the ice-bound river. Sewall and Dow remained with the boats. Roosevelt with the thieves started for the nearest jail, which was Dickinson.

It was a desolate two days' journey through a bleak waste of burnt, blackened prairie, and over rivers so rough with ice that they had to take the wagon apart to cross. Roosevelt did not dare abate his watch over the thieves for an instant, for they knew that they were drawing close to jail and might make a desperate dash for liberty any minute. He could not trust the driver. There was nothing for it but to pack the men into the wagon and to walk behind with the Winchester.

Hour after hour he trudged through the ankle-deep mud, hungry, cold, and very tired, but possessed by a dogged resolution to carry the thing through, whatever the cost. They put up at the hut of a frontier granger overnight, but Roosevelt, weary as he was, did not dare to sleep. He crowded the prisoners into the upper bunk and sat against the cabin door all night, with the Winchester across his knees.

"What I can't make out," said the ranchman from the Kildeers, bewildered, "is why you make all this fuss instead of hanging 'em offhand."

Roosevelt grinned, and the following evening, after a three-hundred-mile journey, put three men, who had defied the laws of Dakota, in the jail at Dickinson.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hermann Hagedorn (1882-) was born in New York and educated at Harvard University, the University of Berlin, and Columbia. From 1909 to 1911 he was instructor in English at Harvard. He has written several one-act plays, which have been produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club and other organizations. He was one of the organizers of the Vigilantes, an organization of writers who devoted their talents to the service of their country during the World War. His stirring appeal to the boys and girls of America, "You Are the Hope of the World," (in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*) was written during the war period.

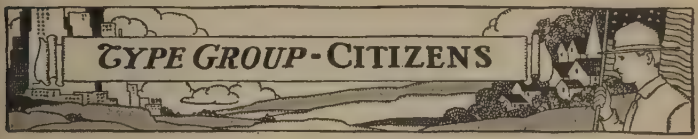
At present Mr. Hagedorn is best known for his devotion to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. Both his books, *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt,* published in 1918, and *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands* (1922), contain the result of much careful study of Roosevelt's ranching experience in North Dakota. Mr. Hagedorn is now Director of the Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information. There is an interesting account of his attitude toward this great American in the article "In the Wild West with Roosevelt," by Lawrence F. Abbott, in *The Outlook,* January 18, 1922.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. This capture took place in the early spring; how did this increase the difficulties of the sheriff? 2. How did Roosevelt receive the news of the stealing of the boat? 3. Compare his manner of receiving the news with that of Bill Sewall. 4. What responsibilities had Roosevelt that the other men did not have? 5. Describe the capture of the thieves. 6. What hardships were they all obliged to endure? 7. Where did they finally get help? 8. Give an account of Roosevelt's journey to the jail with the prisoners.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What proved that the deer had been devoured by mountain lions? 2. Which do you think showed better judgment when they discovered the loss of the boat, Roosevelt or Sewall? 3. What did Roosevelt do which

made the escape of the thieves almost impossible? 4. Do you think Roosevelt enjoyed the experience? Give reasons for your answer. 5. Why did not Roosevelt hang the three thieves as the ranchman suggested? 6. This story is taken from *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt* by Hermann Hagedorn; you will enjoy reading the entire book.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. What great example for all men did Theodore Roosevelt set in his own conduct? 2. What traits of character in men did he most dislike? 3. Make a list of the titles used in the tribute "Theodore Roosevelt: American" (found on page 151) which describe the character of Roosevelt. 4. What "qualities of good citizenship" brought out by Roosevelt in his article did he show in his treatment of the thieves? 5. List the fine qualities of Roosevelt which are brought out by Mr. Hagedorn in his tribute to him. 6. In "The American Boy" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*), what characteristics does Theodore Roosevelt tell you a boy should have? 7. In that article how does he compare life to a football game?

Library Reading. (*a*) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "He Walks Through the Fiery Furnace," Hagedorn (in *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*); Chapter VII (in *Bill Sewall's Story of T. R.*); "Police Work of the Plains," Henderson (in *Great-Heart*); "The First Wilderness Trail," Chapter V, "A Tenderfoot in the Bad Lands," Chapter VIII, and "The Chum of Boys," Chapter XXII, Henderson (in *Jungle Roads and Other Trails of Roosevelt*); "The Man," Chapter XV, Pearson (in *Theodore Roosevelt*); "An American Shrine," Ransford Mix Beach (in *St. Nicholas*, July, 1920); "How Theodore Roosevelt Overcame His Handicap" (in *The Elson Readers,*

Book Four); *Roosevelt as the Poets Saw Him,* Towne; "When Roosevelt and Earl Grey Paid a Call on the Birds of England" (in *Literary Digest,* May 8, 1920); "A Famous Bird Club," Baynes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "English Song Birds," Roosevelt (in *The Outlook,* July 23, 1910).

(*b*) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt,* Hagedorn; *Jungle Roads,* Henderson; *African Game Trails,* Roosevelt; *The Wilderness Hunter,* Volumes I and II, Roosevelt; *Great-Heart,* Henderson; "The Roosevelt Boys," Barron (in *Deeds of Heroism and Daring*).

(*c*) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** *His Soul Goes Marching On,* Andrews; "A Young Man's Hero," Riis (in *Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen*); "The Vigor of Life" and "Outdoors and Indoors" (in *Theodore Roosevelt, an Autobiography*); "Roosevelt Wild-life Forest Experiment Station," Adams (in *Science,* June 6, 1919).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) Roosevelt as a friend of birds. (*b*) Roosevelt's boyhood. (*c*) Why I should like to have had Roosevelt for a friend. (*d*) Roosevelt, the ideal scout. (See "Theodore Roosevelt," page 153, the resolution adopted by the National Council of Boy Scouts in 1919.)

Suggested Problems. (*a*) After reading *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children,* make a list of all the different things in which he was interested. Select the letters that you like best and read them to the class. (*b*) Look up what is being done in the way of a memorial to Roosevelt and report to the class. (See *The Boy Scouts' Magazine,* March, 1923, or write to the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

YOUR BEST AND HARDEST JOB

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what your best and hardest job is; (*b*) what things boys and girls can do to help America; (*c*) what our responsibilities are as citizens.

WHAT IT MEANS TO LOVE AMERICA

If you were asked what was the most difficult thing to do in all this world, I don't suppose a single one of you would answer, "To love America."

Yet that is exactly what it is—the very hardest job you will have your life through.

I can almost hear a loud shout, and that shout seems to be saying: "Hard to love America? Why, that's the nicest, easiest thing on earth! We just couldn't help it, let alone finding it difficult."

Well, it depends. It depends on what you mean when you use the word *love*.

If you mean a warm sort of glow and pride, a delight in the fact that you are American and live in America, an exciting lift to your heartstrings when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" and a general conviction that you had rather be an American boy or girl than any other boy or girl the world holds, then I agree with you.

That is easy. It is too easy. It is so easy that you will realize, if you think about it at all, that it cannot be all there is to love—not nearly all.

Soon, in a few years, you boys and girls are going to have America in your keeping. According to what you are, what you do, America will be. It is you, boys and girls today, who will tomorrow be the law-makers, the governors, the congressmen, and presidents and voters. You and America will be one. If you really love her, you are going to give her the best of yourselves. And that means the hardest sort of work, the most understanding service. It means that you will not be blind to her faults. The sort of love that spoils what it loves is really a kind of hate, because it is mere selfishness. The man or woman who is contented to say that everything that is American is the best there is and needs not to be improved or changed is simply lazy or stupid or insincere. If you truly love America, you must keep her advancing, you must keep her noble, you must be glad of criticism that is constructive and of example that is helpful.

The boy or girl who grows up thinking only of what America is going to give him or her does not love America, for loving is giving. And to love well, you must give wisely. That is why I began by saying that the hardest thing in life would be to love America. It must mean so much or it means nothing.

AMERICA'S BEAUTY AND RESOURCES

Let us take one item, and see what love means in regard to it.

There are the great natural beauties and resources of America—her huge forests, her superb mountains and

streams and lovely lakes, her fertile fields and singing valleys. There are her living creatures—animals and birds and fishes, all part of her existence and her value.

If you mean to love America, you must, as far as your strength and power go, see that these splendid parts of her life as a country are conserved and improved. You should take the trouble to know what laws are needed to save these things when they are threatened; and they are always threatened, because a large part of America is made up of people who have no real love for the country at all, but who wish to serve themselves only. It is these people who cut down forests ruthlessly, if by doing so they can make momentary profit for themselves. It is these people who ruin streams and kill all the fish in them by turning factory refuse into the clear water, who shoot game out of season, who destroy and devastate for their own sakes and to pay or please themselves, leaving America, which they may pretend to love, to suffer. And all of us who look on idly and allow America to be thus despoiled and hurt do not love her either—not so much as our own ease, at least.

Perhaps you begin to see that loving America isn't the easiest thing in the world, after all?

I know one boy who trained himself to be a forest ranger, and who now rides the trails of the far Northwest, watching over hundreds of miles of forest and mountain. He told me, long long ago, when he was still training, that he loved America.

"I'm going to make my living, like any of the fellows," he told me; "but I'm going to make it working for America; I'm not going to make it out of her." And he laughed.

You don't need to be a forest ranger to work for

America. Whether you are a lawyer or a doctor or a business man or a farmer, you can always work for America if you want to, even while you work for yourself. But each one of you should try to do something definitely for this country of yours, which you love. It is your country, and yet not quite yours, for it is only held in trust. After you, come others; and if you try, you can hand it on better and finer and more beautiful than it was when you took it over.

But you can't do all this easily. You must know what America needs and how to get it. You must bring your brains and your hands and your time to her service. You will need to be interested, and you will need to interest others. But surely, if you love America, all this will be a labor of love.

The other day I read a letter in one of the newspapers written by an American who had just come back from a trip right across the continent and up and down it. And he wrote that what struck him most was the dirt and litter spread everywhere.

The city streets and parks from coast to coast were strewn with papers and rubbish, he said. Down in the Grand Cañon, along the trails of the Yosemite, even, he saw rubbish left by traveling campers. From the car windows he saw untidiness, and along river banks and lake shores it met him.

"What's the matter with us?" he wanted to know. "Are we the dirtiest people in the world, or don't we care a hang what our country looks like?"

If we do care, we are going to take hold and see that things are cleaned up and that the dirty and untidy and careless people are made to take more thought for the welfare of others and the beauty of this country that

should be worth a little trouble to us all. In this same matter, I remember what I saw at the San Francisco Exposition of 1915. Nothing on earth was ever lovelier, ever more of a dream come true than that radiant and exquisite city of enchantment, all color and gracious form, banked flowers and reflecting waters. But by the time the afternoon had come and the luncheon parties had done their worst, never was there any place so littered and covered and degraded with torn papers and empty boxes and debris. It was sad and horrible. I spoke of this to a young Californian, a boy of twenty.

"There ought to be better supervision here, since the people won't take care of the place themselves," I said.

But he would not admit that anything was wrong. "We are a free people out here," he said. "We don't want a lot of laws and interference."

But no people is free that regards license and selfishness as freedom. True freedom is jealous of the freedom of all. The American who prefers to save himself trouble at the expense of everyone else, and who strews ugliness in the place of beauty, is not a good American; he does not love his country and is not fit for his freedom. One might as well say that a woman who kept her home dirty and messy, her children unwashed, and herself unkempt was a good housekeeper and loved her home. Laziness and untidiness are forms of selfishness, not of freedom.

WHAT WE CAN DO FOR AMERICA

There are splendid things to do for America, and you boys and girls who are now growing up to take your places at the great task of making a country will do them. You will do them, or they will not be done. You

are the future. Are you really thinking of this? Are you loving America well enough to plan a little and study a little and work a little toward the time when you will be called to take hold of the job?

Is it not thrilling to know that it is you who will have to answer so many of the questions the world is asking today? Not only will you, loving our America, work for her outer robe of beauty, for the preservation of her natural resources and glories, for the cleaning of her cities and towns, but you will work for her spirit.

You cannot all be leaders, though from among you must come leaders and guides. But you can each and all be true Americans. It will be you who decide whether or not America is to remain true to the great ideals that have led her in the past. No one can tell what rocks are ahead. You will have to steer, and, according to your steering, will you make harbor or go to wreck. But if you are trained, if you care, if you love, you will not fail to make harbor.

We should none of us ever forget that we are, among other things, citizens.

Boys and girls, you think of your future, and what you will do for it, how you will prepare for it. Do not forget, too, to think of America's future, and to prepare for that. It is worth preparing for. It is a greater future than your own, more enduring, more important. And it will owe part of itself to you.

If you ask this boy or that boy, this girl or the other, what he or she is going to be, all sorts of answers will be given. One will be an electrical engineer, one an airplane builder, one a lawyer. This girl means to marry and have children of her own; that one wishes to paint or write or to go into business.

But all are going to be citizens. And all should think of that, too, as part of the life that is coming.

Love America. Love to swim in her shining waters, to camp in her woods and climb her trails. Love to see and know her many sides, her different climates and ways of life. Don't think of America as simply your own town or village or farm or ranch or city. Think of all of her, so various and mighty and good, stretching from sea to sea and gulf to lakes, and reaching on beyond, as she does. Think of her as linked to the rest of the world, as she is. Think of her as coming from the past and going on into the future. And make up your minds that you will do something for her, something worth the love you say you have for her. Love wishes to give, to serve, to help. That only is love.

Love America. But love her wisely. Work hard to cure the faults, the mistakes under which she labors. Work to bring her closer to the ideal that is the real America. Be glad of your responsibilities toward her. Do not leave her to be ruled by a few who make it their business and profit to rule. She is your job, your country. She needs you.

Many men have loved America enough to die for her. Some have loved her well enough to give up all hope of fortune and ease for her. Some have sacrificed name and station for her. Love is the greatest, the most compelling taskmaster on earth. If you love America, you have a great job on your hands.

But there is none better. If you love her, you may not die rich, and you may have had bitter things to meet and disappointments to endure. But you will probably have been happy through it all. For love is a wonderful thing, and brings its own rewards.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hildegarde Hawthorne (Mrs. John M. Oskison) is a daughter of Julian Hawthorne and the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Her home is in New York City. During the war she worked in France with the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. She is the author of several books, among which are *Old Seaport Towns of New England* and *Girls in Bookland.* She is also a regular contributor to the *New York Times Book Review* and *St. Nicholas.* Her *St. Nicholas* articles will appear in book form in the near future.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What responsibility does the author say rests upon the boys and girls of today? 2. What kind of criticism should a boy or a girl who really loves America be glad to hear? 3. How can we assist in preserving the natural beauties and resources of our country? 4. The author says, "It is your country, and yet it is not quite yours"; how does she show that this is true? 5. The traveler was impressed by the filth and litter found everywhere in America; what can we do to improve this condition? 6. How does the good citizen of America think of his country? 7. What is the author's definition of "love of country"?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of statements made by the author which go to prove that "To love America" is your best and hardest job. 2. Do you believe the forest ranger loves his country? Give reasons. 3. How can *you* help to make America the greatest country in the world? 4. Give examples to prove that many people do not know the meaning of "true freedom." 5. One way to keep our country beautiful is by saving the wild flowers; prepare posters for an exhibit of slogans or cartoons encouraging the saving of wild flowers—slogans such as "Learn to enjoy, not to destroy," and "If you take my seeds this year, I can give you no flowers next year."

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) A well-worked-out scheme for improving your own city or locality; (*b*) A Boy Scout's duty to his country; (*c*) How Camp Fire Girls or Girl Scouts may show by their interest and helpful coöperation that they are useful citizens.

Library Reading. "The American Boy," Roosevelt (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "What Is Patriotism? (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1916); "My Country," Dr. Frank Crane (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1916); "Spick and Span," Quirk (in *The Boy Scouts on Crusade*).

A Suggested Problem. Write out a list of things you can do to make your town or neighborhood a better community. (*The Delineator* for March, 1920, contains suggestions for community improvements.) Keep a record for a week of the particular thing you have done each day, such as helping to beautify your school grounds or your home, picking up waste paper, etc.

BETTY'S RIDE: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

HENRY S. CANBY

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Betty saved the American soldiers; (*b*) what led Betty, the little Quaker, to carry this message.

BETTY IS LEFT AT HOME

The sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the roof and stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told of its age without the aid of the inscription over the door, which read, "Built A.D. 1720." One familiar with the country would know it to be a Quaker meetinghouse, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little

band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut trees, and had taken his wife, Ann, and his little daughter, Betty, to live there. That was in 1770, seven years earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house the door opened, and Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out toward the great horse-block by the roadside, "thee must keep house today. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester today, that there may be other than corn-cakes and bacon for the Friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great blanket, upon which Ann climbed after her husband, and with a final warning and "Farewell" to Betty, clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at her waving farewell with her little bonnet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolutionary War was at its height, and the British, who had a short time before landed their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine River. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. Betty's father, although a Quaker, was known to be a patriot, and he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many fears that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the lot where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens—sadly reduced in numbers by the raids of the British soldiers—returned to the house, and get-

ting her sampler, sat down under a walnut tree to sew on the task which her mother had given her.

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS ARRIVE

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof-beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a cry:

"The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do?"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meetinghouse. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meetinghouse, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly toward her.

"What do you here, child?" he said hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester Meetinghouse, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meetinghouse, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder

and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meetinghouse yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a troop of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meetinghouse—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering, and when she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded the meetinghouse, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the horse-lot behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader

highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump, and starting off at a gallop, had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt!" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding-whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from, her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and already felt the heavy strain. Now they thundered over Naaman's Creek, with the nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horses' hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Birmingham meetinghouse. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old crossroad which, with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork, down across the lower road, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind the tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the American army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and fell forward in her saddle; then, for the first time in her life, she fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her long and eventful ride, Betty, awakening from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace; and it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meetinghouse and the old home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers

and crumbling bricks have taken on a duller tinge, and under the broad walnut tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask her, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meeting-house, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her life saved theirs.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Seidel Canby (1878-), a native of Delaware, was educated at Yale University. In 1908 he was made assistant professor in Sheffield Scientific School, and in 1916, adviser in literary composition at Yale University. During the World War he was in England, Ireland, and France, in the service of the British Ministry of Information. Among his publications are several books on the short story. Mr. Canby is now editor of *The Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post.*

The story "Betty's Ride" was first published in Harper's *Round Table,* June 25, 1895. It was the winner of first place in a short-story contest conducted by that periodical, though the author was only seventeen years of age.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe Betty's home. 2. Why did Betty's mother and father leave her at home alone? 3. What task did they leave for her to finish? 4. For what reasons was Betty's mother especially worried about leaving her alone that day? 5. What message did the American leader give Betty? 6. Where did the American soldiers seek refuge? 7. What thought led Betty to carry the

message herself? 8. How far did she have to ride for help? 9. How did the little patriot "throw her pursuers off her track"? 10. To whom did Betty deliver her message? 11. What was the proudest moment of Betty's life? 12. What did General Washington say to Betty when he visited her a few days after her ride? 13. Another little Betty now sits and sews under the walnut tree near Betty's home; what would she show and tell you if you were to call upon her?

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is the meaning of "First Day" as used by the Quakers, or Friends? 2. What peculiarities do you notice in the speech of the Quakers? 3. Compare the method of travel used by Betty's father and mother with that of today. 4. From what country did the British soldiers come? 5. Why were they called "redcoats"? 6. Locate on your map the Brandywine River and the region in which the British were encamped. 7. The Quakers are known as a peace-loving people, opposed to war; how did Betty's father differ from most Quakers? 8. Read the advice which Betty gave to her horse, Daisy. 9. In *The Elson Readers, Book Four,* the story of another little American patriot is told in "Lord Cornwallis's Knee Buckles"; compare Anne Randolph with little Betty.

Library Reading. "A Brave Little Pioneer," Maule (in *Courageous Girls, Retold from St. Nicholas*); "The Little Black-eyed Rebel," Carleton (in *Poems of American Patriotism,* Matthews); "Paul Revere's Ride," Longfellow (in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*); "Lord Cornwallis's Knee Buckles," (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "Margaret Schuyler's Quick Wit," and "The Heroism of Elizabeth Zane," Tomlinson (in *Stories of the American Revolution*); *Two Little Confederates,* Page; *The Red True Story Book,* Lang; *Days and Deeds,* B. E. Stevenson; *The Book of Bravery, First, Second, and Third Series,* Lanier; *Broad Stripes and Bright Stars,* Bailey; *"A Quakeress Patriot,"* Morris (in *Historical Tales*).

THE BOY WHO SAVED THE SETTLEMENT

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the boy saved the settlement; (*b*) why he was honored by both white and red men.

During the Indian war of 1855-56, in that portion of the United States which borders on the Pacific Ocean north of California, a boy of fifteen, named Goodman, performed one of the most daring acts of the war, and one which made his name memorable not only among the whites, but also among the red men. Even to this day his valiant exploit is told by many a swarthy savage to his children, as they group about him at the wigwam fire, with all the eloquence that brave and unselfish deeds arouse in the red man's breast.

Young Goodman's parents were honest, simple, poor people, who had left one of the Atlantic states which seemed to them overcrowded, for the sparsely settled region of Washington Territory, which was then inhabited only by Indians and a few daring pioneers engaged in trapping and hunting for the fur companies.

After many a weary month, spent in traveling over the great plains in bullock-carts, and suffering much from hunger, sickness, and the attacks of Indians, they finally reached Puget Sound, where they settled.

The family consisted of two little girls and our hero, who was only nine years of age when his parents settled in that wild region; but young as he was, he proved to be useful, and helped his father to build the log cabin which gave them permanent shelter.

As he grew up, he went with his father on hunting

trips to provide venison for food, or on fishing excursions on Puget Sound, so that when he was twelve years of age he could handle a rifle or a bow and arrow very well, and in the use of the paddle he was as skillful as any Indian.

The fame of the place spread after a while, and families from other states flocked there in such numbers that the Indians became alarmed, thinking that they would be driven out of the country by this unexpected immigration; and, to prevent this, all the tribes, both on the coast and in the interior, united to drive out or kill the whites.

The settlers had not the most remote idea of the threatening storm, and it was only when they heard of the massacre of men, women, and children in several places, and the uprising of all the tribes throughout the country, that they became alarmed enough to unite for defense.

The Goodman family were informed of the danger by a friendly squaw, and the father took steps to protect those under his care by sending the wife and girls to a hamlet a few miles away, while he and his son remained to guard the house, and to learn, if possible, the movements of the foe.

Mr. Goodman's caution had not been aroused too soon, for that very night a party of painted warriors approached the place. But they were found out before they came too close, by the barking of a dog. Thus warned, both father and son with a friendly Indian ran from the house amid a shower of arrows; and fleeing toward their canoe, they launched it in hot haste, and were soon beyond the reach of their dusky foes.

They hurried as fast as they could toward the little

hamlet where the remainder of the family had been sent, and informed the settlers of the coming danger. Then commenced a hurrying to and fro, and men, women, and children were soon engaged in throwing up a fort of clay; and so well did they work that they had by the next day constructed a fortification large enough to afford shelter to all. After it was supplied with provisions, all persons capable of handling a rifle or a shotgun were called upon to aid in the defense, for they could expect nothing but a cruel death if the place were captured.

About noon a large fleet of war canoes was seen coming from the north, and when they got within rifle-range the battle commenced with all the fury of savage warfare.

The settlers were attacked at every point, but though there were twenty to one against them, they held out bravely, and when night came on, the assailants were compelled to retire discouraged, if not defeated. They had no idea of giving up the contest, however, because they knew very well how weak the garrison was; so they only retreated to a neck of land half a mile away, and beaching their canoes there, lit their camp fires, and after dining, commenced their horrifying war-dance.

Young Goodman, who had fought as stubbornly as any man during the day, on seeing the position the savages had taken up, formed the daring plan of destroying their fleet, knowing well that if this were once gone, they could do no further mischief.

If caught, he knew that it meant a horrible death for him, but he resolved to try it. Knowing that if he informed anyone of his plan he would not be allowed to undertake it, he kept it to himself.

Leaving the fort after dark, he marched through the dense and gloomy woods, and on approaching the Indian encampment, saw that the warriors were so interested in their war-dance that they did not even have sentinels. In fact, so interested were they in the barbaric ceremony that they forgot to renew the fires—an omission for which he felt very thankful, as it would aid his purpose.

Waiting until near midnight, when he knew the braves would become tired and sleepy, he undressed himself, and tying the few light garments he wore, on his head, he walked quietly into the water, and swam rapidly until he rounded a point which brought him in sight of the camp. There he halted for a few moments to get his bearings; and when these were taken he drifted slowly downward, so as not to attract any attention from a watchful foe.

When he reached the canoes he crawled noiselessly aboard one of them, and, partially dressing himself, set about his task in the coolest manner possible. Fortune favored him, as she generally does the brave; for he found that the tide was unusually high, and the red men not having expected this, had only drawn their canoes far enough ashore to prevent their being swept away by the water at the ordinary level.

After he had cut away half a dozen, without being detected, he saw an Indian coming to look after the canoes. But he did not lose courage, and when the painted savage drew near the canoe which he had just cut away, he sank so deep in the water that nothing but a portion of his face was visible. The Indian, after glancing at the canoes, returned to his howling, jumping companions.

When the savage had departed, the young hero went

to work with a will, nor did he rest till all the ropes were cut. As the tide advanced he followed up the work, and pulled the beached canoes afloat; then, when the tide turned, he pushed them seaward, so that they might be carried away by the ebb; and in this he was so successful that the Indians were left without a boat in less than three hours from the time he had entered the water. When the last of the cut-away fleet was about three hundred yards from the shore, he scrambled into the canoe which contained his rifle, and tying another large canoe to it, commenced paddling toward the fort. He had scarcely taken two strokes before a wild and fearful shout was heard on shore, and on looking in that direction he saw by the dim light of dawn the whole body of warriors on the beach, shouting wildly and pointing to him.

Their terror-stricken cries nerved him to such daring that he stood up in his canoe and gave a lusty cheer.

This was promptly answered by a shower of arrows and a few musket-shots, but none touched the young hero, who proudly waved his hat.

Seeing only one boy amidst the fleet, a dozen Indians rushed into the water to try to capture some of the canoes; but young Goodman opened such effective fire on them that the survivors were glad to return, for it seemed certain death to go any farther.

The victor then paddled as rapidly as possible toward the hamlet, leaving the strong tide to take care of the canoes, and bring them in the same direction. When he reached the hamlet and told what he had done, he was cheered by the men, and kissed by the women. When these greetings were over, some men jumped into the two canoes and went out to bring in the fleet. They did not secure all, but they brought back twenty large canoes, able to hold from ten to twenty persons each.

The Indians, finding their fleet gone, beat a rapid retreat northwards through the woods, and did not appear again in that section; so that the daring act of this brave boy saved many a person from death. His fame soon spread among white and red men, and while the former paid him all honor, even the latter could "scarce forbear to cheer."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Townsend Trowbridge (1827-1915) was a very successful writer for boys. He was born in New York, where he attended a district school; later, by working on a farm he earned enough money to attend a classical school at Lockport, New York, for one term. Then he went to Illinois for a year, teaching school in the winter and working as a farm hand in the summer. At nineteen he decided to become a writer, and after several years of preparation, he succeeded in

catching the fancy of boys with his book *Father Brighthopes.* From that time he wrote successfully, and for many years was the editor of *Our Young Folks,* a magazine which numbered among its contributors such authors as Dickens, Whittier, Reid, and Alcott. Among his best known books are *The Drummer Boy, The Three Scouts, Cudjo,* and the *Jack Hazard Series.*

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why did Goodman's parents move into a country inhabited almost entirely by Indians? 2. How did they make the journey? 3. The author tells us that young Goodman "who was only nine years of age . . . proved to be useful"; how did he help his father? 4. What caused the Indians to unite to drive out the whites? 5. Who informed the family of their danger? 6. What caution did Mr. Goodman take? 7. The father and son escaped their foes; how did they then fortify the hamlet? 8. What daring plan did young Goodman make to outwit the Indians? 9. The author tells us that fortune generally favors the brave; how did fortune favor the young hero in this story? 10. How did he answer the "terror-stricken" cries of the enemy? 11. How was the boy greeted upon his return to the hamlet?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate on your map the section of the United States in which this trouble with the Indians took place. 2. How do you account for the fact that the whites held out against the savages although there were twenty to one against them? 3. If Goodman were caught by the Indians it meant a horrible death to him; why then did he keep his plan to himself? 4. The Indians forgot to renew their fires; how did this aid the young hero? 5. For what reason did Goodman tie his clothing about his head? 6. Give an account of how the boy actually overcame the enemy. 7. How did the Indians regard the white boy's brave deed?

Library Reading. "I Did Not Do the Job for Money" (in *A Book of Brave Deeds,* Trowbridge); "My Hero," O'Connor (in *My Beloved South*); *Historic Boys,* Brooks; "The Boy Who Kept the Flag Floating," Faulkner (in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* February, 1918); "A Boy of Long Ago," Winslow (in *St. Nicholas,* February, 1919); *The Boy with the U. S. Indians,* Rolt-Wheeler; *Scouting with Kit Carson,* Tomlinson; *David Crockett, Scout,* Allen.

WORK

HENRY VAN DYKE

(To be memorized)

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

THE CORN HUSKING

HAMLIN GARLAND

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the work of corn husking was carried on in early days; (*b*) what hardships and pleasures came to the boy on the farm.

Already in Sun Prairie husking the corn, or "shucking" it, as people from the South called it, was a considerable part of the fall work. Each farmer had a field running from twenty to fifty acres, generally near the homestead. Along toward the first of October these fields got dry and yellow under the combined action of the heat and sun. All through the slumberous days of September the tall soldiers of the corn dreamed in the mist of noon, and while the sun rolled red as blood to its setting, they whispered like sentries awed by the passing of their chief. Each day the mournful rustle of the leaves grew louder, and the flights of the noisy passing blackbirds tore at the helpless ears with their beaks. The leaves at last were dry as vellum. The stalk still held its sap, but the drooping ear revealed the nearness of the end. At last the owner, plucking an ear, wrung it to listen to its voice; if it creaked, it was not yet fit for the barn. But it was solid as oak, and the next day the teams began to harvest.

In the big fields like that of Mr. Stewart it was the custom to husk in the field, and from the standing stalk. No one but a stubborn Vermonter like Old Man Bunn thought of cutting it up to husk from the shock. With Jack, the hired man, Lincoln drove out with a big wagon capable of holding fifty bushels of ears. On one side

was a high "banger board," which enabled the man working beside the wagon to throw the husked ears in without looking up. The horses walked astride one row —bending it beneath the axle; this was called the "down row," and was invariably set aside as "the boys' row." Lincoln took the down row while Jack husked two rows on the left of the wagon. The horses were started and stopped by the voice alone, and there was always a great deal of sound and fury in the process. The work was easy and a continual feast for the horses after their long, hard siege at plowing, and right heartily they improved the shining days.

At first this work was not devoid of charm. The mornings were frosty but clear, and the sun soon warmed the world; but as the days passed, the boys' hands became chapped and sore. Great painful seams developed between the thumb and forefinger, the nails wore to the quick, and the balls of each finger became tender as boils. The leaves of the corn, ceaselessly whipped by the powerful winds, grew ragged, and the stalks fell, increasing the number of ears for which the husker was forced to stoop. The sun rose later each day and took longer to warm the air. At times he failed to show his face all day, and the frost hung on till nearly noon.

Husking-gloves became a necessity, but this by no means preserved the hands. The rains came and flurries of snow; the gloves, wet and muddy, shrank at night, and in the morning were hard as iron. They soon wore out at the ends where the fingers were sorest, and Mrs. Stewart was kept busy sewing on "cots" for Lincoln and her husband; even Jack came to the point of accepting her aid.

To husk eighty or a hundred bushels of corn during

the short days of November means making every motion count. Every morning, long before daylight, Lincoln stumbled out of bed, and dressed with numb and swollen fingers, which almost refused to turn a button. Outside he could hear the roosters crowing far and near. The air was still, and the smoke ran into the sky straight as a Lombardy poplar tree. The frost was white on everything, and made the boy shiver as he thought of the thousands of icy ears he must husk during the day.

Sore as his hands were, he had his cows to milk before he could return to breakfast, which consisted of home-made sausages and buckwheat pancakes.

"You won't get anything more until noon, boys," said Mr. Stewart, warningly; "so fill up."

Mrs. Stewart flopped the big, brown, steaming disks into their plates two or three at a time, and over them each man or boy poured some of the delicious fat from the sausages, cut them into strips, and having rolled the strips into wads, filled their stomachs as a hunter loads a gun.

Often they drove afield while the stars were still shining, the wagon clattering and booming over the frozen ground, the horses "humped" and full of "go." It was very hard for the boy to get limbered up on such mornings. The keen wind searched him through and through. His scarf chafed his chin, his gloves were harsh and unyielding, and the tips of his fingers were tender as felons. The "down" ears were often covered with frost or dirt and sometimes with ice, and as the sun softened the ground, the mud and dead leaves clung to his feet like a ball and chain to a convict.

Owen shed some tears at times. Mr. Stewart was a rapid workman, and it was hard work for the boy to

keep up the down rows, especially when he was blue with cold and in agony because of his mistreated hands. When the keen wind and the snow and mud conspired against him, it was hard indeed. Each morning was a dreaded enemy.

There were days when ragged gray masses of cloud swept down on the powerful northern wind, when there was a sorrowful, lonesome moan among the corn rows, when the cranes, no longer soaring at ease, drove straight into the south, sprawling low-hung in the blast, or lost to sight above the flying scud, their necks outthrust, desperately eager to catch a glimpse of their shining Mexican seas.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Stewart, fearing a snowstorm, hired some extra hands and got out into the field as soon as it was light enough to see the rows. "We must finish today, boys," he said. "We can't afford to lose an hour. We're in for a big storm."

It was a bitter day. Snow and sleet fell at intervals, rattling in among the sear stalks with a dreary sound. The northeast wind mourned like a dying wolf, and the clouds seemed to leap across a sky torn and ragged, rolling and spreading as in summer tempests. The down ears were sealed up with ice and lumps of frozen earth, and the stalks, ice-armored on the northern side, creaked dismally in the blast. "We need a hammer to crack 'em open," said one of the men to Mr. Stewart.

With greatcoats belted around them, with worn fingers covered with new cots, Lincoln and Owen went into the field. Thick muffled as they were, the cold found them. Slap and swing their hands as they might, their fingers and toes would get numb.

Oh, how they longed for noon! Though he could not

afford a holiday, Mr. Stewart had provided turkey and cranberry sauce; and the men talked about it with increasing wistfulness as the day broadened.

"I hope it is a big turkey," said one.

"Say, I'll trade my cranberry sauce for your piece of turkey."

"Stewart don't know what he's in for."

It seemed as though the wagon box held a thousand bushels! And the hired man took a malicious delight in taunting the boys with lacking "sand." "Smooth down your vest and pull up your chin," he said to Owen. "Keep your eye on that turkey."

But the hour of release came at last, and the boys were free to "scud for the house." Once within, they yanked off their old rags, threw their wet mittens under the stove, washed their chafed hands and chapped fingers in warm water, and curled up beside the stove, with their mouths watering for turkey. "They were all eyes and stummick," as Jack said when he came in.

Once at the feast they ate until their father said, "Boys, you must 'a been holler clear to your heels."

Owen made no reply. He merely let out a reef in his waistband and took another leg of turkey.

But the food and fire served to show how very cold they had been. A fit of shivering came on, which the fire could not subdue. Lincoln's fingers, swollen and painful, palpitated as if a little heart hot with fever were in each one. His back was stiff as that of an old man. His boots, which he had incautiously pulled off, were too small for his swollen, chilblain-heated feet, and he could not get them on again.

He wept and shivered, saying, "Oh, I can't go out again," but Mr. Stewart was a stern man and insisted

that he should go. Owen, shielded by his mother, flatly rebelled. At last, by the use of flour and soap, and the help of his mother, Lincoln forced his poor feet back into their prison cells, belted on his coat, tied on his rags of mittens, and went out, bent, awkward, like an old beggar, tears on his cheeks, his teeth chattering. His heart was big with indignation, but he dared not complain.

The horses shivered under their blankets that afternoon. The men yelled and jumped about, and slapped their hands across their breasts to warm them, but the work went on. By four o'clock only a few more rows remained, and the cheery, ringing voice of his father helped Lincoln to do his part, though the wind was roaring through the fields with ever-increasing volume, carrying flurries of feathery snow and shreds of corn leaves.

Slowly the night came. It began to grow dark, but the men worked on with desperate energy. They were on the last rows, and Lincoln, exalted by the nearness of release, buckled to it with amazing energy, his small figure lost in the dusk behind the wagon. Jack only knew he was there when he pounded on the end-gate to start the horses; the boy's own voice was gone. There was an excitement as of battle in the work now, and he almost forgot his bleeding hands and the ache in his back. The field grew mysterious, vast, and inhospitable as the wind.

Belated flocks of geese swept by at most furious speed, their voices sounding anxious, their talk hurried.

Suddenly a wild yell broke out. One of the teams had broken through the last rows. Jack and Lincoln answered it, being not far behind.

"Hurrah! Tell 'em we're comin'."

Five minutes later, and they, too, reached the last hill of corn. Night had come, but the field was finished. The extra help had proved sufficient. "Now let it snow," said Stewart.

It was good to see the lights shining in the kitchen, and, oh, it was delicious comfort to creep in behind the stove once more, and feel that husking was over. It was better than the supper, though the supper was good.

When quite satisfied with food, Lincoln crept back to the fire, and opening the oven door, laid a piece of wood thereon, upon which to set his heels, and there he sat till the convulsive tremor went out of his breast and his teeth ceased to chatter. His mother brought him some bran and water in which to soak his poor fingers, and so he came at last to a measure of comfort. At nine o'clock the boys crept upstairs to bed.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hamlin Garland (1860-) is a native of Wisconsin. When he was a small boy, his father went west to take up land on the prairies—first in Minnesota, then in Iowa, and finally in Dakota. Hamlin Garland's book *A Son of the Middle Border* gives a splendid account of the journey and is one of the best pictures of pioneer life in the Middle West. In it Garland tells how his father, upon several different occasions "loaded the household goods into wagons," and set out toward the west, and how he himself as a boy shared in all the hardships of farming in a new country. During the first year in Iowa, before Garland was eleven years old, he walked for seventy days behind a plow. *Boy Life on the Prairie,* from which "The Corn Husking" is taken, also gives the author's youthful experiences. The boy Lincoln, one of the leading characters of the story, is Garland's brother. In a recent book, *A Daughter of the Middle Border,* Garland tells how he purchased a home in Wisconsin for his mother in order that, after the hardships

of the western prairies, she might live the rest of her life in comfort.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. How does the farmer know when the corn is ready to harvest? 2. What is the use of the "banger board"? 3. Lincoln was given the "down row" to husk; why do you think this was done? 4. How do you account for the fact that the husking "lost its charm" after the first few days? 5. In what way was Mrs. Stewart able to assist the huskers? 6. How much corn were the men able to husk in a day? 7. What announcement was made by Mr. Stewart Thanksgiving morning? 8. Give a brief description of the last afternoon's work.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Describe the morning meal at the Stewart's. 2. The author tells us "Each morning was a dreaded enemy" for the boys; can you tell why this would be true? 3. Give an account of the way in which the Stewart boys celebrated Thanksgiving Day. 4. How did the boys show their appreciation of the turkey feast? 5. Do you think Mr. Stewart was an unkind father? Give reasons for your answer. 6. In some of his later books Mr. Garland refers to this same incident with much less bitterness; is it allowable for an author to exaggerate in making a certain point? 7. You will enjoy reading the poems "The Huskers" and "The Corn Song" by Whittier, in *The Elson Readers, Book Five.* 8. "My Boyhood on the Prairie," Garland (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*), tells of Lincoln's experience in plowing when he was ten years old; compare it with "The Corn Husking."

Library Reading. *Boy Life on the Prairie,* Garland; Chapter XX, "The Land of the Dakotas," Garland (in *A Son of the Middle Border*); "Blessing the Cornfields," Longfellow (in *Hiawatha*); "How the Indian Corn Grows," Andrews (in *Stories Mother Nature Told to Her Children*); "Corn-shucking in the South," Southern (in *Our Country: East, Youth's Companion Series*); "Song of the Corn," Sjolander (in *Library of Southern Literature,* Vol. XI).

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM—CORN

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden corn!
Ages ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chile,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn,
Of all our wealth the best!

The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear;
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden corn!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edna Dean Proctor (1838-1923), an American poet, was educated in Concord and traveled extensively in Europe. She has achieved considerable reputation for her verse by contributing to various magazines. Among her works are *Songs of America* and *The Glory of Toil and Other Poems.*

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is Columbia's emblem? 2. How old is it? 3. Where does it grow? 4. What flower blooms for England? France? Ireland? Scotland? 5. What flower "cheers" the heart of the North? The East? The South? 6. What is the most fitting emblem for the "wide Republic"?

Library Reading. "The Huskers" and "Corn Song," Whittier (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*).

THE RICH KINGDOM OF COTTON

CLARENCE POE

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how cotton is planted, cultivated, and harvested; (*b*) how it is marketed; (*c*) the future prospects of the cotton industry.

No plant, unless it be wheat, is of so much importance to the human race as cotton. Destroy any fruit in the world, and men would grow other fruits. Let any tree become extinct, and other trees would take its place, and our building would go on as before. Even if either corn or wheat should grow no more, we could grow enough of the other, supplemented by rice, oats, barley, rye, peas, beans, and the like, to feed both man and beast with comfort. But for cotton there is no substitute that can be cultivated on a large scale, which can compare with it for cheapness.

HOW COTTON GROWS

Cotton is planted throughout the South just as soon as danger of frost passes, this time varying from March tenth in Texas and Louisiana to May first in North Carolina. Of late years there has been more improvement in methods of planting cotton than in any other part of cotton farming. Formerly, one man and one horse opened the furrow; another man strewed the fertilizer; another man dropped the seeds; and another man with a horse covered them. Now one machine, with one man and one horse, does all this work at once.

A few days after planting, the long green line of two-leaved plants in each row begins its battle with grass—a long, thin line, for the cotton seeds are dropped only one inch apart. Later the plants are thinned out so as to stand about twelve inches apart. Cotton begins to bloom when the plant is from five to eight weeks old—beautiful white blossoms the first day, pink the next; and then follows the growth of the tiny green boll. Opening gradually, the boll shows four or five distinct lobes of cotton. Picking or harvesting begins in July in Texas and in September in the latitude of North Carolina. This work must be done entirely by hand labor, just as it was done in India a thousand years ago.

GINNING AND BALING METHODS

Until Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin in 1793, the work of separating the seed of the upland cotton from the lint was done entirely by hand; and it is said that the most expert picker could not clean more than three to five pounds of seed cotton a day. The main features of the Whitney gin have never been supplanted or

improved upon; but, in recent years, gin manufacturers have perfected the machinery, until the modern gin sucks the seed cotton from the farm wagon, divides the lint and the seed, and returns the lint cotton baled, with its seed separated, to the same wagon within an hour. These new gins have an average capacity of thirty bales a day. Under the old system the completion of two bales in a day was regarded as an achievement.

After the lint cotton is separated from the seed, it is packed in bales of an average weight of about five hundred pounds. Endless trouble to shippers and exporters has been caused by the utter lack of uniformity in the size of cotton bales. There is great need of a better baling system. Mr. Edward Atkinson, one of our highest authorities on cotton subjects, has declared that cotton is "the most barbarously handled commercial product in the world." Besides the lack of uniformity in the size of the bales, gins at present are able to pack cotton to the average density of only fourteen pounds per cubic foot. Every bale not sold to local mills, therefore, must be sent to some cotton compress and the size reduced two-thirds before it can be shipped.

MARKETING AND EXPORTING THE CROP

In marketing the cotton crop, there has been in recent years a marvelous gain in directness and economy. Formerly, the farmer sold to his merchant at the nearest town; the merchant sold to the commission merchant in the city; the commission merchant sold to the dealer at the seaport; the seaport dealer sold to the New York exporter; the New York exporter sold to Liverpool; and Liverpool sold to Manchester. Now all this is changed—how greatly changed will be seen from the re-

port of a cotton-exporting house which handles more than 300,000 bales each season:

The manager of one of the large exporting houses says:

> The old method of the planters, of consigning their cotton to factors for sale is almost wholly abolished, and the producer and the consumer are thus brought closer together; while the farmer gets the benefit of this advantage. The cotton is now bought on the plantations, or at the railway stations, throughout the whole cotton belt, by the representatives of large exporting houses and by the mills. Our firm employs more than one hundred buyers for this purpose, and the cotton is shipped daily to the port, where it is sampled, classified, weighed, compressed, and loaded upon ships for foreign ports, with much swiftness. We have had a train loaded with cotton fifty miles from port at seven in the morning, and by seven o'clock of the same day —in the evening—it has been stored on board a foreign ship.

WASTES IN COTTON CULTURE

There are yet many wastes in cotton growing. One waste, which went on for a full century and has not yet been completely stopped, was the waste of cotton seed. The farmers used to realize only $5,000,000 a year from their cotton seed; now they receive $100,000,000. Another waste is in the unscientific use of commercial fertilizer, and another the even more reckless selection of seed for planting. Still another waste, likely to have attention now, is the total loss of unopened bolls.. By threshing these in parts of Texas last year nearly $2,000,000 was added to the value of the crop. If it is possible to invent an effective cotton-picker, then we are wasting $50,000,000 yearly in depending on hand labor for this work. Millions, too, are wasted by the use of inefficient tools,

and millions more through unwise methods of cultivation and failure to rotate crops. The cotton boll weevil also threatens a loss of hundreds of millions if not checked. Lastly, we are still shipping sixty per cent of our cotton to Europe—almost as uneconomic as it would be to ship our iron ore instead of turning it into the finished products here.

The market for cotton products will continue to increase. It will probably increase till every acre of tillable land in the South may be profitably cultivated; and these states will realize, in a different way, the kingship of cotton that the Old South dreamed of.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Clarence Poe (1881-) was born on a farm in Chatham County, North Carolina. As a boy his opportunities for education were limited, but he studied at home with his mother, who had been a teacher, and attended the public schools. When sixteen years of age, he went to Raleigh, North Carolina, to work in the office of the magazine *The Progressive Farmer*. Here he was so successful that, at the age of eighteen, he became editor of the magazine, a position which he has held ever since, the paper meanwhile expanding to cover the entire South, with offices at Raleigh, Birmingham, Alabama, Memphis, Tennessee, and Dallas, Texas.

During the war Mr. Poe served on a number of state committees, and he now holds several important offices in connection with state agricultural affairs, in which he is deeply interested. He is an authority on the cotton industry, and in 1906 he wrote a book, *Cotton*, dealing with this subject. In 1910-1911 Mr. Poe made a trip around the world, and as a result of his observations wrote the book *Where Half the World Is Waking Up*. He has also contributed articles to the leading magazines of the day. One of the most interesting of these is "The Rich Kingdom of Cotton," in *The World's Work*, November, 1904, from which

this selection is taken. Mr. Poe has himself done a great deal for the cotton industry of the South. For example, after much study of agricultural coöperation, including a year in Europe, he has helped to establish coöperative marketing of cotton, whereby the growers have formed great associations for more direct and profitable selling of the crop.

Since this article was written, the United States Department of Agriculture has discovered a rather effective but somewhat expensive method of reducing the damage to cotton crops by the boll weevil. This is interestingly described in "Subduing the Boll Weevil," George H. Dacy, *Scientific American,* May 1, 1920. Men have also been working steadily on the problem of inventing a machine for cotton picking. The Campbell Cotton-picker, first demonstrated in 1910, is said to have great possibilities. The following brief articles tell of further developments in cotton-picking machinery: "Pick Cotton, Bolls and All," *Popular Mechanics,* January, 1920, and "Tractor-operated Cotton Picker," in *Scientific American,* November, 1921.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. The author says "No plant, unless it be wheat, is of so much importance to the human race as cotton"; tell why this is true. 2. At what time of year is cotton planted? 3. What improvement has been made in cotton planting, in order to save labor? 4. How does cotton look when it first begins to grow? 5. Describe the cotton blossoms. 6. Describe the cotton boll. 7. When is cotton picked, or harvested? 8. How is cotton harvested? 9. Who invented the cotton gin? 10. What difference did the cotton gin make in the process of separating the cotton from the seeds? 11. How is cotton packed for shipping? 12. Formerly, when cotton was shipped to England, it passed through the hands of five shippers between the farm and the factory; name these in the order given. 13. How has this wasteful method of shipping cotton been improved upon? 14. Eight different wastes in the cotton industry are mentioned in this article; name them. 15. Does the author of this article think that the market for cotton products will increase or decrease in the future?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Compare the importance of cotton with that of linen, or silk, or wool. 2. Cotton seed was formerly considered a waste product; how is it now used? 3.

Why is cotton sometimes called "King Cotton"? 4. Make a list of the things that would disappear if cotton were to be suddenly taken away from us. 5. Trace on the map, or draw a sketch showing the journey of a bale of cotton from one of the Southern states to a factory in Manchester, England. 6. As Mr. Poe foretold in this article, the growth of Southern mills has been very great in the last few years; can you locate on the map several Southern cotton mills? 7. Do you think that cotton should be spun and woven in the South or shipped to England and the Northern states? Give as many reasons as you can for your answer. 8. Can you name other great cotton-producing countries? 9. How does the United States rank as a cotton-producing country? 10. You would have an interesting exercise if your class would grow some cotton plants to use in illustrating the topics given below. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., to obtain the cotton seed.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-Minute Talks.) (*a*) Eli Whitney and the cotton gin; (*b*) The uses of cotton seed; (*c*) The author says, "The market for cotton will continue to increase"; show that this is true by telling about the new uses of cotton, such as mercerized cotton, wool substitutes, airplane cloth, automobile tires, etc. If possible, illustrate with pictures or samples.

Library Reading. "The Story of the Cotton Gin," Stone and Fickett (in *Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago*); "The Cotton Gin," Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); "Cotton Seed," Keller and Bishop (in *Commercial and Industrial Geography,* page 243); "The By-products of Cotton," Brooks (in *The Story of Cotton*); "Mercerizing," Keller and Bishop (in *Commercial and Industrial Geography,* page 258); "Cotton for Automobile Tires," (in *Scientific American,* May 29, 1920); "Cotton and the Automobile Tire," Barnwell (in *The Textile World,* July 10, 1920); "New Uses of Cotton" (in the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* New Volume XXX, page 764); "Land of Cotton," Carpenter (in *North America*); "The Cotton Fields," Chamberlain (in *How We Are Clothed*); *How the World Is Clothed,* Carpenter; "Hand Weaving," Earle (in *Home Life in Colonial Days*); "A Cotton Factory and the Workers," van Hoesen (in *Lessons in Community and National*

Life, Series B, Judd and Marshall); "Cotton and Corn," Price (in *The Land We Live In*); "A Word About Cotton," Coe (in *Makers of the Nation*); "Clothing—Cotton," Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); *Southern Textile Bulletin, Number 17,* Clark Publishing Company, Charlotte, North Carolina, (chiefly pictures of mills and workers); *The Story of Cotton,* Curtis; "Cotton Field Stories," Poulsson (in *In the Child's World*).

THE OYSTER FARMER AND THE PIRATES

NELSON ROBINS

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how oyster farming is carried on; (*b*) what is the chief enemy of the oyster farmer; (*c*) how Jack overcame the enemy.

Fiddler's Hill, the home of the Mallorys, stood upon the brow of a hill overlooking the York River at a point where the river has a width of nearly eleven miles. Except in very clear weather, when the bluffs on the opposite side are plainly seen, one might imagine that the old house overlooked Chesapeake Bay itself. First came the green lawn, which ran down to the cove; across the cove was a marsh, covered with green sedge and ornamented at intervals with tall pines; and then the river, stretching mile upon mile to the James City County shore. On the left of Fiddler's Hill plantation, Fiddler's Creek ran under the hill on which the Mallory home stood. On the right, five miles up the river, Cedar Bush Creek formed another natural boundary to the plantation. Inland, the plantation was bounded by an

HARVESTING OYSTERS

enormous swamp, which separated Fiddler's Hill from all neighbors.

The natural boundaries of the plantation were excellent aids to ordinary farming, which Colonel Mallory carried on to the extent usual in his section; but they were serious drawbacks to the business of oyster farming, which Colonel Mallory pursued on a rather large scale, for the reason that Fiddler's Hill was so far from everywhere except the river that it was difficult to get police help.

Every kind of planter has his especial enemies which work to make his crop a failure. The orchardist has the San José scale; the cotton-planter, the boll weevil; the wheat-grower, the rust; the tobacco-grower, the hail-storm; and the corn-grower, the chinch bug. The oyster-planter has evils corresponding to these, and, in addition, has the oyster-pirate. Of course, the oyster-pirate is

nothing more nor less than a thief, but upon his success the fortunes of many a planter have been won or lost.

The oyster-planter goes about his business just as if his business were on land. Oysters are planted and tended and harvested just like corn or wheat or cotton. A planter marks off his acreage with stakes, usually in water from five to fifteen feet deep and always on either sand or hard clay bottom, and throws overboard enough oyster-shells to put a good covering on the bottom. When the season comes, the mother oyster spawns thousands upon thousands of "spats," as they are called, which float with the tide and currents and cling to the first suitable thing they find. Each spat in time will develop into an oyster. When the spat floats into an oyster-bed, where the shells are already waiting, it attaches itself to a shell and starts immediately upon its life work of becoming an oyster. When the spat finds an oyster-shell, half of the work of building a home is already done, and only one shell has to be formed. Sometimes they will lodge on an old kettle, or a boot, or anything that will give a hold, and form curious clusters of shell and kettle, or shell and boot, as the case may be.

An oyster takes three years to grow to the size set by law as marketable, and the planter, no matter what his need for cash, must wait these three years before he harvests. He gathers the oysters with oyster-tongs, which look very much like two long-handled rakes, bolted together like a pair of scissors so that the teeth of the rakes come together. The "tonger" rakes up the oyster-beds with these tongs and deposits his catch upon a "culling-board," which reaches from one side of his boat to the other, culls out those oysters which are not of the required size, and returns them to the bed.

The oyster-pirate, however, is not bound by any culling law and he does not use tongs. From the stern of his vessel, usually a small schooner or sloop, he drops a dredge so made that it scoops up every oyster in its path; and when the dredge is full, he empties everything it contains into the hold of his vessel. When the pirate leaves an oyster-bed, provided he has not been disturbed, he leaves the bare bed behind him, and not until the planter begins to tong for oysters does he discover that he has been robbed.

In the shallow flats in front of Fiddler's Hill, Colonel Mallory had twelve hundred acres of oyster-beds. Along the outer edge of the beds were five little one-room houses set upon piles, and in these lived men, armed with rifles, who guarded the beds during the oyster season, which commences with September and ends with April. A power "cunner," the stanch little dugout found at every wharf in Chesapeake Bay, was tied to the piling under each little house.

Since September, Jack Mallory had looked over the oyster-beds with real interest each morning when he arose. The melon crop for two years had been a failure and a loss. The season before, an epidemic of "green gills," which has no effect upon the oyster's flavor or wholesomeness, but which makes it utterly unsalable, had swept over the Fiddler's Hill beds and not an oyster had been sold. Jack would finish high school in the spring, and he wanted to go to college in the autumn. Whether his wish was to be realized depended upon whether or not the oyster crop was a success. He already knew that there were no green gills, and the lack of tonging the year before had allowed the oysters to attain another year's growth. The only things to be feared were mar-

kets and pirates. Neither had shown any dangerous symptoms until Christmas.

Shortly after Christmas, reports came from Mobjack Bay of swept oyster-beds. At the first report, Colonel Mallory warned his guards to be on the lookout. In January, word came from the mouth of the York that a pirate raid had been made and beds had been swept clean. Word also came that the pirates sailed a powered skip-jack. Jack made a personal appeal to each of the guards, and spent one night with Joe Deal, their captain, in order to impress upon him the importance of keeping a close watch.

In February Corbin Mallory, Colonel Mallory's nephew, came down from Richmond with three friends for a day or two in the duck-blinds. The marshes at the mouth of the river are fairly alive with ducks in the winter, and the city men waxed eloquent over their sport. Judge Hundley declared he found it hard to say which was the better, the sport in the marsh or the dinner which evening brought. Mr. Calvin and Mr. Ross were just as enthusiastic. The four visitors were all middle-aged men who were held closely in their offices by business, and the outing almost made them boys again.

On the Saturday after the visitors arrived, it was arranged for Jack to sail a "bug-eye," a two-masted sailing-vessel, loaded with barrels of oysters, to Gloucester Point for shipment on the early morning boat. In order to save trouble, it was decided that he was to unload the oysters at the wharf and then continue down to the duck-blinds.

The wind, which had blown half a gale all night, was dying down when Jack started to get ready to sail the next morning. The flying spray had frozen as it fell, and

it took a good hour to get the sails up. The first streaks of dawn were just visible when he started to the house to call the hunters, who were waiting before a fire for him to get the bug-eye ready for the trip. As he walked over the brow of the hill, there came a sudden lull in the wind, and Jack thought he heard a splash as of a heavy body falling into the water beyond the marsh. There was no repetition of the sound, however, and he called the hunters.

Had Jack but realized the significance of that splash, he would have acted differently; for it was caused by the throwing overboard of a heavy dredge from the deck of the pirate skip-jack which had been dredging the Fiddler's Hill oyster-beds since midnight. While Jack had been getting the bug-eye ready, the skip-jack had been less than half a mile from him at the eastern edge of the beds. The pirates were starting their last haul when Jack heard the splash.

All night the skip-jack had been dredging under sail. The pirates knew that as soon as the guards heard the exhaust of the engine they would investigate. In the dark the vessel could work under sail without sound. The last dredge, however, they had planned to finish with the engine. The skip-jack under power was fast enough, even with the heavy load of oysters, to distance the power cunners. Therefore they had planned to sail up the river until the dredge was half full, then turn and, under power, dredge to the eastern end of the beds, raise the dredge, and get away before the cunners could get started.

Day was just coming in earnest when Jack sailed the bug-eye out of Fiddler's Creek into the river at the eastern end of the oyster-beds. Just before he rounded the

point and made ready for the long tack which would carry him nearly across the river and half way to Gloucester Point, he heard the "pop-pop-pop" of a gasoline engine. A minute later, straining his eyes through the half-light, he made out a skip-jack bearing down past the last of the guard-houses and inside the stakes which marked off the oyster-beds.

Jack knew instinctively that the pirates had come, even if he had not noticed the pile of glistening oysters on deck. He saw at a glance, by the rate at which the skip-jack was moving, that the dredge was out and was holding back the vessel. He realized, however, that both the bug-eye and the cunners of the guards would never catch the skip-jack, once the dredge was hauled in.

He formed his plan without hesitation. The skip-jack, if kept on her course, would travel in a line parallel with the long tack of the bug-eye. With the dredge out, the bug-eye could keep up with the skip-jack, and the cunners of the guards would be able to overhaul her. Jack's problem was to prevent the pirates from hauling in the dredge.

"Cousin Corbin," called Jack, excitedly, "get your guns ready, quick! There's an oyster-pirate coming out of the beds now, loaded down. We've got to hold him until Joe Deal and the other guards come."

"What?" Mr. Mallory appeared at a loss. "Pirates? Will they resist?"

"Certainly they'll resist," answered Jack. "Every one of them is armed and will certainly shoot if we try to stop them. But we've got to stop them."

"How?" asked all four hunters, who by this time had crowded about the tiller, which Jack held.

"We won't make any move," answered Jack, "until

we get within a hundred yards of the skip-jack. By that time they will be ready to pull in the dredge. Then you all open up with your guns and see if you can't drive them below. If we can hold them below so that they can't haul in the dredge, the guards can catch them, or the skip-jack will keep her course and run aground near Yorktown."

It may be well to explain, in case the reader is not familiar with small boats, that a bug-eye and a skip-jack are practically the same, except that the cabin of a bug-eye is at the stern and the cabin of a skip-jack is forward. If the pirates were driven below, they would have to leave the wheel untended and the vessel would maintain the course set.

The sun was just visible on the horizon and the four pirates were making ready to haul in the dredge when the bug-eye came within gunshot range. At one hundred yards, number-four shot will hardly kill a man, but will pepper him badly. Jack saw that there was no time to lose. The pirates were suspicious of the bug-eye and made all haste in hauling in the dredge.

The boy had rolled two barrels of oysters as a barrier between him and the skip-jack. Each of the hunters was crouched behind barrels and their guns projected between.

"All ready," called Jack. "Shoot for their legs!"

As he spoke he threw the tiller over to bring the bug-eye broadside to the skip-jack, and the negro sailor hauled in the sheets for the long tack.

The four duck-guns roared forth a salute, and the four pirates yelled with pain as the pellets peppered their legs. They dropped the hawsers attached to the dredge and for a moment stood undecided what to do.

A second roar, as for the second time the duck-guns were discharged, and the pirates made a dash for the shelter of the cabin.

"Stick behind your barrels," called Jack, "and shoot at anything that shows!"

A moment later, there came a crack from the little window in the skip-jack's cabin and a Winchester bullet smashed into the barrel behind which Jack was crouched.

"Shoot at the windows!" cried Jack. "Keep it up!"

Beyond the headland, where the wind had a fair sweep, the rough water was more of a drawback to the skip-jack than to the bug-eye. The untended sails of the former were not drawing properly, and the vessel fell off perceptibly.

The four hunters, with ammunition enough for a day's ducking, kept up an almost continuous bombardment, and the pirates, having a taste of number-four shot, remained below. Four rifles, however, answered the bombardment, and Jack, upon whom the course of the bug-eye depended, was the target. Two bullets had "smacked" against the tiller within a foot of his hand, and half a dozen had crashed into the barrels of oysters, one of them so close that his face had been spattered with oyster-shell and juice. Only one hand and forearm, however, were exposed and, in the heavy sea that was running, they made a poor mark.

Before the vessels had traveled half a mile, Jack's straining ears caught the sound of the power cunners of the guards far behind him. Peeping over the edge of an oyster-barrel, he saw the five of them, strung out in a long line, led by the big white launch of Joe Deal, their captain, coming under all power. The guards had been roused by the bombardment and knew exactly what had happened.

Three miles ahead lay Yorktown, and Jack began to wonder whether Joe Deal and the guards would catch them before they reached there. Whether they did or not, he knew that as long as the pirates were kept in the cabin they were beaten. He wondered if the hunters had shells enough.

"Shoot one at a time," he called.

"Aye, aye, Captain!" chuckled Judge Hundley, behind his barrels. "I was just wondering how long I could keep up this firing-at-will before the gun became red-hot."

A second later, Jack felt as though someone had smashed him across the wrist with a stick. A soft big-caliber bullet had crushed through his forearm, smashing the bone. The heavy tiller slipped through his nerveless hand, and the bug-eye began to come up into the wind.

Clenching his teeth to keep back a cry of pain, Jack snatched at the tiller with his other hand and threw his weight against it. The heavy boat came slowly back into its course, and the bombardment continued as before. None of the hunters had seen what had happened.

The blood gushed out of the wound in bright red jets, and Jack knew that it would have to be tied up at once.

"Jim," he called to the sailor, "come aft. Quick!"

The negro crawled on hands and knees behind a line of oyster-barrels. A moment later, a rough bandage had been tied around the arm; and although it throbbed fiercely, the flow of blood was stopped. Jim had to crawl back to handle the sails, and Jack was again left alone to steer the boat.

He felt weak and sick and was horribly afraid that he would faint. He clutched the tiller with all his strength and prayed for speed for the cunners and Joe

Deal. The guards, he could see, were still far behind. He wondered whether they would ever catch up.

A loud "Boom!" drew his attention from the pursuing cunners. Dead ahead he saw a low, rakish steamer, armed with a swivel-gun forward and crowded with men. He immediately recognized the vessel as the Virginia patrol-boat, and a great relief came to him. Whether the cunners caught up or not, the pirates were caught.

"Hey!" he called to the bombarders, "cease firing. It's all right." Then he rolled forward on the deck.

When Jack Mallory came to himself he heard Corbin Mallory talking.

"One of the finest things I ever saw!" he was saying. "The boy just took charge and planned his own way. I believe we should have captured them, anyway, if the shells had held out. But that boy never wavered. We didn't even know he was hit until he fainted."

Jack opened his eyes and looked straight into the face of the captain of the patrol-boat. The old bay-man's gray eyes twinkled.

"That's right, old man," he said, "come up smiling. You are a game lad, and I shall so report to the authorities. And you'll get the reward that's been offered for these pirates, for you captured them. If you hadn't held them as you did, they would have slipped past me without my knowing who they were."

Jack's heart pounded so hard at these words that he was afraid the others would hear it. A sob came up in his throat, and he swallowed hard to keep back the tears. It wouldn't do to cry, so he looked down at his arm, which was throbbing again.

"I expect we had better get this attended to," he said, with all the composure he could command.

The men smiled. They could see that he was making a tremendous effort to keep his self-control. Judge Hundley patted him on the shoulder and, as if it were premeditated, said in chorus with the others:

"Aye, aye, Captain Mallory!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Nelson Robins lives in Baltimore, Maryland, so that he knows intimately the Chesapeake Bay region in which is laid the scene of his story "The Oyster Farmer and the Pirates." He is connected with the *Baltimore Evening Sun* and is also an occasional contributor to current magazines, among them *St. Nicholas*, in which this story first appeared.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Give a clear description of Fiddler's Hill. 2. What are the enemies of the oyster-planter? 3. How are oysters planted, tended, and harvested? 4. At what age is the oyster marketable? 5. What is the duty of the "tonger"? 6. Describe the method used by the oyster-pirate. 7. How large were Captain Mallory's oyster-beds? 8. How were these beds guarded? 9. What news came in January which foretold trouble? 10. What orders did Jack give to the four hunters? 11. How did Jack and the hunters protect themselves from the pirates' bullets? 12. Describe the attack made by Jack and his helpers.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What special enemy has the cotton-planter? The tobacco-grower? The wheat-grower? The man who owns an orchard? 2. What time of year is the oyster season? 3. Upon what did Jack Mallory's future education depend? 4. What reason had Jack to hope for an unusually large crop of oysters? 5. What characteristics did Jack have which won for him so much praise?

Library Reading. *Boys with the U. S. Fisheries,* Rolt-Wheeler; "How an Oyster Makes a Pearl," *Book of Knowledge,* Vol. 1; *Lobster Catchers,* Kaler; "The Oyster," Chapter IX, and "Pearls and Pearl Diving," Chapter XVIII, Wright (in *Romance of the World's Fisheries*); "A Raid on the Oyster Pirates," London (in *Tales of the Fish Patrol*).

THE MAGIC OF IRON

Alice Thompson Paine

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what metal is most useful to man; (*b*) why iron is of more service to man than gold.

There were once two giants who lived in a great mountain range, Giant Gold and Giant Iron. Giant Gold was enormously tall and graceful, with shining yellow hair and eyes as blue as mountain lakes, but his lips were thin and cold, and his breath was as chilling as if it came across fields of ice. Giant Iron was a jolly-looking fellow with a brick-red face. He was as broad as he was long, and when he sat down on a mountain to rest, his great knees stuck out like huge crags.

One evening the two giants sat at rest on twin mountain peaks. They had been striding up and down the ranges all day, keeping their brownies at work in the earth treasure-house, and they were tired. Giant Gold gave a deep sigh, and his breath swept like an icy wind down the valley. Giant Iron was weary, too, but as he looked out over the great plain before them, his face lighted up with a warm glow of kindness.

"Look, Brother Gold," he said. "Is not that a wonderful sight? See what we have done for men!"

"We!" snapped Giant Gold. "Not *we!* I alone have done it! Iron is as common as the dirt under our feet. It is gold that causes men to advance, gold that tempts them to cross seas and continents, gold that gives them power and wealth. I beckon with my finger, and men follow; my shining crystals gleam in the sand, and men go mad with greed; I am the Great Quest, and without me men are nothing!"

Giant Iron smiled. "Look!" he said. Now, both giants had eyes as powerful as telescopes and ears as sensitive as radio instruments, so that they could see thousands of miles and hear delicate sounds in far-away places. When, therefore, Giant Iron said "Look," this is what they saw:

A broad plain lay before them, in the midst of which stood a mighty city beside a gleaming body of water. Great buildings rose to dizzy heights. Vast grain elevators lined the railway tracks. On one side of the city gigantic steel mills belched forth leaping flames of violet, orange, dazzling white, and faint blue. Powerful ships cut through the waters, bearing rich cargoes to distant ports, and great lighthouses, friendly beacons to warn the lonely sailor, stood guard on dangerous rocks. Across the land stretched the shining steel tracks of railroads, and between the great centers of trade raced locomotives, like friendly dragons, spouting smoke and steam

and pulling behind them long trains of steel coaches. Bridges spanned the rivers with their steel arches; telegraph wires flickered in the light and hummed with millions of messages. Nearer at hand, as twilight fell, many pairs of small glowing eyes told of the swift passage of automobiles, while in the air, like monster dragon flies, airplanes swooped and soared. All this the great mountain giants saw as they sat resting at twilight. They listened, too, and many sounds came to their ears. They heard the hum of mighty engines and electric dynamos and all the roar of busy traffic. They heard the gongs and whistles of safety devices; the hoarse voices of steamers at sea; many chimes and bells, and the music of countless instruments. They heard man talking to man across thousands of miles of space; and far away across the sea they heard the sounds of war.

For a time the two giants looked in silence at the wonderful scene before them. Then Giant Iron spoke:

"Brother Gold," he said, "you have spoken scornfully of me, and now I challenge you to a contest between Gold and Iron. You shall work a magic spell of gold, in which you first remove all the gold from the world, and then return it again; and I will work the same magic spell with iron. Then we shall see which of us is the more useful to man."

"Very well," said the Golden Giant; "but who shall judge between us?"

"Let the Sun be judge," replied Iron.

Giant Gold readily agreed to this plan, for he thought that the sun was a great ball of gold; Giant Iron knew, however, that the sun contains a good deal of iron.

Then Giant Gold stood on tiptoe on the mountain top, threw back his golden head, stretched out his golden

THE ITALIAN DRUMMER-BOY

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the Italian regiment was saved; (*b*) why the captain called the drummer-boy a hero.

On the first day of the Battle of Custozza, about sixty Italian soldiers who had been sent to an elevation to occupy a lonely house found themselves assaulted by two companies of Austrian soldiers. To avoid the bullets from various quarters they took refuge in the house and barricaded the doors. The captain directed the defense from a room on the first floor. The drummer-boy, a little pale but firm on his legs, had jumped upon a table, and was holding fast to the wall and stretching out his neck in order to gaze out of the windows. Across the fields he saw the white uniforms of the Austrians, who were slowly advancing. A hailstorm of leaden bullets split the walls on the outside, and inside cracked ceilings, furniture, window-frames, and door-frames. From time to time one of the soldiers who were firing from the windows fell to the floor.

The captain soon summoned the drummer-boy to follow him. Up the wooden staircase the lad followed at a quick pace and entered a bare garret, where the captain hastily wrote a note. He folded the sheet of paper and said sharply to the boy:

"Drummer!"

The drummer-boy put his hand to his visor.

"You have courage," the captain said.

The boy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, captain," he replied.

"Look down there," said the captain, pushing him to the window. "On the plain near the houses there is a gleam of bayonets. Our troops stand there motionless. You are to take this message, tie yourself to the rope, descend from the window, get down that slope in an instant, make your way across the fields, arrive at our men, and give the note to the first officer you see. Throw off your belt and knapsack."

The drummer-boy took off his belt and knapsack and thrust the note into his breast pocket; the captain flung the rope out of the window, and held one end of it clutched fast in his hands; then he helped the lad to clamber out of the small window.

"Now look out," he said; "the safety of these soldiers lies in your courage and your legs."

"Trust to me, captain," replied the drummer-boy, as he let himself down.

"Bend over on the slope," said the captain, grasping the rope.

"Never fear."

"God aid you!"

In a few moments the drummer-boy was on the ground; the captain stepped in front of the window and saw the boy flying down the slope. He was hoping the boy had succeeded in escaping unseen, when five or six little puffs of powder, which rose from the earth near the lad, warned him that the Austrians had seen him. They were firing down upon him from the top of the hill, and these little clouds were thrown into the air by the bullets. The drummer continued to run at headlong speed. All at once he fell to the earth. "He is killed!" roared the captain.

But before he had uttered the word he saw the drummer spring up again. "Ah, only a fall," he said, and drew a long breath. The drummer set out again at full speed, but he limped. "He has turned his ankle," thought the captain. Again smoke rose here and there about the lad. He was safe. The captain continued to follow him with his eyes, trembling because it was an affair of minutes. If he did not arrive in the shortest possible time with that message which called for instant help, either all his soldiers would be killed or he should be obliged to surrender himself a prisoner with them.

The boy ran rapidly for a space, then slowed up his pace and limped, then began his course again, but grew weary, and every little while he stumbled and paused.

"Perhaps a bullet has grazed him," thought the captain, quivering with excitement.

"On! Courage!" he shouted, following the far-off drummer with his glance. "Forward! Run! He halts! Ah, he goes on!"

An officer came panting to tell him that the enemy, without slackening their fire, were flinging out a white flag to hint at a surrender. "Don't reply to them!" he cried without taking his eyes off the boy, who was already on the plain, but who was no longer running, and who seemed to be dragging himself along with difficulty.

"Go! Run!" said the captain, clenching his teeth. The boy, whose head he had been able to see above a field of grain, had disappeared, as though he had fallen; but, after a moment, his head came into sight again; finally it was lost behind the hedges, and the captain saw it no more.

The bullets were coming in a tempest. Smoke and clouds of dust hid everything.

"Courage!" shouted the captain. "Stand firm at your post! Help is on the way! Courage for a little while longer!"

The Austrians had approached still nearer. Some soldiers withdrew in fear from the windows. All at once the fire of the Austrians slackened, and a thundering voice shouted "Surrender!"

"No!" howled the captain from a window.

The firing began and was soon fast and furious on both sides. More soldiers fell. Then the captain shouted with a cry of joy, "They are coming! They are coming!"

At that cry all rushed to the windows and the resistance became fierce once more. The captain hastily collected a little troop in the room on the ground floor. Then he heard a hasty trampling of feet and saw from the windows the two-pointed hats of the Italian soldiers advancing through the smoke at great speed. The captain's troop darted out of the door with bayonets lowered. The enemy wavered, were thrown into disorder, and turned their backs; the field was left free.

The captain, with the soldiers that remained, rejoined his regiment, went on fighting, and was slightly wounded in the left hand in the final assault with bayonets.

The day ended with the victory on the Italian side.

On the following day, the conflict was renewed and the Italians were overpowered by the Austrians.

The captain, although wounded, made the march of retreat on foot with his soldiers, and arrived at the close of the day at a church where the field hospital had been installed in haste.

No sooner had the captain entered than he heard himself called in a weak voice, "Captain!"

He turned round and found it was his drummer-boy lying on a cot.

"Are you here?" asked the captain amazed, but still sharply. "Bravo! You did your duty."

"I did all that I could," replied the drummer-boy.

"Were you wounded?" asked the captain.

"What could one expect?" said the lad. "I had a fine run, all bent over, but suddenly they caught sight of me. I should have arrived twenty minutes earlier if they had not hit me. Luckily, I soon came across a captain of the staff, to whom I gave the note. I was dying of thirst. I was afraid that I should not get there at all. I did what I could. I am content. Would you like me to give your bandage a turn, captain? Hold it here a minute."

The captain held out his left hand, and stretched out his right to help the lad loosen the knot and tie it again; but no sooner had the boy raised himself from his pillow than he turned pale and was obliged to support his head once more.

"That will do, that will do," said the captain, looking at him and withdrawing his bandaged hand. "Attend to your own affairs instead of thinking of others, for things that are not severe may become serious if they are neglected."

The drummer-boy shook his head.

"But you," said the captain, "must have lost a great deal of blood to be as weak as this."

"Something besides blood," replied the boy with a smile.

His left leg had been taken off above the knee.

At that moment a plump military surgeon passed in his shirt-sleeves. "Ah, captain," he said, nodding toward the drummer, "there is a leg that might have been saved if he had not used it after he was shot. It had to be cut off away up here. Oh, but he's a brave lad. He never shed a tear, nor uttered a cry! He was proud of being an Italian boy, while I was performing the operation, upon my word of honor. He comes of a good race!" And away he went on a run.

The captain wrinkled his heavy white brows, gazed at the drummer-boy, spread the coverlet over him again; then he raised his hand to his head, and lifted his cap.

"Captain!" exclaimed the boy in surprise. "What are you doing—to me!"

And then that rough soldier, who had never said a gentle word to one below him in rank, replied in a tender voice, "I am only a captain; you are a hero!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edmondo de Amicis (1846-1908) is one of Italy's most popular writers. He was educated in the military school at Modena, from which he was appointed to a lieutenancy in the third regiment of the line in 1865. He fought at the Battle of Custozza, which is the battle described in the story "The Italian Drummer-boy." After leaving the army he yielded to the great desire for travel that later brought him fame as a writer, for it was through his descriptions of these travels in England, Holland, Spain, Africa, Turkey, South America, and other parts of the world, that he became known. Later in life his chief interest was in education, and the book *Cuore: or The Heart of a Schoolboy,* from which "The Italian Drummer-boy" is taken, shows this interest. In the Preface the author says that the book is dedicated to boys between nine and thirteen years of age, and that it is written entirely from

the point of view of a child. "The Italian Drummer-boy" is one of the "Monthly Stories" told to the pupils by the master.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What two countries were at war with each other? 2. Where did the Italian army take refuge "to avoid the bullets"? 3. What question did the captain ask the drummer-boy before giving him the message? 4. Upon what did the safety of the Italian troops depend? 5. Why did the captain refuse to surrender to the Austrians when asked to do so? 6. How did the day end? 7. What happened to the drummer-boy? 8. Why was he called a hero by the captain?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words, using these topics: (*a*) The captain's command to the drummer-boy; (*b*) The drummer-boy's run; (*c*) The attack and the coming of help; (*d*) The defeat on the following day; (*e*) The captain and the drummer-boy in the hospital.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why did not the captain choose one of his soldiers to carry so important a message? 2. Tell the story of the boy's journey with the message as seen by the captain; as told by the boy himself when he was in the hospital. 3. Have you ever read of an incident in American history in which a child carried an important message? If so, relate the story.

Library Reading. "The Loyal Drummer Boy," Hart (in *The Romance of the Civil War*); "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," Kipling; "The Leak in the Dike," Cary (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "Incident of the French Camp," Browning (in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*); "The Little Patriot of Padua," de Amicis (in *Cuore: or The Heart of a Schoolboy*); "Horatius at the Bridge," Macaulay (in *Lays of Ancient Rome*); *Adventures of Uncle Sam's Soldiers,* Harper and Brothers; *Stories of the Sea,* Hale.

A Suggested Problem. Be prepared to read to the class a story in which a boy or girl did a noble deed. Make a list of the titles of the stories reported by your classmates.

SUMMARY OF PART III

1. Which selection in Part III made you feel most keenly what it means to be a good citizen? 2. Which story that tells of patriotic service made you wish to do something helpful for your country? 3. Which selection gave you ideas of what you can do for America? 4. Read the quotation on page 151; why is it an apt introduction to this group? 5. Look at the picture on page 152 and read again on page 153 the resolution adopted by the Boy Scouts of America; what qualities of the good citizen are attributed to Roosevelt? 6. Which theme topic interested you most? Which brought out the most interesting discussion? 7. Which suggested problem did you find most pleasure in working out?

PART IV

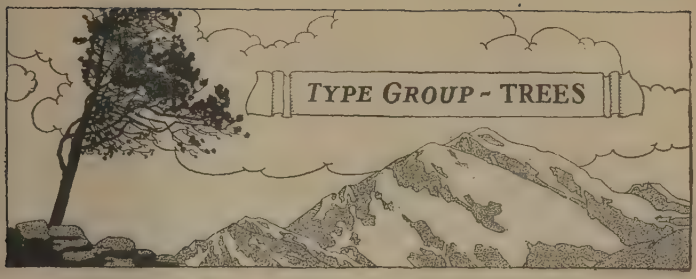
WORKING AND SAVING

A PLEA

Do not rob or mar a tree, unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread abroad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

SOUTHERN LONG-LEAVED PINES



A LITTLE TREE

ENOS A. MILLS

I never see a little tree bursting from the earth, peeping confidingly up among the withered leaves, without wondering how long it will live and what trials and triumphs it will have.

It will better and beautify the earth; love the blue sky and the white clouds passing by and ever join merrily in the movement and the music of the elemental dance with the winds.

It will welcome the flower-opening days of spring, be a home for the birds, and enjoy the quiet summer rain.

And when comes the golden peace of autumn days I trust it will be ready with ripened fruit for the life to come.

I never fail to hope that if this tree is cut down it may be used for a flagpole to keep our glorious banner in the breeze, or be built into a cottage where love will abide; or, if it must be burned, that it will blaze on the hearthstone in a home where children play in the firelight on the floor.

THE ELK RIVER DRIVE

SARA WARE BASSETT

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) who was the hero of the drive; (*b*) what dangers a riverman encounters.

THE DRIVE

The Elk River Drive was off!

There was a shout as the foam rose.

In another moment the logs were grinding against one another, whirling in the eddies, and wildly thrashing for space. The river seethed with dark, struggling logs, which sent up a dull, hollow noise as they bounded off only to boom against others.

A score of rivermen swarmed on to the moving mass, prodding the logs with their cant-hooks and aiming them into midstream. Dick Sherman caught his breath as he watched these fearless fellows. They leaped from one slippery trunk to another, running the length of each as carelessly as if they had solid earth beneath them, instead of a boiling, yellow torrent. Suddenly Silver, the boss of the front of the drive, who stood poising himself on a constantly turning log, waved his peavey to Jake, the bronzed woodsman who had taken his stand on the dam, and shoving himself into the current, raced down the river and disappeared round the bend. One riverman after another shot into the rapids and away.

The next landing was cascaded into the water.

Once more there was spray, tumult, and a whirlpool of tossing timber.

Promptly another crew sprang forward and with

pick-pole and peavey drove the logs out of shallow water into the current.

Landing after landing thundered into the flood. In the angry white boil the logs seemed alive. Round and round they spun, only to be swirled against other logs with a shock so powerful as to upend them in the stream.

The rivermen worked like beavers to keep the mass moving and prevent a block, or jam.

With the help of a megaphone, Jake shouted orders from the dam above.

Dick, who stood beside him with his uncle, watched the scene with fear and delight. Why the dancing figures on the logs were not thrown into the yellow turmoil raging all about them, he could not understand. But not a man seemed to think of danger. The work went on feverishly, recklessly.

Almost every pile had been fed into the stream by noonday, and then riders on fast horses were sent along the trails bordering the river, to give warning that the sluice was to be lifted, and the logs in the booms turned out and sent over the dam.

In the meantime Dick and his uncle, together with the crews at hand, had time for some smoking stew served by the Sherwood cook from the *Mary Ann,* moored a little way up the lake shore. The wangun had gone ahead to provide for those with the front of the drive. It was a hasty meal swallowed rather than eaten, and afterwards came the climax of the day.

The great sluice holding back the water in McGregor Lake was lifted and with a rush of foam the flood beat down into the river bed, taking with it both logs and ice-cakes. A V-shaped boom had been constructed above the dam and into this inclosure the logs were fed, pass-

ing through its narrow point into the sluice. They shot over the falls as if directed from a rapid firing gun, while in the confusion and danger beneath the cataract, the rivermen worked faster and faster to keep the drive moving.

Suddenly one log caught upon a bowlder in the middle of the river and before it could be dislodged by a cant-hook another had upended against it. More logs, racing through the current, struck the barrier and piled up. In a short time a heap of timber was firmly grounded midway from shore, and was rapidly becoming higher.

Jake shouted through his megaphone the moment the first trunk lodged, but his cries were useless.

"Get out there, men!" he screamed. "Keep off the logs coming downstream, so they will clear the middle. Stave 'em off, I tell you! Stave 'em off!"

But it was too late. The giant travelers, spinning on their way, continued to be caught against those already fixed, and there they stuck.

A jam had formed!

LITTLE TOBY'S BRAVERY

Jake left his post on the end of the dam and went down to the river to be within closer range of the crews.

Twenty rivermen were now fighting the jam, stabbing their cant-hooks first into one log and then into another in the hope of loosening it. They seemed to be playing a gigantic game of jackstraws.

"They'll have to blast her out, I'm afraid," Mr. Houston said to Dick. "No, Jake is calling for volunteers to pick the jam. It is very dangerous work, so we never compel men to go, for when the thing gives way it often goes so suddenly that the men are struck by the

logs and knocked into the water, or swept downstream. And yet I never knew of the call being made for help but about five times as many offered as were needed. See! Hear them shouting. There are at least twenty who want to go."

"Why do so many offer when it is dangerous?" asked Dick.

"Oh, they like to have the chance to show what they can do. These rivermen have lots of pride. Who are those fellows Jake is singling out? Those first two are Sherwood men and there is Little Toby, too. Toby is like a water-sprite. See him run across those logs! He seems to bear a charmed life, for he has fallen into the rapids enough times to drown any ordinary man. But he always gets to shore all right, so you need not worry about him. Watch them work out there. They are picking off the top logs in order to get down to the one that holds the entire jam. They call that one the key log. If they can get it free, the whole pile will go. Look, Dick, they are getting down to the heart of things. Some of the men are coming back to shore, for there is no need of so many now. But Toby is going to stay—you may be sure of that."

Dick watched, as the brave fellows tugged at the mass with their cant-hooks.

Then there was a cry from Toby.

All the men but himself rushed across the logs to land.

The jam rocked an instant.

Little Toby gave it one more wrench with his peavey.

Then there was a crash as the logs were torn asunder and swept down the current. A fountain of spray shot up. There was a gnashing of timber.

The men yelled and darted on to the floating tree-trunks.

But where was Little Toby?

"He's knocked into the river and drowned, Uncle Alf. It's horrible. Jake ought not to have let him go. Poor Toby! He was so good to me. Oh, Uncle Alf, I think it is awful to stand here and not do anything to save him."

Dick was entirely upset.

Just then, along the bank of the river near the bend, a dripping form came into sight.

It was Toby.

"Got carried down a ways," he grunted as he came nearer, "but she's clear."

Jake smiled.

"Well done, Toby!" was all he said.

And that was all that anybody said.

Dick, who had expected that Toby would be borne to the *Mary Ann* on the shoulders of the rivermen, was greatly disappointed. Even Mr. Houston was strangely unenthusiastic over the feat of the little Indian.

"It was wonderful! It was a grand thing to do, wasn't it, Uncle Alf?" cried Dick.

"Yes, my boy. It was both brave and wonderful. But remember that when a fellow becomes a riverman he undertakes such tasks as this constantly. He expects risks. Toby was brave, but there are any number of others who would gladly have done what he did; and there is scarcely a man on our crews but would have obeyed had he been ordered to go on to that jam. Give the glory to Toby, Dick, for he deserves it, but never forget to give equal praise to the rest of Dalton's rivermen who take their lives in their hands every time they go down with a drive."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sara Ware Bassett was born in Newton, Massachusetts, and educated in the public schools of that city. She first fitted herself as a designer of wall papers and textiles, and later took up kindergarten work, and taught in the Newton public schools. She contributed stories to *The Youth's Companion,* and then published her first book, *The Story of Lumber,* from which "The Elk River Drive" is taken. This was followed by a series of books on wool, leather, sugar, silk, etc. Finally her writing compelled her to give up her teaching, and she now devotes her entire time to literary work. Miss Bassett lives in one of the old Beacon Hill houses in Boston, and has a summer home at Princeton, Massachusetts.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the scene of the Elk River drive. 2. What was the "climax" of the day? 3. How did the jam begin? 4. What orders did Jake shout to the men when he saw the jam was forming? 5. Why did Jake ask for "volunteers to pick the jam"? 6. Can you tell why so many offered to do such a dangerous piece of work? 7. The author tells us that Toby had "a charmed life"; what reasons are given for thinking this? 8. Why was Dick dissatisfied when the rivermen were not enthusiastic over the "feat of the little Indian"?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of the important things you have learned from this story about engineering a drive. 2. Give the meaning of the word *wangun.* 3. To what does the author compare the rivermen fighting the jam. 4. Was Toby sufficiently rewarded for his bravery? 5. Do you think the other rivermen deserved as much credit as Toby did? Give reasons for your answer. 6. Read the part of this story that is most interesting to you and then tell briefly of the events that precede this part and of those that follow it.

A Suggested Problem. Find out all you can about the lumber industry by making a personal visit to a local lumber yard, and report to the class.

REPLANTING AFTER A FOREST FIRE

SAVING THE FOREST

EDWARD G. CHEYNEY

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the boys helped fight the forest fire; (*b*) how they changed their ideas of forest fires.

One evening when the boys had returned late from a long tramp, Scott was thoughtfully watching a great black formless mass standing out against the western twilight and thinking regretfully that it must be ten miles away. There was no wind and the great wavering column boiled upward till it semed lost in space.

"Fire, fire, everywhere," he murmured, "and not a spark to fight."

"Yes," said Morris, "and from the way the fellows talked last year you'd think that they did nothing but fight fire."

The foreman, who was passing by the porch, heard the remark and stopped, leaning up against the screen.

"Don't worry yourselves about not getting any fire-fighting experience," he said. "Two of the patrolmen phoned in this afternoon that the fires in the north and west were bad ones. If the wind comes up from those directions they'll need all the men they can get."

"Do you think there is any chance of a wind?" Merton asked, eying the sky inquiringly.

"If we don't have one in the next three or four days," the foreman answered, "it will be the first chance it ever missed."

"Three or four days," Scott grumbled in disgust; "the fires may all be out by that time."

"Don't you fool yourself," the foreman answered him. "Those fires are not in the habit of going out of themselves even in three or four weeks. Nothing short of a week's rain or an army can put them out now."

"I'll bet if it does blow it will be from the south," Bill grunted; "there's a plan to do us out of our rightful education."

As the foreman moved off chuckling, he called back over his shoulder:

"The wagons are all packed ready to start, and I'll wager that we're on the fireline somewhere in thirty-six hours. Better sleep while you can. You won't get much at the fire. Good-night!"

"Well," Morris yawned, "I guess he's right about the sleep, anyway, and I'm going to turn in."

Everyone else seemed to be of the same opinion and they filed off to bed. In half an hour the chorus of snores rolling up from the upper porches bore witness to their weariness after the day's hike and their complete loss of interest in the fire situation.

In spite of the stillness and the prospects of a peaceful night, a faint light still glowed in the office, and the foreman, ready dressed, slept on a couch beside the telephone. About midnight the lonely call of a timber wolf brought an answering hoot from an old owl in a neighboring swamp, and as though in recognition of these gruesome sounds of life a shiver passed through the leaves of the aspen trees. Here and there little ripples appeared on the surface of the lake. A dull roar to the southward, like the groan of a mighty monster, would have caused a city man to murmur "Thunder," and roll over for another nap, but to the foreman who sat up wide-eyed in his couch at the first rumble, it spoke of the winds in the pines and no gentle breeze at that.

"If there are any fires in the south, Jones will have his hands full. And so will we," he added, "if this wind keeps up and they don't get her blocked before morning. Well, I'm glad that it's not from the north or west." And with that, after a long look out of the window behind him, he went back to sleep.

Already those menacing columns of smoke were answering to the call of the wind. They no longer wandered upward in a hazy fashion, but bent sharply to the northward, stretching their arms over the forest. The smoke rapidly increased in volume and blackened the whole sky, while here and there a dull red glowed on the horizon. The dew was keeping down the flames, but the wind was fanning the glowing coals to a fury which needed only the help of the drying morning sun to cause them to leap away like a cyclone over the whole ill-fated woods.

Scarcely had the foreman picked up the lost thread

of his dream when the telephone bell rang violently. He was on his feet in an instant.

"Hello!"

"Yes—oh, hello, Long."

There was a long pause as he listened. "Coming around east of Brown's, is she? That's bad, isn't it?—Can we head her north of Mantrap?—Think we can. Well, I have the wagon all loaded and we will leave here in half an hour with fifteen men. We ought to be down there in two hours. You scout her till we come."

"Yes, I'll bring 'em; good-by."

He hung up the receiver and slipped across the hall to call his wife. "Come, mother, the fire is coming in at the southeast corner and we'll have to go. You call the men and get the grub ready while I call the boys."

His wife was too accustomed to this sort of thing to be surprised; in fact, she had been prepared for several days. Sturgis, leaving the house as she started to call the men, hurried over to notify the boys and Professor Mertz, who inquired the particulars and promised to join them at once.

A few minutes later a prolonged "Tur-r-rn out" almost raised the boys from their beds. A medley of answers came from all parts of the upper regions of the bunkhouse: "Aye, aye, sir." "What's up?" "Who is it?" "What's happened?" "Is it a fire?"

"Yes, it's a fire at the southeast corner of the park, and I want every man I can get. The wagon will leave in fifteen minutes. Some of you go up to the cook-shack and bring the grub you find there down to the barn."

He hurried away to the cook-shack, where he found Mike, awakened by the shouts, already up and waiting for him.

"Where is she?" Mike asked cheerfully.

"Southeast corner," Sturgis answered briefly; "and the whole outfit will have to go. We'd better take all the bread and cooked stuff you have on hand, and they'll probably want some more by tomorrow night. We're liable to be down there some time if this wind keeps up."

"Aye, aye, it's a bad one," said Mike, with a glance at the clear sky, "and no sign of rain."

"No," Sturgis answered; "looks as though it had forgotten how. Some of the boys will come up for that stuff," he added as he moved away.

The boys were so eager for the "fun"—as they called it—that they lost no time in dressing. Some of them were already scrambling up the hill toward the cook-shack.

"This is some wind," Scott grunted. "I wonder what they can do with a fire on a night like this? Hello, Mike, when did you get up?"

"I got up with the wind," Mike answered. "You can't fight fire without grub, so I knew they would be after me. There's the stuff on the floor."

"We *may* come back sometime, Mike," Bill said, looking at the small mountain of provisions.

"Yes," said Mike, "some of you will be back here tomorrow afternoon for more grub. I fought forest fires before you were born, and I know how much good food they can burn up. The wagon will be leaving you if you stand here talking too long."

By this time most of the boys had arrived. They took the supplies and hurried to the barn in wild excitement. At the wagon they met Professor Mertz, who looked the group over with a grin.

"What have you with you?" he asked.

"Grub," was the prompt answer.

"Well," Professor Mertz continued, "all of you go back to the bunkhouse and get your sweaters, coats, blankets, and hats—soft felts if you have them. I know that you want to travel light and think that because you are going to a fire you'll be plenty warm, but if you *do* happen to get a rest down there it will be cold. You may be gone a week, and what little sleep you get you'll want to be comfortable."

When the boys came back Professor Mertz hauled out a bag of lemons and tossed one to each. "Here's where we hand you each a lemon," he said, "but most of you won't know how big a one it is till you get home. Keep those till you need them. If you get dry when you can't get to water the lemon will taste pretty good."

They all clambered into the two wagons and the expedition started. The thing which impressed all the boys most was the lack of haste. They were used to seeing the fire engines tear up the city streets at full speed, and the slow plodding of the work horses seemed very strange.

"Couldn't we make better time walking?" asked Merton.

"Oh, yes," Sturgis answered, "you could make quicker time, but you'd better save yourself for work later on."

At last there came a shout from the boys. A long line of fire could be seen on a ridge to the southward. The air was loaded with smoke, which made the eyes smart uncomfortably. The fire had appeared to be very close when they first sighted it, but as they mounted hill after hill and obtained new views it seemed to get no closer till a man suddenly appeared in the road to tell them that they had arrived. The boys piled out in the darkness

eag[illegible] orders and were somewhat disappointed when St[illegible]gis told them to build a fire and sleep if they could. "[illegible]'ll size up the fire and be back as soon as we can [illegible] what to do."

There was a murmur of disgust from the crowd, and Bill voiced the general sentiment. "Humph, I thought we came down here to put out a fire, not to build one."

The three men moved off into the woods, the lanterns bobbing over the uneven ground. The boys watched them out of sight.

"They say Diogenes hunted for an honest man with a lantern," Bill mused, "but that's nothing to those three fellows going out to look for a fire. It must be a whale of a fire!"

The boys had shivered around the fire for more than an hour when Sturgis appeared suddenly. "Well, I guess we've found her. Jones reports that she has already jumped to the east of here and we'll have to hustle to head her off. She's in the park by now."

They tumbled into the wagon again, and the big farm horses, whipped into a lively trot now, jangled back up the road the way they had come. Even yet no great amount of fire could be seen.

Sturgis drove into the brush beside the road and stopped. He waited for the crew to arrive before giving his simple directions.

"Here's where you have to do it, boys. That fire has to be stopped today or this whole park will be wiped out clean. We cannot do much with it in the daytime without backfiring and we can't backfire till we get a fireline to work from. We have enough lead on it now to make a break across the front of it before it gets here. Every man must do exactly as he is told or he will run the

chance of being burned up. We'll start in here at this road and run a trench to these lakes. Franklin has already gone across to see how far west it reaches. From the other end of the lakes we'll have to trench on around it. It means many hours of hard work and it's up to you fellows to show what you're made of. We'll eat a little lunch and start in."

The lunch was hastily pulled from the wagon and eaten in silence. In ten minutes they picked up their tools ready to start. Sturgis strung them out rather close together on a line leading to the lakes and himself disappeared into the brush to the westward.

For a while the boys worked in silence digging their little trenches and spreading the dirt on the leaves on the side toward the fire. When no immediate signs of the fire appeared they began to relax a little and call to one another.

"Do you really believe that fire can burn clear up here by this afternoon?" Scott called to Merton, who was working next to him.

"Search me," Merton called back. "Sturgis and Dan seem to think so and they must know. Doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"No, not if we can judge by the way it was traveling this morning. Still, it was going some on the other side of the clearing."

They had just about finished the ditch when Sturgis appeared again with Dan and two of the men.

"You haven't any time to lose, fellows. Start the backfire there right at the edge of the trench. Then watch it like a hawk to see that no sparks blow over on you."

He lighted a handful of leaves with a match and

thrust them into the litter to start the fire in the bush. It was not a difficult task. By picking up bunches of burning leaves and carrying them a little farther along the line the fire was soon spread over the entire distance from the road to the lakes. It ate back slowly against the wind, and sparks were continually jumping the narrow space across the little break. Nor were they as easily handled as they had been in the early morning. Every spark which landed started a fire immediately, and several times fires were started in dead pine-tops, and it required the whole force to put them out. Dan and the men aided in the work where they were needed.

The boys found it hot and exciting work. The lack of sleep the night before, the ride in the springless wagon, and the early morning work were beginning to tell on their muscles. Gradually as the front of the fire crawled back from the trench, fewer sparks were carried across.

The backfire had burned some hundred feet from the trench, and yet there was no sign of the main fire other than the thick smoke which the wind drove down close to the ground. It stung their eyes till the tears streamed down their faces.

Scott found himself enjoying a few minutes' rest near Dan. "It seems as though this backfire would burn up more of the forest than the other one. Couldn't you start it closer to the main fire?" he asked.

"You aren't any too far away from it now," Dan answered. "Listen."

Scott could hear a dull roar, which seemed to be growing rapidly louder. The boom of falling trees became more and more frequent. Suddenly, as he listened, this roar swelled to a terrific burst of thunder. He wanted

to run, run anywhere, no matter where, but he stood there too terrified to move.

"She is going some now!"

The calm voice brought him to his senses, and the sight of Dan gazing at the opposite hill quieted him. He shuddered to think how near he had come to disgracing himself. He felt the blood coming back into his pale face and was thankful for the soot which covered it.

"Will that little line of burned brush stop such a fire as that?" he asked as calmly as he could.

"Nothing would stop it up there," Dan answered, "but she'll slow up some when she gets to the top of that hill. How about starting the backfire a little closer to it?" he grinned.

Before Scott could answer, the fire burst over the entire length of the ridge in front of them with one mighty, deafening roar and the red flames shot a hundred feet into the air. It was a sublime sight, those red flames shooting wildly up through the dense cloud of black smoke, but Scott would have felt more comfortable a mile or two away. The two hundred yards to the top of the ridge seemed as nothing in the face of that raging fire. A deer maddened with fright and blinded by the smoke, dashing close to him in its flight, almost threw him into a panic.

"Poor chap," Dan murmured, looking after the fleeing deer, "he's safe now, but the wolves will be eating many a roast partridge and quill pig back there about next week."

The rush of the first fire died as suddenly as it had started. Only for a few minutes the flames raged furiously along the brow of the hill; then it dropped down to the ground and became a mere brush fire, crawling

slowly down the slope to meet the backfire which was already creeping close to the foot of the hill. Crackling, snapping, and booming sounds told of the destructive work going on beyond the ridge, but the mighty rush of the flames was over.

Sturgis appeared once more, this time from the direction of the road where he had been scouting to the eastward to see what progress the fire was making outside of the park. He addressed himself to Dan.

"That fire that just came over the hill crossed the road from the eastward just north of the lake away ahead of the fire we saw in the park. Good thing we did not try to head it farther down. The fire on the other side of the road is still a half mile south."

"What made her go so much faster inside?" said Dan.

"Don't you remember that tangle of dead brush between here and the lake?" Sturgis asked. "That's what did it. They have been burned up on the outside. You take Pat and Phil and see that the fire does not cross the road behind us. Let Phil take the teams up to the Lodge. I think maybe you can stop that outside fire at the turn of the road. It's four o'clock and she'll begin to run a little slower before long."

"Leave that to us," Dan answered, "she'll never get in behind you."

"All right," said Sturgis, "I'll get the boys together over there at the lake for lunch and by that time Franklin ought to be back."

Scott went out with Sturgis to the wagons to get the lunch and they carried it over to the little lake, collecting the fellows as they went. It was a tired, hungry crew that sat around the camp fire and swapped adventures.

"When I saw that fire this morning," Bill Price said, "I thought those fellows last year were telling us some fairy stories, but when I heard them feeding the lions over back of that ridge and saw the fireworks on top of the hill I concluded that they had never been to a forest fire. How did you fellows feel over there in the brush when the fire came over the hill?"

Scott did not mind telling his sensations as long as he had not yielded to them, and he found most of the others had felt about the same way.

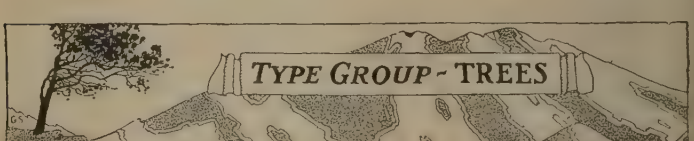
"Strange," Bill said, "all you fellows felt like running. Such a thing never occurred to me, but," he added, with a grin, "I pulled up a four-inch sapling trying to keep from jumping into this lake."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edward Gheen Cheyney (1878-), a forester, was born in Washington, D. C., and educated at Cornell University and the Yale Forestry School. From 1903 to 1904 he was with the U. S. Forest Service. Since 1910 he has been professor and director in the University of Minnesota College of Forestry. His book, *Scott Burton, Forester,* from which "Saving the Forest" is taken, is based upon exact knowledge and wide experience.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. The boys had come out into the forest with their teacher to be educated in fighting forest fires; what disappointment awaited them upon their arrival? 2. How did the foreman renew their courage? 3. Tell how the boys received the first fire alarm. 4. Why did the teacher give each of the boys a lemon? 5. What were the orders given by the foreman for fighting the fire? 6. How did Scott come near disgracing himself? 7. Describe the fire when it burst over the ridge in front of them. 8. Why did the fire burn so much faster inside? 9. How did the boys change their ideas about forest fires?

General Questions and Topics. 1. The boys were very impatient at the lack of haste in going to the fire; compare this with the arrival of the firemen at a fire in the city. 2. Why were the boys disgusted when Sturgis told them to build a fire and go to sleep? 3. What is the value of starting a backfire in overcoming a forest fire? 4. Do you think Scott was a coward? Give reasons for your answer. 5. Scott thought Bill was very brave and calm during the fire; what do you think about it? 6. Do you think the boys were of much assistance in fighting the fire? 7. Discuss methods of controlling forest fires, which are brought out in this story. 8. Look at the picture on page 210; tell the class of anything you may have read or know about replanting a devastated forest. 9. How can you assist in the conservation of forests through the prevention of fires? 10. Find in Part III (*Citizenship and Service*) a writer who says that if you love America you must care for her forests. Read to the class the paragraphs expressing this idea; what does the forest ranger described in this article say about his work? 11. Show that Scott Burton in "Saving the Forest" was a good citizen.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. Enos A. Mills in his beautiful tribute, "A Little Tree," pictures for us some uses of trees; What uses does he mention? Can you add to his list of uses? 2. What do you see in the picture on page 203? 3. What tells you that this tree has a hard struggle for its life? 4. What can you do to help preserve trees? 5. You will enjoy hearing your teacher read "From My Arm Chair," Longfellow, together with Historical Note in *The Elson Readers, Book Six,* page 347. 6. Be prepared to read to the class "Woodman, Spare That Tree,"

Morris (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*). 7. What do you know about the planting of "memorial trees"? (See "The Tree, the Memorial That Lives," Pack (in *American Forestry,* January, 1920). 8. You will be interested in the pictures as well as in the stories of the magazine *American Forestry;* perhaps your school will combine with another and have this excellent periodical come to you every month. Address The American Forestry Association, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C. 9. For tree-planting instructions and a tree-day program, send a two-cent stamp to The American Tree Association, Washington.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-Minute Talks.) (*a*) Make a program for the celebration of Arbor and Bird Day, including some of the selections in this book. (See *American Forestry,* January, 1920.) (*b*) Protecting Our Forests from Fire. (*c*) Airplane Patrol of the Forests. (*d*) Work of the Bureau of Forestry (in *U. S. Bulletin of Forestry,* Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.) (*e*) In Part Three we saw how the good citizen is one who gives service in time of need; show that it is equally important that the good citizen should preserve birds and forests.

Library Reading. (*a*) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "The Forest Service" and "Personal Equipment," Pinchot (in *The Training of a Forester*); "The Most Interesting Forest Crops" and "What the Forests Do for Us," Moon (in *The Book of Forestry*); "Protecting Our Forests from Fire," Wilson (in *The National Geographic Magazine,* January, 1911); "Watch Towers of the Forest," Willey (in *St. Nicholas,* October, 1914); "Boy Timber Cruisers of Carolina in the Biltmore Forest," Willey (in *St. Nicholas,* June, 1909); "Airplane Patrol of the Forest," Elliott (in *American Forestry,* April, 1920); "Brave Ranger Pulaski" and "Among the Douglas Firs," Price (in *The Land We Live In*); "The Ring of the Ax" and "The Mill," Bassett (in *The Story of Lumber*); *Scott Burton, Forester,* Cheyney; "Forest Day," Chapter IX, "The Logging Camps," Chapter XI, and "The Forest Fire," Chapter XII, Lagerlöf (in *Further Adventures of Nils*); "Boys Help to Reforest Louisiana" (in *The Literary Digest,* September 2, 1922); "Cone Gatherers," Brill (in *St. Nicholas,* October, 1922).

(*b*) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** "Trapped by a Mountain Fire," Perry (in *St. Nicholas,* June, 1914); "World Afire: Heroes in the Burning of the Northwestern Forests," Ogden (in *Everybody's Magazine,* December, 1910); "Fight Against Forest Fires," Graves (in *The National Geographic Magazine,* July, 1912); "Scourge of the Forest," Roberts (in *The Outlook,* August 5, 1905); "A Nation's Pride," Lane (in *The National Geographic Magazine,* December, 1915); "Fire on Tamarack," Chambers (in *St. Nicholas,* April, 1917); "Forest," Graves (in *The Mentor,* June 1, 1918); "In a Forest Aflame," Canfield (in *St. Nicholas,* August, 1903); *The Story of Lumber,* Bassett; *Boy Scouts in a Lumber Camp,* Otis; "Logged-off Landers," Hale (in *St. Nicholas,* May, 1909); *The Young Forester,* Grey; *Scott Burton and the Timber Thieves,* Cheyney; "A Forest Fire" (in *The Pioneers,* Chapters XXXVI-XXXVIII, Cooper); "The Log Driver," Johnston (in *Deeds of Doing and Daring;* "Hall of Fame for Trees," *American Forestry,* Vol. 26.

(*c*) **For Presentation by the Teacher.** "Trees," Joyce Kilmer (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "Interesting Characteristics of American Trees," Baynes (in *The Woman's Home Companion,* April, 1904); "Heart of the Big Timber Country," Paine (in *Outing,* September, 1906); *The Valley of the Giants,* Kyne; *Blazed Trail Stories,* White; "From My Arm Chair," Longfellow, together with Historical Note in *The Elson Readers, Book Six,* page 347; "Chicago's Remarkable System of Forest Preserves," Moulton (in *The Outlook,* January 4, 1922); "The Uses of Wood," Maxwell (in *American Forestry,* November, 1920); "Our Forests: Keep Them Growing," *Forestry Leaflet* 21, State Board of Forestry, Baltimore, Maryland; "America's Vanishing Forests," Chambers (in *Isaac Walton League Monthly,* February, 1923).

A Suggested Problem. Take a tree census of your town or neighborhood, allotting certain portions to each pupil, and report the results to the class. An excellent book to aid you in naming the trees is *The Forester's Manual, or Forest Trees of North America,* by Ernest Thompson Seton. Following this report, the class should decide upon ways of improving the tree situation in the neighborhood.

arms, and moving them slowly over the valley, wove a magic spell. It was a wonderful spell, and it took every bit of gold in the whole world away from the service of man. Giant Gold turned to Giant Iron with a triumphant smile.

"Behold!" he said. "The world will presently fall to pieces!"

But, would you believe it? Nothing happened—at least, nothing important. People lost the gold fillings of their teeth, and a great many rings and other ornaments disappeared. It is true that large quantities of gold coins, the money of the nations, vanished; but very few people knew about it, and something was quickly found to take its place. Even Giant Iron was surprised that the loss of gold seemed to make so little difference in the world, and he waited for a few moments, half expecting some great change to follow. As for Giant Gold, he blinked with astonishment, but he soon recovered himself. "Do not triumph too soon, Brother Iron," he said proudly. "When I return gold to the earth again and its magic gleam once more dazzles the eyes of man, my victory will shine forth gloriously."

Then Giant Iron, like old Vulcan, the blacksmith of the gods, rose slowly and stretched out his mighty arms over the valley. As he lifted his great iron hand, all the iron in the world was taken away from the service of man.

First, there was a mighty shock that rocked the earth to its very center. Then came a deep, prolonged silence. As the two great giants of the mountain ranges watched the working of the magic spell, Giant Gold trembled with fear, and Giant Iron himself was filled with wonder at his own enormous power. The scene

before them had entirely changed; it looked as if a great hand had swept away in a single instant all the wonders of the present day. Instead of a great city, there were a few wretched hovels. There was not even iron for an ax to aid in the building of houses. A few skin-clad men were trying to cut down a tree by driving a sharp stone into it with the aid of another stone, but they worked feebly and looked very pale, for all the iron that makes good red blood was gone from their bodies. Nor could they get iron from their food, as we do, for that, too, had disappeared. There was not a tinge of red in the fruit or flowers, and the green of grass and foliage was dull and gray.

All the factory tools and machines of the world had also disappeared, so that clothing was made of skins sewed together with needles of bone and sinew-thread, or of bark and fiber woven by the patient hands of women. Gone were the great engines that turned steam, gas, and electricity into power to run factories. Gone were the gleaming steel rails, the powerful locomotives, the ships, the lighthouses, the magic wires that carry messages from man to man. Gone were the plows and harvesters and tractors, and all the implements of modern farming. Gone were all the knives and tools that we use so thoughtlessly every day, without stopping to think of the wonder of a thin steel blade.

Gone, too, were the guns and cannon, the trucks and tanks, and all the grim implements of war; but men had other enemies even more deadly than war. Fire was one of these dreaded enemies. It often swept away their villages, for they could not build fireproof buildings as we do, nor could they fight fire with engines that pumped water from a distance. Another enemy was famine.

Often when game was scarce, people starved to death in large numbers; for their scanty crops, planted by hand and cultivated with rude wooden sticks, were not enough to supply their needs. Moreover, there were neither ships nor trains to bring food from more fortunate parts of the earth. Disease was another monster enemy that wrought widespread devastation. There were no hospitals in which to care for the sick, and no schools in which men learned how to cure diseases and how to prevent them. Another terrible enemy was cold—an enemy that those people could not conquer as we do now, with stoves and furnaces and radiators. Instead, they could beat back this deadly foe only with feeble fires of sticks and brush. Not the least among their dreaded enemies were the wild beasts that prowled about. These they fought off with clubs and stones or with bows and arrows. When they wished to go from place to place, they could not travel in speed and comfort, reaching their destination in a few hours; they were obliged to spend weeks and even months in their slow, difficult journey on foot or in frail rafts and boats. Impassable forests, swift rivers, and the vast expanse of ocean hemmed them in like prison walls. They were at the mercy of space and time, cold and heat, flood and famine, diseases and savage beasts.

"Now, look here," said Giant Gold. "I don't understand this. You have removed other things besides iron. Iron is soft red stuff all mixed up with dirt; it can be scooped up with a shovel. Your magic is not a fair magic, for you have taken away steel and steam, gas and electricity, concrete and many other things. If you took away only iron, the world would get along very well."

"Ah, Brother Gold," said Giant Iron, shaking his massive head. "You spend so much of your time in banks and safety vaults and in the company of fair ladies that you are ignorant of the most common things of life. Don't you know that steel is made from iron?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Giant Gold scornfully. "You might as well say that cream is made of mud!"

"Nevertheless, it is true," said the Iron Giant. "When I am properly heated up in great blast furnaces, I shine as brightly as the sun, and no one can look at me without dark glasses. When men, with their wonderful tools of iron and steel, have finished their work, the dirty heap of ore has become a shining steel rail or a gleaming blade that can cut even iron itself."

"Fairy tales!" exclaimed Giant Gold.

"More wonderful than all the fairy tales ever told," answered the Iron Giant.

"But what has become of electricity and steam and gas?" asked Gold. "Surely you can't pretend that all those telegraph wires were made of iron or steel; they are made of copper."

"Men cannot use electricity to any advantage," answered Iron, "without the iron giant in the heart of the dynamo. Steam and gas, when the iron and steel engines are gone, float off into the air as lightly as clouds; men can no longer use them. It is true that copper conducts most of the electricity, but without iron there is little electricity to conduct, and copper wire is made with iron machinery."

"Well," said Giant Gold, "I understand that concrete is an important building material; you certainly can't claim that!"

"You have never watched the making of concrete,"

answered the Iron Giant. "If you had done so, you would know that concrete is made of cement and sand, that the sand is sifted through iron screens and shoveled with iron shovels, and that the sand and cement are mixed in iron kettles. You would also know that the concrete in modern skyscrapers is strengthened with steel and combined with steel beams. Yes, Brother Gold, my magic is a fair magic. I have taken away nothing but iron and things that are made of iron and by iron. That great city on the plain was indeed a city of iron."

"Look! Dawn is coming," said the Golden Giant. "Let me finish my magic spell by putting gold back into the world. Then something surprising will surely happen!"

So he completed his spell and put gold back into the world.

Again, nothing happened, and Giant Iron saw that Gold had turned as pale as silver.

"Men do not even know that I am here," said the Golden Giant faintly.

Then Giant Iron finished his magic spell, and once more the broad plain hummed with busy life as men woke, after a night of strange dreams, and took up the work of the day.

Suddenly the sun peeped over the hills and flooded the plain with radiant light.

"Here is the golden sun!" cried the Iron Giant. "Let him judge which of us is the more useful to man!"

Then up rose the mighty Sun Judge, and as he spoke the two great giants listened eagerly.

"Iron wins!" he said, smiling down upon the graceful Giant Gold and the powerful Giant Iron. "Gold is beautiful and has many wonderful qualities, but iron is more

useful to man. Iron is the most abundant and the cheapest of all metals. It is also the strongest of all metals, and it is the most powerful magnet in the world. It can be used in a great many different ways, because it can be made extremely hard by sudden cooling, and extremely soft by slow cooling. It is hard in razors and files, and soft in horseshoe nails. It is as brittle as glass, and as soft as copper. It can be made into thin sheets and into thick plates, or it can be pulled and stretched into thin wires. If I were to tell you all the wonderful things about iron and steel, I should not get to the western horizon by sundown!"

Giant Gold shrugged his graceful shoulders, for he had recovered from his fear when he saw that the world was going on as usual. "There is no accounting for tastes," he said. "*I* call iron cheap and common."

"Yes," answered the Sun, "it *is* cheap and common—as cheap and common as air, water, and sunlight, and it is almost as necessary to man. Iron has always existed in the earth and its vegetation and in the blood of man, but for centuries man did not discover it. He lived in the Stone Age, and all his tools were made of stone.

"Finally—exactly how nobody knows—man discovered the uses of iron. Maybe some savage found a lump of it that had formed in the coals and ashes of his fire, and learned by accident that he could hammer it into different shapes. Without iron, men did wonderful things, but since they discovered it many thousands of years ago, they have progressed by leaps and bounds, especially since they discovered how to make it into steel. Men now live in an Iron Age; and steel, not gold, is king."

Giant Gold looked at broad, red-faced old Iron in disgust.

"Good-by," he said. "I'm off to the Klondike! When men learn that I am in that region, they will keep your old steel rails hot trying to get to me."

"Good-by," said the Iron Giant as he set out in huge strides for the Iron Range in Minnesota. There he watched the steam shovels as they bit deep into the loose red ore and started it on its way to the steel mills.

Then, raising his powerful eyes, he saw, in many parts of the earth, men toiling with iron and steel. He watched the whole process. He saw the red iron ore put into the great blast furnaces, where tremendous heat melted the iron and separated it from the rock with which it was mixed, so that the white-hot iron could be poured out into molds and hardened into cast iron, or pig iron. Next he saw the pouring of pig iron into the great, barrel-like vessel, or container, invented by the Englishman, Sir Henry Bessemer, and named after him. A blast of air was driven up through the bottom of this vessel in such a way as to pass through the metal, and a roaring flame streamed out of the top, carrying off all the impurities of the iron. This flame was very beautiful, for it was first violet, then orange, and then a dazzling white. Later the color became a faint blue, and this was a sign that all the impurities in the iron were burned up. Then exactly the right amount of certain substances was added, and the great white-hot mass of iron in the vessel was changed to steel. Next Giant Iron saw the steel that had been partly cooled in molds, but was still glowing like fire, taken to the rolling mills and rolled out into flat plates and beams. He saw these beams drawn and pressed into steel rails.

He also saw iron changed into steel in the open-hearth furnaces, in which very fine steel was made, suitable for the armor plate of war vessels, large guns, propeller-shafts for ships, and automobile forgings. He saw, too, a very fine quality of steel made in pots, called crucibles, and from this fine crucible steel all the cutting tools of the world were made.

In all these changes, Giant Iron saw men working with hand and brain, in the mine, in the fiery heat of the furnace, and in the schools and workshops—a great army of men, toiling that the world might have better and more abundant iron and steel, and he said to himself:

"Oh, workers in iron and steel, I am the Giant Iron and I am wonderful, but you are more wonderful still. You take the dirty ore that lay untouched for centuries, and you make of it shining steel rails that help to bind the nations of the earth together. I am Iron, and I am wonderful, but I am your servant, and as true as steel!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alice Thompson Paine (Mrs. Gregory L. Paine), a native of Iowa, was educated at Saint Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minnesota, and at the University of Chicago. For several years before her marriage she was head of the department of English in Saint Mary's Hall, the school she attended as a girl.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Compare Giant Iron's appearance and disposition with Giant Gold's. 2. Describe the "wonderful sight" seen by the two giants when they sat down to rest. 3. What challenge did Brother Iron make to Brother Gold? 4. Who was chosen judge of the contest? 5. What happened when "every bit of gold in the whole world" was taken away from the service of man? 6. How was this change received by Brother Gold? By Brother Iron? 7. What happened when Giant Iron "stretched out his mighty arms over the valley" and "all the iron in the world was taken away from the

service of man"? 8. How was *this* change received by Brother Gold? By Brother Iron? 9. Why did Giant Gold think Giant Iron's magic unfair? 10. What change took place when at dawn Giant Gold returned gold to the world? When Giant Iron returned iron? 11. How did the judge decide the contest? 12. How was this decision received by Giant Gold? 13. When Giant Iron went back to the Iron Range, what did he see which proved that the Sun had been a just judge?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of the things that *you* would have to do without if Brother Iron had not returned iron to the "service of man." 2. Compare this list with one in which you include all articles you would lose if Brother Gold were to neglect to return gold to the use of man. 3. Judging by your own lists, which metal should *you* prefer to do without, gold or iron? 4. Was Giant Iron unfair in his magic? Give reasons for your answer. 5. Do you think the judge was unkind to Giant Gold? Give reasons for your answer. 6. What leads us to believe that Giant Iron admired "the workers in iron and steel"?

Class Reading. The description of the giants, page 254, lines 1-17; also page 255, lines 1-4; The world without iron, page 257, line 28, to page 259, line 25; What the Sun Judge said, page 261, line 29, to page 262, line 33.

Library Reading. "Gold and Iron," Fabre (in *The Story Book of Science*); "Taming Steel with Fire," Bond (in *Pick, Shovel, and Pluck*); "Industry's Greatest Asset, Steel," Showalter (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1917); "Iron Ore, the World's Richest Mineral," Fraser (in *Secrets of the Earth*); "Making Iron and Steel," *The Book of Knowledge*, Vol. XVIII; *The Story of Iron*, Samuel; "The Knife and the Naked Chalk," Kipling (in *Rewards and Fairies*); "Iron," Chase and Clow (in *Stories of Industry*); *The Donovan Chance*, Lynde; "Building a Skyscraper While You Wait," Johnston (in *Deeds of Doing and Daring*); "Pete of the Steel Mills," Hall (in *Junior High School Literature, Book Two*); "The Greatest Steel Arch in the World," Bond (in *Pick, Shovel, and Pluck*); "Iron and Steel," Smith (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series C*, Judd and Marshall).

PINE NEEDLES

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Hamilton Hayne (1856-) was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the stately home of his father, Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Southern poet. He spent his boyhood, however, at Copse Hill, a farm in the pine woods of Georgia to which his father moved after the loss of health and property in the Civil War. Here, in a rude cabin, which his father called "the shanty," he spent a happy boyhood. Owing to delicate health he was educated chiefly at home. As a boy his love of nature was very strong, and this love was strengthened by his woodland surroundings and by the many walks he took with his father, who described these walks in the following lines:

"We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;

* * * * *

Where the tinkling brooklet passes,
Through the heart of dewy grasses,
Will and I

Have heard the mock-bird singing
And the field-lark seen upspringing;
Amid cool forest closes
We have plucked the wild wood roses,
Will and I."

William Hamilton Hayne began to write in boyhood, and his first poems were published in various magazines when he was about twenty-three years old. In the biographical sketch by Willis H. Bocock in the *Library of Southern Literature,* he says that Mr. Hayne is very attractive and magnetic, personally, and a good conversationalist, with a remarkable memory for poetry. The poem "Pine Needles" is taken from *Sylvan Lyrics.*

General Questions and Topics. 1. How do you think Mother Nature does her mending, with pine needles or in some other way? 2. What reason does the author have for thinking the pine needles would be good for darning? 3. Where does the author fancy Mother Nature would find the thread and thimble for darning? 4. Have you ever been in a pine forest? If you have, what did you notice about the pine needles? 5. This poem shows one of the beauties that the author sees in trees; can you name other beauties that especially appeal to you?

Library Reading. "The Pine," Webster, and "The Brave Old Oak," Chorley (in *The Home Book of Verse,* B. E. Stevenson); "Trees," Kilmer (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "A Tale from the Skidway," Hawkes (in *Trails to Woods and Waters);* "The Emigrants—A Robin's Song," "A Meadow Song," and "Through Woodland Ways," Hayne (in *Sylvan Lyrics*); "The Live Oak," Jackson (in *Library of Southern Literature,* Vol. VI); Interesting pictures of trees in the magazine *American Forestry,* for 1921, and in current numbers.

THE HEART OF THE TREE

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civic good,
His blessings on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855-1896) was born in Oswego, New York, and educated in New York City. After some work as a reporter he became assistant editor of *Puck,* a comic weekly. Soon he was given the editorship of this paper, which he developed into an instrument of social and political power. He is best known for his short stories and sketches, many of which are delightfully humorous.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of the things mentioned in the first stanza that are planted by him who plants a tree. 2. What does he plant for the next generation? 3. Ex-

plain the meaning of the line "He plants the forest's heritage." 4. Mention the different ways in which he plants "His blessings on the neighborhood." 5. What "Stirs in his heart who plants a tree"? 6. Read the poem "Planting the Tree" by Henry Abbey (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*). Which poem do you like better? Why?

Library Reading. "Trees in American History," Dorrance (in *The Story of the Forest*); "The Wonderland of Arcady," Cooke (in *St. Nicholas,* June, 1919); "April's Lady, a Little Play for Arbor Day," Wells (in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* April, 1916); "Historic Trees of Massachusetts" (in *American Forestry,* April, 1920. 38 illustrations).

THE BIRDS' LETTER

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what the birds request in their letter; (*b*) why we should care for and protect birds.

Senator George F. Hoar, one of the finest lawyers and ablest men of his day, made an appeal to the Massachusetts Legislature, which resulted in a law prohibiting the wearing of song birds on women's hats. He made the birds speak for themselves in these beautiful words:

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this petition.

"We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for

your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

"Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that when you do anything, other people all over the land between the seas and the Great Lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; you know.

"We are Americans, just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats.

"Sometimes people kill us heedlessly. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in the shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone.

"Now we humbly pray that you stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that we shall not

be killed to get them? We want them all ourselves. We are told that it is as easy for you to help us as for blackbirds to whistle.

"If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our play about your gardens and flower-beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you.

"Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you, and even Whippoorwill will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. All the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

"The signers are: Brown Thrasher, Robert o'Lincoln, Hermit Thrush, Vesper Sparrow, Robin Redbreast, Song Sparrow, Scarlet Tanager, Summer Redbird, Blue Heron, Humming Bird, Yellow Bird, Whippoorwill, Water Wagtail, Woodpecker, Pigeon Woodpecker, Indigo Bird, Yellowthroat, Wilson's Thrush, Chickadee, Kingbird, Swallow, Cedar Bird, Cowbird, Martin, Veery, Vireo, Oriole, Blackbird, Fife Bird, Wren, Linnet, Pewee, Phoebe, Lark, Sandpiper, Chewink."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. George F. Hoar (1826-1904), an American statesman, was born in Concord, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard University. Soon after beginning his law practice in Worcester, Massachusetts, he was attracted to politics and allied himself with Whittier, Lowell, and Longfellow, to prevent the spread of slavery. From 1869 to 1877 he was a member of the House of Representatives, and in 1877 he was elected to the Senate, where he served for thirty-two years. "The Birds' Letter" shows us that he believed in justice and freedom, not only for men, but also for birds and animals.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Who wrote the birds' letter? 2. What great service did this man do for the birds? 3. To whom was the letter written? Why? 4. The birds thought that the people of Massachusetts were kind and good; what examples did they give to prove this? 5. What sad story had the birds to tell? 6. What law did the birds ask the people to make? 7. How can the birds repay any kindness or generosity shown to them?

General Questions and Topics. 1. The birds say, "We are Americans"; do you think this is a true statement? Give reasons for your answer. 2. What lessons do you think the birds can teach boys and girls? 3. Read aloud the names of the birds that live in Massachusetts. 4. Are there any birds who signed this letter who do not live in your state? 5. Can you do anything to make the birds in your state safer and happier? 6. You will enjoy hearing "Songs of Our Native Birds" and "How Birds Sing," Victor records by Kellogg. 7. What do you know about the Audubon Society? (See "Library Reading.") 8. Through the influence of the Audubon Society of Hamilton, Canada, all letters mailed in that city for a month bore the stamp of the Post Office, "Protect the Birds and Help the Crops"; what suggestion can you make to encourage the protection of birds?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) Bird houses and how to make them. (*b*) How to attract birds. (*c*) What birds do for us. (*d*) The birds I know by sight.

Library Reading. "Citizen Bird," "A Silver-tongued Family," and "A Tribe of Weed Warriors," Wright and Cowes (in *Citizen Bird*); "The Adventures of Jimmy," Allen (in *Nature Study Review*, May, 1919); *Farmers' Bulletin No. 609*—"Bird Houses and How to Build Them" and *Farmers' Bulletin No. 630*—"Common Birds Useful to the Farm," U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; *Bird House Book*, Southern Cypress Association, New Orleans, Louisiana; *Bulletin 4*, National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York, price 25 cents; Columbia Records, "The Boy and the Birds" and "Songs and Calls of Our Native Birds"; Motion Picture Film, "A Bird Program," The Bureau of Visual Instruction, University Extension Division, Madison, Wisconsin; "Friends of Our Forests," Henshaw (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1917); *Wild Bird Guests*, Baynes; *Adventures Among Birds*, Hudson; *"The Audubon Societies—School Department,"* Allen (in *Bird Lore*, 1922, 1923); Bird Pictures, Mumford.

THE HUMMING BIRD*

HARRIET MONROE

What a boom! boom!
Sounds among the honeysuckles!
Saying, "Room! room!
Hold your breath and mind your knuckles!"
And a fairy birdling bright
Flits like living dart of light;
With his tiny whirlwind wings
Flies and rests and sings.
All his soul one flash, one quiver,
Down each cup

*From *You and I* by Harriet Monroe. Used by permission of the author and The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

He thrusts his long beak with a shiver,
Drinks the sweetness up;
Takes the best of earth and goes—
Daring sprite!—
Back to his heaven no mortal knows,
A heaven as sweet as the heart of a rose
Shut at night.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Harriet Monroe, author and editor, was born in Chicago and educated in the Visitation Academy, Georgetown, D. C. In 1892 her "Columbian Ode" was read and sung at the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. She is the founder and editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, and has perhaps done more than anyone else for the encouragement of young American poets, many of whom published their first poems in her magazine. She is herself a poet and her poem "The Humming Bird" is taken from the volume *You and I*.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is the cause of the "boom! boom!" one may hear among the honeysuckles? 2. What does the humming bird say? 3. Describe the humming bird as it is pictured in this poem. 4. Why does the author call the humming bird a "daring sprite"? 5. To what is the bird's heaven compared in the last two lines?

Library Reading. "The Bluebird," Miller, and "Bob White," Cooper (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "The Brown Thrush," Larcom, and "Sing On, Blithe Bird," Motherwell (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "The Humming Bird," Audubon (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*).

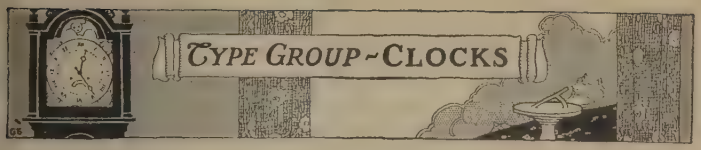
A Suggested Problem. Examine the "Backward Looks" in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*, and the "Summaries" of Parts I, II, and III of this book, and then prepare a "Summary," or "backward look" for this group, Part IV. If your class divides into two or three groups, each group will enjoy the social exercise of preparing a summary, the class choosing the best one.

PART V

TIME AND SEASONS

Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

—Ralph Hodgson



THE FAMILY CLOCK

JANE DRANSFIELD

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what the family clock says; (*b*) what the family clock remembers; (*c*) what the family clock fears; (*d*) how long it will "still tick away."

Old Clock
So tall,
In your niche in the wall,
What is it you say,
As you tick all day,
With your smiling face
And your polished case?
Tell me, I pray,
Is this what you say?

"Tick, tock,
I'm the family clock,
A hundred years old,
Of good old stock!
Tick, tock,
Good old stock,
A hundred years old,
The family clock!"

Old Clock
So tall,
In your niche in the wall,
Have you memories faint
Of dear ladies quaint,
With high, powdered hair,
Who tripped up this stair?
Tell me, I pray,
Is this what you say?

"Tick, tock,
I've seen many a frock,
And the witchery fair
Of a gleaming lock!
Tick, tock,
Many a frock,
And the witchery fair
Of a gleaming lock."

Old Clock
So tall,
In your niche in the wall,
Do you never feel affright
In the dead of the night,
When the winds howl drear
And strange noises you hear?
Or tell me, I pray,
Is this what you say?

"Tick, tock,
I'm a doughty old clock;
I know no fear;
Let them rage and knock;
Tick, tock,

Rage and knock;
I know no fear—
A doughty old clock!"

Old Clock
So tall,
In your niche in the wall,
Will you still tick away
A hundred years from today,
With your smiling face,
And your polished case?
And then, I pray,
Is this what you'll say?

"Tick, tock,
I'm the family clock,
Two hundred years old,
Of good old stock,
Tick, tock,
Good old stock,
Two hundred years old,
The family clock!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Jane Dransfield is an occasional contributor to the magazines of the day. Her poem "The Family Clock" appeared in *St. Nicholas*, January, 1900.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. How old was the family clock? 2. What memories had the clock? 3. Of what was the clock afraid? 4. What kind of face had the family clock? 5. How much longer did the clock intend to "tick away"?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Explain what is meant by "the witchery fair of a gleaming lock." 2. What is "a doughty old clock"? 3. Why did the clock so often repeat that it was "of good old stock"? 4. What was the old clock most proud of?

WHAT THE CLOCK TOLD DOLLY

MINNIE G. CLARK

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what the clock told Dolly; (*b*) why the cricket changed her attitude about the clock.

Dolly Dimple sat on a rug by the hall fire, thinking. I doubt whether you have ever seen a great old-fashioned hall like the one where Dolly was sitting, for such halls are not built nowadays. This one was part of a great rambling house which was more than a hundred years old. Dolly Dimple was born there and her mother and grandmother had lived in it a long time. They had left their home across the water and come to this one when Dolly's mother was a tiny child. Dolly was certain there had never been another such house, and this hall was her special delight. It was square, and had a shining oak floor, half covered with furry rugs. The walls were made of the same dark wood, and at the end was a cheery open fireplace where mossy logs roared and crackled all winter long, lighting up the dark corners and telling wonderful stories of the summertime and of their lives in the forest. Near by was a broad staircase, on the first landing of which stood a clock, and it was about this clock that Dolly Dimple was thinking so deeply that wonderful night.

It was a very tall clock, taller than Dolly's father, and it had a long glass door through which she could see the weights and the pendulum, which never moved now. Above this was the round, good-natured face, which Dolly was morally certain looked very different at different times; when she was good it smiled sweetly upon her,

but when she was cross—and I am sorry to say Dolly was cross sometimes—it looked at her so sorrowfully! It could sympathize, too; for Dolly said that when she was in trouble she had seen the tears streaming down the old clock's face; but since she was looking through a mist of tears herself at such times I should not like to say that this was really true.

But the strangest thing of all about this clock was that it *would* strike. Now maybe all you wise girls and boys do not think it a very strange thing for a clock to strike; but when I tell you that this clock did so in spite of the fact that its wheels had not moved for many years, that will surely make you wonder!

And then it would strike at the strangest times! No one ever knew when it was going off, and it had been known to strike as many as seventeen! Dolly couldn't understand it at all, and as no one explained it to her, it had puzzled her a great deal. That night she was more mystified than ever; for at daybreak the clock had struck five, and how could the clock have known that it was her fifth birthday?

She lay curled up on the soft rug, thinking about it, until she began to grow drowsy. The crackling of the wood sounded farther and farther away; the shrill chirp of the cricket which lived at the back of the fireplace grew fainter and fainter.

Suddenly a voice—a very cracked voice—broke the silence.

"Dolly! Dolly Dimple!" it said.

Dolly jumped up so hastily that the startled cricket sprang backward nearly into the fire. Where had the voice come from? Dolly peered carefully about the hall until her eyes rested upon the old clock, when she was

surprised to see that a new look had crept over its face a look which told Dolly that it was the clock that had spoken. And, sure enough! as she was gazing at it, it spoke again.

"Would you like to hear a story, Dolly?" it asked.

Now there was nothing Dolly liked better than a story; and forgetting her surprise, in her eagerness to hear what the clock had to say, she answered quickly, "Yes, indeed, clock; can you tell me one?"

"That I can," said the clock. "I'll tell you the story of my life."

Dolly felt sure that now the mystery was to be solved, and curled herself up more comfortably to listen; the busy cricket straightened her cap and folded her hands to show her deep attention; the fire gave out a warmer glow; and the clock began:

"Perhaps, Dolly Dimple, you will understand better what a wonder I am if I tell you that once upon a time there wasn't a clock upon the face of the earth!"

"Why-ee! What a sto—," began the cricket, and then stopped; but it was quite plain that she did not believe a word of it.

"No clocks!" cried Dolly, "why, how did boys and girls know when it was school-time, or dinner-time, or—or—anything?"

"They had other ways of telling time," answered the clock; "one of the first things by which they measured it was a stick, a straight stick!"

"A stick!" exclaimed Dolly.

"A straight stick!" murmured the cricket; "I *knew* that clock was crazy."

"I was brought up to think that it was impolite to interrupt," said the clock.

"Of course it is," said Dolly. "We will not breathe another word, will we, cricket?"

"But a stick!" groaned the cricket, shaking her head.

"Yes," said the clock, "try it for yourself! Go out of doors the next sunny morning and plant a little stick in the ground. If it is early, the shadow will be a great deal longer than the stick itself, and will look as if hiding from the sun; as noon draws near, you will find the shadow creeping up and up, until just at noon, the stick seems to swallow it; and then, as the sun moves on toward the west, the shadow peeps out and creeps off on the other side of the stick until night, when shadow and stick are both swallowed in darkness.

"Now don't you see how you could tell time by the stick and its shadow? And it was this which made somebody think of a sundial."

"A sundial," broke in the cricket, who could not keep still; "what is that?"

"It looks like a small table with a little piece of metal standing up in the center; and on the table top is marked the length of the shadow which this piece of metal casts at different hours of the day."

"Was that the only clock they had?" asked Dolly.

"If your pussy had lived in those days they would have used her for a timepiece," said the clock.

The cricket evidently thought this too foolish a story to be noticed at all, and even Dolly looked shocked; but the clock knew what it was talking about and went right on.

"If you look at Kitty's eyes when she first wakes in the morning, you will find that the dark place in the middle of the eye is very big and round; but soon you will notice that it is growing narrow, until by noon it is as

fine as a hair; and then it will slowly grow larger again, until, when night comes, it will be as big and round as it was in the morning."

"What a bother it must have been to tell time in these ways!" said Dolly.

"Yes, I think so myself," replied the clock, "and people began to think that they ought to have something better to depend upon. So about five hundred years ago, someone invented a clock, not a big, handsome one like myself, but a very plain affair that had no pendulum and could not *strike.*"

"Poor thing!" sighed Dolly.

"Better not strike at all than strike as some clocks do," observed the cricket rather spitefully.

"But it *was a clock,* and considered a very wonderful thing in those days," continued the clock; "and people must have been pretty well satisfied, for they did not add a pendulum for several hundred years."

"Are you very old?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, I am very, very old. It must be over a hundred years since my hands began to move. Ah! that was a proud day for my maker! Every tiny, shining wheel was as perfect as perfect could be, and my case was a beautiful sight. On the day that I was finished the little clockmaker was the happiest man alive. He examined me in every part with the greatest care, and my perfection delighted him. Then he took a big key, and wound me up, touched my pendulum, and with a 'tick-tack, tick-tack,' I started out on my life work. The little clockmaker did not long have me to admire, however, for very soon an old lady bought me, and I was carried away across the blue, rolling water and placed in this hall. I am worn out and useless now, but then I was of

the greatest importance. Nothing was done without consulting me. Ever and ever so many bright-eyed children have raced up and down the stairs and curled up by the fire just as you are doing. I have loved them all and tried to show them that it was only by keeping our hands busy working for others and by doing right that we could be happy and make our friends love us. They may have thought that all I said was 'tick-tack, tick-tack,' but really I have always said as plainly as could be, 'Do right, do right.' "

"Dear old clock!" murmured Dolly; and even the cricket turned her head and wiped away a tear.

"Before I stop," said the clock, "I must speak of one thing that others besides yourselves have noticed"; and the clock glanced at the cricket, who looked as if she wanted to sink through the floor.

"You must know that a great while ago my hands refused to move another minute. It was a sorry day for me, and sometimes my feelings overcome me even now when I think of the past. At such times it is a great relief for me to strike."

"You dear old clock," cried Dolly; "you shall strike as often as you please, and if the cricket ever dares—"

"Dolly! Dolly Dimple!" Harry was calling.

Dolly sat up and rubbed her eyes. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"That's what I'd like to know! Why, the idea of a girl with a birthday, sleeping as if it were any other day!"

"Sleeping! I haven't slept a wink! Why, the clock has been talking, and the cricket, and—"

"Very likely! As if I'd believe that when I've knocked over the poker and the shovel and the tongs, and you never so much as winked."

Dolly looked up at the old clock, but never a word did it say. The broad, good-natured face beamed down upon her the same as ever, but she fancied it wore a wise expression that said as plainly as so many words "Keep quiet; boys are not half so wise as they think they are. Don't mind him, but remember all I have told you, and try to learn something every day from everybody. Be glad that you have clocks to tell you the time and to remind you to keep your hands busy and to 'do right, do right.'"

"Dolly! Why do you keep staring at that old clock? I declare you are half asleep yet!"

Dolly rubbed her eyes and stared at her laughing brother, and then again at the now silent clock. She was glad that she had been warned to keep quiet, for she did not feel like telling the whole story then; but when she grew up she used to tell the children "What the Clock Told Dolly."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the clock that talked to Dolly. 2. Why did it seem so strange to hear the clock strike? 3. The clock told Dolly several different ways of telling time; what were they? 4. How did the cricket accept the story? 5. Tell the life story of the clock. 6. Why did the cricket change her attitude toward the clock? 7. What excuse did the clock give for striking when its hands refused to move? 8. What advice did the clock give Dolly?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why do you think the clock told Dolly that "boys are not half so wise as they think they are"? 2. Why did Dolly not tell the clock's story to her brother? 3. How did the first clock described in the story differ from the clocks we now have? 4. The story gives two methods of telling time without a clock; can you add another? 5. Compare the clock in this story with the clock in "The Family Clock."

THE CLOCK-MAN

ALLEN FRENCH

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what the children brought to the clock-man; (*b*) how he repaid their kindness.

Mildred, Florence, Harold, and Nick went down the road till they came to the castle stone, where the children used to play that they were robbers. But when they came in sight of the stone they saw that someone was there before them, and when they were nearer they found that it was an old gentleman.

Most people would have said that he was merely an old man, because his clothes were shabby. But the children knew that he was a gentleman because of the sweet nature that shone out of his eyes. He spoke, too, in a pleasant voice:

"Good morning, children."

"Good morning," said three of them; and Nick, being a dog, went up to him, sniffed, and wagged his tail. So the children were sure that the gentleman was a perfectly safe acquaintance, for Nick was a very good judge of persons.

"I am afraid," said the stranger politely, "that I have your place."

"That doesn't matter," replied Harold. Then all three of the children stood in front of him and looked him over. They noticed everything about him, from his rusty old hat to his dusty old shoes. But his hands and face were clean, and his beard was neat, and they knew already that his voice was pleasant.

"There ought to be room for all of us," he said. "Won't you sit down, too?"

But they were so interested in studying him that none of them really heard what he said.

"You must have walked a long way," said Harold.

"I have," said the gentleman, looking at his shoes.

"And your bag looks heavy," remarked Mildred.

"It is," answered the stranger.

"And you look tired," said Florence, who was the youngest.

"I am," he said.

"What have you in your bag?" Harold asked.

"I have the tools of my trade," he replied.

"What sort of tools have you?" Florence inquired.

"Tools to mend clocks," explained he.

"Then you must be a clock-man!" cried Mildred.

"That is just what I am," he replied. "And I go about trying to find clocks to mend, so that I can earn my daily bread."

Harold looked at him with his head on one side and his eyes half shut. "My father says," he remarked, "that daily bread is the hardest thing in the world to get."

"It is," replied the gentleman, "but I am very glad to see that your father is able to earn it for you. For while it is very bad to be old and hungry, it must be *very* bad to be young and hungry."

"You are old," said Mildred, as if she were asking a question.

"I am," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Are you hungry?" asked Florence.

"Yes," he admitted, "I am hungry." Then he quickly explained, in answer to their shocked looks: "I am quite used to being hungry, you know. Old folks do not need

so much food as young folks, and I do not mind it at all."

The children stared at him, more shocked than before. "I don't think I could ever get used to being hungry," remarked Mildred.

"Mother would give us food," Florence said.

"Or we could just go to the pantry," added Harold.

"I haven't any pantry," replied the clock-man.

"Well, anyway," spoke up Florence, "we have a mother and a pantry, and I think you'd better come with us."

The clock-man shook his head.

"But," cried Harold, "we have a clock that doesn't go!"

The clock-man looked interested.

"Have you?" he asked.

"J. Barker," replied Mildred.

The clock-man fairly jumped.

"What!" he cried.

"That is the name on the clock," explained Mildred.

'Oh," said the clock-man. "That is the name of the man who made the clock?"

"Yes," answered Florence. "'For Mr. N. Wallace.'"

"'Guaranteed for Mr. N. Wallace,'" corrected Harold.

"I couldn't remember that long word," said Florence.

"It means," Mildred explained, "'I promise that the clock will go.' I asked Mother."

"It says that on the clock?" asked the clock-man.

"Yes," answered Mildred, "on the face of the clock, in beautiful writing, 'Made by J. Barker. Guaranteed for Mr. N. Wallace.' He was our grandfather."

"Then your names are Wallace?" asked the clock-man.

"All our names are Wallace," replied Harold, "but I am the girls' cousin. Won't you come and fix the clock?"

The clock-man smiled, and his smile was very bright. "I can mend your clock," he said, "and so I will go with you." He grasped his bag, stood up, and suddenly seemed to be quite strong.

"Why don't you feel tired any more?" asked Florence.

The clock-man smiled down at her. "Because, my dear," he replied, "there is a little something called hope, which came to me and made me strong."

They began to walk along together. "I know what hope is," said Mildred. "It's what you feel when you see Father coming home, and you think that perhaps he has something for you in his bag."

"It's what Nick feels when he sees you with a bone," said Florence.

"It's what you feel when you start out fishing," added Harold.

"It's what nobody can get along without," finished the clock-man.

So they walked till they came to the house, where Mrs. Wallace sat upon the porch. She looked at the children, and then at the clock-man.

"The children brought me, Madam," he said, and took off his hat.

"He will mend the clock!" shouted all three of them together.

"Well," said the mother, doubtfully, still looking at the clock-man, "if you think you will not hurt it—"

"Madam," he replied, and they all were sure that he spoke the truth, "I will not harm your clock."

"Very well, then," she said. "Come right in and begin."

So she led him into the house, and the children followed as closely as they could. She took him into the

dining-room, and showed him the clock where it stood upon the mantel. It was a handsome wooden clock, about one foot tall; and there, in beautiful writing running around its face, were the words: "Made by J. Barker. Guaranteed for Mr. N. Wallace."

"There is the clock," she said. "It is about forty years old, and my husband is very fond of it. So you must be particularly careful."

The clock-man stood and smiled at the clock as if it had been an old friend. "I will be particularly careful," he answered.

The mother was about to go away and leave him at his work, but Mildred pulled at her skirt. Mildred knew that the clock-man was hungry, but she did not know how to say so without hurting his feelings.

"Mother," she whispered, "it's his lunch time."

Her mother said kindly to the clock-man: "Will you have something to eat before you begin?"

"If I may, madam," he answered. "Thank you."

So Mrs. Wallace brought bread and butter, a pitcher of milk, some gingerbread, and a little jelly. He began to eat, and she went away; but the children stayed and stared till the clock-man was almost embarrassed. Nevertheless, he managed to eat his lunch, and they knew that he enjoyed it.

Then, when he had finished eating, he rose and took the clock down from the mantel, and set it on the table. He looked it all over, not as if to see how to open it, but as if he were asking an old friend, "How do you do?" And all the time he smiled.

"It has been well kept," he said.

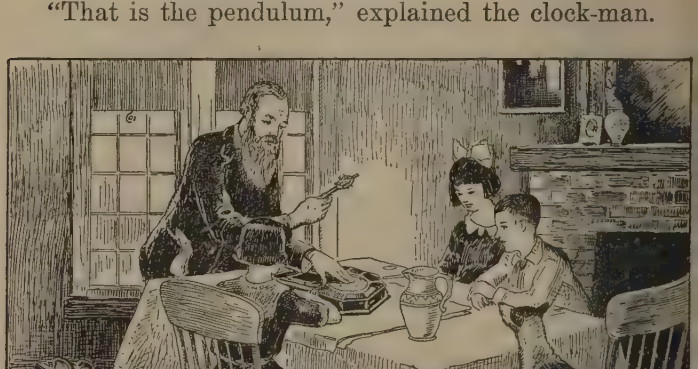
"Mother keeps things carefully," Mildred replied.

Then the clock-man turned the clock about, and

opened a little door in the back, and took a tiny screw driver from his bag, with which he worked for a minute at the insides of the clock, and then took out something strange and laid it on the table.

"Oh!" cried all the children.

"That is the pendulum," explained the clock-man.



Harold looked at it carefully. "I know," he said. "It is what wags inside."

"Yes," agreed Mildred. "You see it through the hole in front."

"He's taking off the hands!" cried Florence.

Next the clock-man turned the clock about and worked inside with his screw driver, and then took out the oddest thing! It was not long, like the pendulum, but was chunky, and all of shiny brass; it was made up of plates and pins, and of wheels and wheels and wheels.

"Oh!" exclaimed all the children again.

"These are the works," the clock-man told them. As

he laid them on the table, the children crowded close and looked at them.

"Why are they called works?" asked Florence.

"Because they do the work of the clock," answered the clock-man.

"They aren't working now," said Harold.

"That is why the clock has stopped," the man replied.

"Why has it stopped?" asked Florence, which sounds like asking a question after it has been answered. But that is not what she meant, and the clock-man understood.

"That is what I am trying to find out," he replied.

"Why," asked Harold, "are all the wheels notched on the edges?"

The clock-man did not hear at first, for just then he said "Ah!" and began working very eagerly, so that the question had to be repeated. Then he answered, although at the same time he kept on working with screw driver and pincers.

"They are notched," he answered, "so that their edges shall fit into one another. "See!" and he held up a wheel in his hand.

"Why," cried Mildred, "he can take it out!"

"I can take all the wheels out, and I can put them all back again," replied the clock-man. "That is more than some clock-makers can do. Look carefully at the wheel, but don't touch it."

So they all looked carefully at the wheel as he turned it in his hand, and they saw how curiously it was made.

"But why," asked Harold, as the old gentleman began to work again, "do the wheels fit together so?"

"They push each other round," explained the clock-man. "One pushes one wheel, and that pushes the next,

and so on, until at last we come to the wheels that turn the hands."

They were silent for a time, watching him work, until at last Harold asked: "But what turns the first wheel?"

The old man looked up at him and smiled. "My boy," he said, "that is a question worth asking. There is a spring shaped like a drum rolled up tight in this box. It is all the time trying to unroll itself, and so it turns the wheel that is fastened to it."

"Why doesn't it unroll itself too fast?" asked Mildred.

"The pendulum prevents that."

"And why," asked Florence, "doesn't it unroll itself too slowly?"

"Sometimes," the clock-man said, "it goes so slowly that it stops, unless the wheels work perfectly together." He was still working, and now he finished putting the wheel back into the works. "As they ought to do—like this!" he said, and held the works for them to see.

The works were going!

"There was just one little thing wrong," the clock-man explained, as he began putting the works back into the case. "Just one little pin was bent so that its wheel moved wrong, and so stopped all the others. But when I straightened it and put it back, then everything went right. And so you see how important, even in a clock, the smallest thing is."

He finished screwing the works in place, put the pendulum on, and closed the back. He turned the clock round, put on the hands, and looked at his watch and set the clock. He carried the clock to the mantel once more, and there it stood, ticking away as quietly as it had always done. They all stood looking at it.

Soon the door opened, and in came the little girls' father and mother, hurriedly. But then they stopped short.

"Oh," they said as if pleased, "he has not yet begun." Then Mr. Wallace said to the clock-man: "I am very sorry, but I am fond of that clock, and it is so difficult to understand, that I always take it to a certain man to be repaired, and he lives in the city. So I am going to ask you not to try to mend the clock."

"But he *has* mended it!" shouted the children.

"What!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. They went closer to the clock and looked at it, and all the time the clock-man stood and smiled.

"Why," said Mildred, "he took out the works and mended them in a few minutes."

Her father frowned for the least little part of a second, as if he feared that the clock had been injured. But then he turned and looked at the clock-man cheerfully, seeming to think that if any harm was done, it was now too late to prevent it.

"Then," he said, "I shall be glad to pay you."

"There is nothing to pay," answered the clock-maker.

"But it took you some time," urged Mrs. Wallace, "and you have saved us the trouble and expense of getting the clock to and from the city."

The clock-man still smiled, first at her and then at her husband, of whom he asked a question. "You are the son of Mr. N. Wallace?"

"Yes."

"The clock says that its maker guaranteed it, and your little girl said"—here the clock-man patted Mildred's head—"that means that he promised that the clock will go."

"Yes," answered Mr. Wallace, beginning to feel puzzled, and wondering what was coming next.

"Well," said the clock-man, "the clock goes, does it not?"

"It does," answered Mr. Wallace, more puzzled still.

"Then," said the clock-man, "my guaranty is still good."

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace stood looking at him in the greatest surprise. "You mean," asked Mr. Wallace at last, "that you made that clock?"

"For your father," answered the clock-man. "Forty years ago."

"J. Barker!" shouted Mildred.

"J. Barker," repeated the clock-man. He looked around upon them all with a pleasant kind of pride. "And his guaranty is still good," he added. "But now I must be going."

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Wallace, as the clock-man was about to turn away. "If you are Mr. Joel Barker, then you are very much wanted."

"I?" asked the clock-man, in surprise. "I very much wanted? Why, I have done nothing."

"But somebody else has," Mr. Wallace told him. "I am a lawyer and have been searching for you. Someone has died and has left you a great deal of money."

The clock-man turned very white and trembled so that Mr. Wallace went closer to him to catch him if he should fall. The children were frightened. But the clock-man did not fall, and at last he said:

"That was my brother."

"Yes," replied Mr. Wallace gently.

"So he was sorry for what he did?" asked the clock-man.

"Yes," said Mr. Wallace. "He was sorry for what he did, and left you all his money, so that you should forgive him."

"I forgive him?" answered the clock-man. "I forgave him long ago." Then the tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He was not able to stop them.

The clock-man looked at the children very tenderly and said, slowly:

"*They* brought all this to me, for if they had not been sorry for me I should have gone on, tired and hungry and without any money. Think what I should have missed!"

Then the children smiled and were glad.

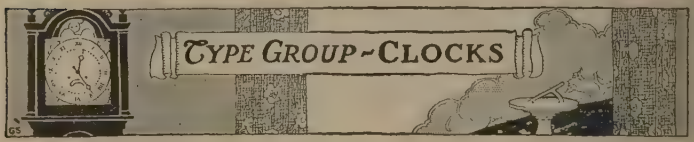
NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Allen French (1870-), a Bostonian, was educated in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and in the Universities of Berlin and Harvard. For several years he was instructor in English at Harvard University. He has written a number of interesting books for boys, among which are *The Junior Cup, The Story of Rolf,* and *The Viking's Bow.* "The Clock-man" appeared in *St. Nicholas,* September, 1909.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why were the children going to the castle stone? 2. Whom did they find? 3. The children knew the old man was a gentleman; by what did they judge him? 4. What did the children learn about the old man from their conversation with him? 5. How did the children finally persuade the clock-man to go home with them? 6. What did the word "Guaranteed" on the face of the clock mean? 7. What different illustrations were given by the children to show their idea of hope? 8. The children's father was alarmed when he heard that the clock-man was working on the clock; can you tell why? 9. Why did the old man refuse money for mending the clock? 10. What good news did Mr. Wallace have for Mr. Joel Barker?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why do you think the clock-man suddenly felt strong? 2. What parts of the clock did the old man explain to the children? 3. The clock-man was very grateful for the service the children had done him; read again the lines that tell this. 4. Which one of the children do you think was the most kind-hearted and thoughtful? Give illustrations to prove your statement.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. In which of the stories in this group does the clock talk? 2. Make a list of the things the clock talks about. 3. Mr. Wallace was very fond of his clock; in what other selection in this group is affection for a clock shown? 4. Do these stories remind you of a clock that you know? If so, describe it. 5. After reading the selections in this group you will be interested in finding other stories of clocks in magazines and story books. 6. In each of these stories there is a conversation; why do you like stories that contain conversation better than those that do not? 7. Make a list of all the ways that you know of measuring time. 8. You will enjoy reading "How the Dutch Measured Time," Irving (in *Good English, Book Three*). 9. Read again the quotation on page 275; compare with it the poem "Today" by Carlyle (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*). 10. What two ways of measuring time are shown in the picture on this page?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) How to tell time by the sun. (*b*) How an hourglass works. (*c*) Daylight saving.

Library Reading. (*a*) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "The Clock," Forman (in *Stories of Useful Inventions*); "Two Clocks from the Old Town," Riis (in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* December, 1910); "Grandfather's Clocks," Moore (in *Good Housekeeping,* March, 1911); "The Singing Clock," Cather (in *St. Nicholas,* November, 1913); "Machinery of a Watch," (in *St. Nicholas,* November, 1912); "Keeping Time," Talman (in *The Mentor,* January 1, 1917); "The World's Greatest Watch Factory," Gridley (in *Fort Dearborn Magazine,* April, 1923).

(*b*) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *The Cuckoo Clock,* Molesworth; "Some Old Clocks," Dyer (in *Country Life,* July, 1907); "The Discontented Pendulum," Taylor (in *In the Child's World,* Poulsson).

(*c*) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "The Old Clock on the Stairs," Longfellow (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); *The Old Clock Book,* Moore; *Ways of Measuring Time,* Arthur; "Time, You Old Gypsy Man," Hodgson (in *Modern British Poetry,* Untermeyer); *Time and Its Measurement,* Arthur; "King Alfred's Candle Clock," Wood (in *Curiosities of Clocks and Watches,* page 13).

A Suggested Problem. Make a list of all the ways in which you have seen time pictured. What do you see when you hear the following: "Father Time"; "The New Year"; "The old year is dying"; "The sands of time"; "Take time by the forelock"; "Time flies"; "The noiseless foot of time"; "Killing time"; "The river of time"; "Procrastination is the thief of time"? Draw a picture or cartoon showing your idea of time. The best may be chosen for a school calendar.

AN APRIL MORNING

BLISS CARMAN

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumy willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,

The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Bliss Carman (1861-), Canadian poet and journalist, was born in New Brunswick and educated at the Universities of New Brunswick, Edinburgh, and Harvard. In 1890 he became an editor of *The Independent,* New York, and in 1894 he helped to found *The Chap-Book,* the first of the little pocket magazines. The beautiful little poem "An April Morning" is characteristic of his verse, for it is very musical and shows a keen appreciation of nature.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is meant by "plumy willows"? 2. Why are the skies called "brooding skies"? 3. Which stanza do you think suggests life most strongly? Read it to the class. 4. What is the meaning of "The pines are blued and drifted"? 5. Can you add any pictures you have seen on an April morning not given by the poet? 6. The poet describes four places which he has observed on an April morning; name them. 7. What birds are mentioned in the poem? 8. What flowers are mentioned in the poem? 9. Compare this description of April with that given in "The Months—A Pageant" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*). 10. April begins the flower season; you will be interested in and may wish to form a chapter of The American Wild Flower Preservation Society. The National Secretary is Mrs. N. L. Britton, New York Botanical Gardens, Bronx Park, New York City.

Library Reading. "April, April," Watson; and "A Spring Lilt," Unknown (in *The Home Book of Verse,* B. E. Stevenson); "Daisies," Carman (in *The Child's Own Book of Verse, III*); "Days Too Short" and "The Rain," W. H. Davies (in *New Voices,* Wilkinson); "The Day Before April," Mary C. Davies (in *Second Book of Modern Verse,* Rittenhouse); "When April Rain Went By," O'Sheel, and "April Weather," Lizette Woodworth Reese (in *Melody of Earth,* Richards); "How the Blue Bird Was Chosen Herald," Stocking, and "The Boy Who Discovered the Spring," Alden (in *The Emerald Story Book,* Skinner).

THE DANDELION*

VACHEL LINDSAY

O dandelion, rich and haughty,
King of village flowers!
Each day is coronation time,
You have no humble hours.
I like to see you bring a troop
To beat the blue-grass spears,
To scorn the lawn mower that would be
Like fate's triumphant shears.
Your yellow heads are cut away,
It seems your reign is o'er.
By noon you raise a sea of stars
More golden than before.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Vachel Lindsay (1879-) was born in Springfield, Illinois. He was educated at Hiram College, in Ohio, and was for five years an art student in Chicago and New York. In 1910 he became a tramp and made long pilgrimages afoot through Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, and some of the northern states. He carried with him printed leaflets containing his poems, which he exchanged for food and lodging. He also recited his verses and preached, he said, "the gospel of beauty." He has since lectured and recited his poems before the English departments of many schools and universities. His verses have a great deal of rhythm and frequent refrains; he sometimes chants them and has the audience join in the choruses. Among his best-known poems are "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" and "The Congo."

*From *General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

In *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* Mr. Lindsay has a group of "Poem Games," which have been presented in The Little Theater, Chicago, and at the University of Chicago. Two of these are "The King of Yellow Butterflies" and "The Potato Dance"; they combine dancing and chanting with choruses, something after the manner of the old singing games, such as "The Farmer in the Dell."

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is meant by "Each day is coronation time"? 2. By what title does the poet address the dandelion? 3. Why does the poet say that the dandelion has "no humble hours"? 4. What army did the troop defeat? 5. What does the line "Like fate's triumphant shears" mean to you? 6. Can you give a reason why the dandelion should "scorn the lawn mower"? 7. The poet tells us that the dandelion never gives up; can you give an instance from your own experience to show this characteristic?

Library Reading. "The Daffodils," Wordsworth (in *The Children's Treasury,* Palgrave); "Dandelion," Garabrant (in *Poems Children Love*); "Tulips," Guiterman, "The Spring Beauties," Cone, and "May Is Building Her House," Le Gallienne (in *Melody of Earth,* Richards); "Little Dandelion," Bostwick (in *The Home Book of Verse,* B. E. Stevenson); "The Dandelions," Cone (in *The Home Book of Verse,* B. E. Stevenson, and in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*).

SONG OF SUMMER

MARY MAPES DODGE

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,
Near by, and everywhere creatures are living;
God in his bounty something is giving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,
Near by, and everywhere creatures are striving;
Labor is surely the price of their thriving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,
Near by, and everywhere, singing and humming,
Busily, joyfully, summer is coming!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Mary Mapes Dodge (1831-1905) was a native of New York. From 1873 until her death she edited *St. Nicholas* with remarkable ability and success. Indeed, she was its first editor, and she gave up a tempting literary career in order to accept the editorship, because she believed that boys and girls needed a magazine different from any that had yet been published. Her best-known work is *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates,* which went through many editions, was translated into five foreign languages, and was crowned by the French Academy. "The Song of Summer" is taken from *Rhymes and Jingles,* one of her books of verse for children. You will be interested in reading the memorial article, "Mary Mapes Dodge," that appeared in *St. Nicholas,* October, 1905, shortly after her death.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Give another word for "striving." 2. What reasons has the poet for thinking that summer is coming? 3. Compare the picture of summer in this poem with that of spring in "An April Morning." 4. Which poem do you like better? Why? 5. "God in his bounty something is giving"; what are some of the things God is giving in this season? 6. What "creatures" are striving?

Library Reading. "A Midsummer Song," Gilder (in *The Home Book of Verse,* B. E. Stevenson); "Summer Sun," Stevenson (in *A Child's Garden of Verses*).

THE FAITHLESS FLOWERS

MARGARET WIDDEMER

I went this morning down to where the Johnny-jump-ups grow
Like naughty purple faces nodding in a row.
I stayed 'most all the morning there—I sat down on a stump
And watched and watched and watched them—and they never gave a jump!

And golden glow that stands up tall and yellow by the fence,
It doesn't glow a single bit—it's only just pretense—
I ran down after tea last night to watch them in the dark—
I had to light a match to see; they didn't give a spark!

And then the bouncing Bets don't bounce—I tried them yesterday,
I picked a big pink bunch down in the meadow where they stay,
I took a piece of string I had and tied them in a ball,
And threw them down as hard as hard—they never bounced at all!

And tiger lilies may look fierce, to meet them all alone,
All tall and black and yellowy and nodding by a stone,
But they're no more like tigers than the dogwood's like a dog,
Or bulrushes are like a bull, or toadwort like a frog!

I like the flowers very much—they're pleasant as can be
For bunches on the table, and to pick and wear and see,
But still it doesn't seem quite fair—it does seem very
queer—
They don't do what they're named for—not at any time
of year!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Margaret Widdemer (Mrs. Robert Haven Schauffler) began writing in childhood. Her first published poem, "The Factories," dealt with the evil of child labor and was very widely quoted. She is now one of the foremost writers of verse in America. She shared with Carl Sandburg the Pulitzer Prize for the best book of poems published in 1919.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Which of the flowers mentioned in this poem do you know? 2. Why does the poet call the flowers "faithless"? 3. What complaint is made of each of the four kinds of flowers described? 4. What fancies make this poem humorous? 5. Bring to class a good poem containing humor which you have found in a newspaper or magazine. 6. Make a collection of humorous poems or stories for "Humor Day" in your school. 7. Make a collection of humorous cartoons for "Cartoon Day" in your school, separating them into three groups: (*a*) those that drive home truth, (*b*) those that you think are funny and clever, (*c*) those that you think are merely silly. 8. What funny column in the newspaper do you read regularly?

Library Reading. "June," Mallock, and "Roadside Flowers," Carman (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "Four-leaf Clovers," Higginson, and "Jack in the Pulpit," Smith (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "How the Flowers Came," Stocking (in *The Emerald Story Book,* Skinner).

AUTUMN FIRES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), best known as the author of *Treasure Island*, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, of distinguished Scotch ancestry. His grandfather, Robert Stevenson, was famous as the builder of Bell Rock Lighthouse, one of the greatest lighthouses in the world, and his father, Thomas Stevenson, also an engineer, was noted for his work in perfecting the revolving light used in lighthouses. Stevenson himself believed that he inherited his love of travel and adventure from these lighthouse-building ancestors of his.

His childhood is well described in his book *Memories and Portraits*. He says, "I am one of the few people in the world who do not forget their own life." It is this fact which makes

his poems of childhood in *A Child's Garden of Verse,* from which "Autumn Fires" is taken, so true to childhood experience. To get a good picture of the child Louis, as he was always called (pronounced as if spelled *Lewis),* read the poems "The Land of Story Books" and "The Little Land." The poem "The Land of Counterpane" shows that he knew long hours of illness. This illness followed him all through his life and finally forced him to leave Scotland permanently and live in the Samoan Islands. Stevenson believed, however, that he had a "great task of happiness," and so, in spite of much illness, his humor and his delightful personality won him many friends, both among those who knew him personally and among those who knew him only through his books.

In Samoa he so won the affection of the natives of the island on which he lived that they built a roadway leading to his house and called it "The Road of the Loving Heart." They always called him Tusitala, which means "the writer of tales," and when he died, they bore him on their shoulders, up the rugged side of Mount Vaea, to his place of burial on the lofty mountain top overlooking the South Seas.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Name other autumn beauties besides the bonfires. 2. The poet says "Sing a song of seasons! Something bright in all!" Make a list of the bright things in each season. 3. Which is your favorite season? Why? 4. In *The Elson Readers, Book Five,* the "Time and Seasons" group includes autumn poems by Helen Hunt Jackson and Alice Cary; what "bright things" are mentioned in these poems?

Library Reading. "Robin Redbreast," Allingham (in *The Children's Treasury,* Palgrave); "The End of Summer," Millay (in *Melody of Earth,* Richards); "A Song of Early Autumn," Gilder (in *The Home Book of Verse,* B. E. Stevenson); "October's Bright Blue Weather," Jackson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "To the Fringed Gentian," Bryant (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "The Death of the Flowers," Bryant (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*).

AUTUMN

EMILY DICKINSON

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was born in Amherst, where her father, Edward Dickinson, was treasurer of Amherst College. She spent years without leaving her father's house and many more years without leaving her father's grounds. Her companions were, she says, "hills, and the sundown, and a dog as large as myself." She loved nature as she saw it in her garden and wrote many poems on its beauties. They were not published, however, until after her death.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What "trinket" do you think Autumn put on? 2. What had caused the nuts to change color? 3. The poet gives us six signs of autumn; can you add any others? 4. We are told in this poem that "The morns are meeker than they were"; what does this mean to you? 5. How do the fields dress in autumn? 6. Who do you think observed autumn more closely, this poet or the poet who wrote "Autumn Fires"? Give reasons for your answer. 7. Which of these poems about autumn do you like better? Why?

Library Reading. "Scythe Song," Lang, and "Indian Summer," Dickinson (in *The Home Book of Verse*, B. E. Stevenson); "Autumn: A Dirge," Shelley; "How the Leaves Came Down," Coolidge (in *The Elson Readers, Book Four*); "After Care in Autumn," Sjolander (in *Library of Southern Literature*, Vol. XI).

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE

JOHN HENRY BONER

When wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray, snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farmhouse chimneys—in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log house, a great hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or brier
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close
And all the silent land is dark,
When Boreas down the chimney blows
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.
Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable wide hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or brier
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Henry Boner (1845-1903) was born in Salem, North Carolina, among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. He learned the printer's trade and became an editor. In 1869-

1870 he was chief clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives, and in 1871 he entered the civil service in Washington, D. C.

The poem "The Light'ood Fire" is taken from the volume *Boner's Lyrics*. Lightwood is a pine wood abounding in pitch. An old Southern writer says "Each splinter thereof will blaze and burn end for end like a candle."

General Questions and Topics. 1. Name all the things that you see in the picture of the winter day in the first stanza. 2. What do you see in the picture of the winter night in the second stanza? 3. What sounds do you hear? 4. Name all the things in the poem that make you feel how cold it is out-of-doors. 5. What makes it warm and cheerful indoors? 6. How was the "great log house" warmed and lighted in the early days of "old Carolina"? 7. In what line does the author speak of Southern hospitality? 8. What is meant by "old Carolina's own"? 9. Draw a picture illustrating some part of the poem.

Library Reading. "Winter Time," Stevenson (in *A Child's Garden of Verse*); "Christmas in Old Time," Scott (in *The Children's Treasury*, Palgrave); "Icicles at the South," Hayne (in *Sylvan Lyrics*); "Sparrows in the Snow" and "The Wanderers Back Home," Boner (in *Boner's Lyrics*); "Before a Fine Oak Fire," Stanton (in *Up from Georgia*).

WINTER

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are stilled, and the flies are killed,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a clergyman, and devoted a long and peaceful life to the writing of poetry. His genius was recognized by Queen Victoria when she conferred upon him the title of Lord, and also when he was chosen to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate. He retold in verse the story of King Arthur, and wrote many beautiful lyric poems, or songs. "Winter" was written at the request of a friend who wished to set the stanzas to music.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What lines of the poem speak of winter indoors? Of winter outdoors? 2. When the poet says that the frost "has bitten the heel of the going year," how do you picture "the going year"? 3. What other things does the frost "roll up away from the light" besides the "blue wood-louse and the plump dormouse"? 4. How does the frost bite "into the heart of the earth"? 5. What is the difference between the first stanza and the last? 6. Do you think that the poet likes winter? Give reasons for your answer.

Library Reading. "Old Winter," Noel; "Jack Frost," Setoun (in *The Golden Staircase,* Chisholm); "Wizard Frost," Sherman; "Woods in Winter," Longfellow; "The Frost Spirit," Whittier.

THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE*

FRANK R. STOCKTON

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) why Arla visited so many people in Rondaine who owned clocks; (*b*) what she learned from her visits; (*c*) why Arla now sleeps late in the morning.

Centuries ago there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Rondaine. The river was a long and winding stream which ran through different countries, and was sometimes narrow and swift, and sometimes broad and placid; sometimes hurrying through mountain passes, and again meandering quietly through fertile plains; in some places of a blue color and almost transparent, and in others of a dark and somber hue; and so it changed until it threw itself into a warm, far-spreading sea.

*From *The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories;* copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

But it was quite otherwise with the little town. A far back as anybody could remember, it had always bee the same that it was at the time of our story; and th people who lived there could see no reason to suppos that it would ever be different from what it was the It was a pleasant little town, its citizens were very happy and why there should be any change in it, the mos shrewd old man in all Rondaine could not have told you

If Rondaine had been famed for anything at all, i would have been for the number of its clocks. It ha many churches, some little ones in dark side streets, an some larger ones in wider avenues, besides here an there a very good-sized church fronting on a park o open square; and in the steeple of each of these churche there was a clock.

There were town buildings, very old ones, whic stood upon the great central square. Each of these ha a tower, and in each tower was a clock.

Then there were clocks at street corners, and tw clocks in the market place, and clocks over shop-doors a clock at each end of the bridge, and several large clock a little way out of town. Many of these clocks wer fashioned in some quaint and curious way. In one o the largest a stone man came out and struck the hour with a stone hammer, while a stone woman struck th half hours with a stone broom; and in another an iro donkey kicked the hours on a bell behind him.

It would be impossible to tell all the odd ways i which the clocks of Rondaine struck; but in one respec they were alike—they all did strike. The good peopl of the town would not have tolerated a clock which di not strike.

It was very interesting to lie awake in the nigh

and hear the clocks of Rondaine strike. First would come a faint striking from one of the churches in the by-streets, a modest sound, as if the clock was not sure whether it was too early or not; then from another quarter would be heard a more confident clock striking the hour clearly and distinctly.

When they were quite ready, but not a moment before, the seven bells of the large church on the square would chime the hour; after which, at a short interval of time, the other church clocks of the town would strike. After the lapse of three or four minutes, the sound of all these bells seeemd to wake up the stone man in the tower of the town building, and he struck the hour with his hammer. When this had been done, the other town-clocks felt at liberty to strike, and they did so. And when every sound had died away, so that he would be certain to be heard if there was anyone awake to hear, it would be very likely that the iron donkey would kick out the hour on his bell. But there were times when he kicked before any of the clocks began to strike.

One by one the clocks on the street corners struck, the uptown ones first, and afterwards those near the river. These were followed by the two clocks on the bridge, the one at the country end waiting until it was quite sure that the one at the town end had finished. Somewhat later would be heard the clock of Vougereau, an old country-house in the suburbs. This clock, a very large one, was on the top of a great square stone tower, and from its age it had come to be slow and deliberate; and when it began to strike, people were very apt to think that it was one o'clock, until after a short time another stroke would tell them that it was later or earlier than that, and if they really wanted to know what hour

the old clock was striking they must give themselves time enough to listen until they were entirely certain that it had finished.

The very last clock to strike in Rondaine was one belonging to a little old lady with white hair, who lived in a little white house in one of the prettiest and cleanest streets in the town. Her clock was in a little white tower at the corner of her house, and was the only strictly private clock which was in the habit of making itself publicly heard. Long after every other clock had struck and when there was every reason to believe that for some time nothing but half-hours would be heard in Rondaine, the old lady's clock would strike quickly and with a tone that said, "I know I am right, and I wish other people to know it."

In a small house which stood at a corner of two streets in the town there lived a young girl named Arla. For a year or more this young girl had been in the habit of waking up very early in the morning, sometimes long before daylight, and it had become a habit with her to lie and listen to the clocks. Her room was at the top of the house, and one of its windows opened to the west and another to the south, so that sounds entered from different quarters. Arla liked to leave these windows open so that the sounds of the clocks might come in.

Arla knew every clock by its tone, and she always made it a point to lie awake until she was sure that the last stroke of the clock at Vougereau had sounded; but it often happened that sleep overcame her before she heard the clock of the little old lady with white hair. It was so very long to wait for that!

It was not because she wanted to know the hour that Arla used to lie and listen to the clocks. She could tell

this from her own little clock in her room. This little clock, which had been given to her when she was a small girl, not only struck the hours and half-hours and quarter-hours, but there was attached to it a very pretty contrivance which also told the time. On the front of the clock, just below the dial, was a sprig of a rose-bush beautifully made of metal, and on this, just after the hour had sounded, there was a large green bud; at a quarter past the hour this bud opened a little, so that the red petals could be seen; fifteen minutes later it was a half-blown rose, and at a quarter of an hour more it was nearly full blown; just before the hour the rose opened to its fullest extent, and so remained until the clock had finished striking, when it immediately shut up into a great green bud. This clock was a great delight to Arla; for not only was it a very pleasant thing to watch the unfolding of the rose, but it was a continual satisfaction to her to think that her little clock always told her exactly what time it was, no matter what the other clocks of Rondaine might say.

Arla's father and mother were thrifty, industrious people, who were very fond of their daughter, and wished her to grow up a thoughtful, useful woman. In the very early morning, listening to the clocks of Rondaine or waiting for them, Arla did a great deal of thinking; and it so happened, on the morning of the day before Christmas, when the stars were bright and the air frosty, and every outside sound very clear and distinct, that Arla began to think of something which had never entered her mind before.

"How in the world," she said to herself, "do the people of Rondaine know when it is really Christmas? Christmas begins as soon as it is twelve o'clock on

Christmas Eve; but as some of the people depend for the time upon one clock and some upon others, a great many of them cannot truly know when Christmas Day has really begun. Even some of the church clocks make people think that Christmas has come, when in reality it is yet the day before. And not one of them strikes at the right time! As for that iron donkey, I believe he kicks whenever he feels like it. And yet there are people who go by him! I know this, for they have told me so. But the little old lady with white hair is worse off than anybody else. Christmas must always come ever so long before she knows it."

With these thoughts on her mind, Arla could not go to sleep again. She heard all the clocks strike, and lay awake until her own little clock told her that she ought to get up. During this time she had made up her mind what she should do. There was yet one day before Christmas; and if the people of the town could be made to see in what a wretched condition they were on account of the difference in their clocks, they might have time to set the matter right so that all the clocks should strike the correct hour, and everybody should know exactly when Christmas Day began. She was sure that the citizens had never given this matter proper thought; and it was quite natural that such should be the case, for it was not everyone who was in the habit of lying awake in the very early morning; and in the daytime, with all the outdoor noises, one could not hear all the clocks strike in Rondaine. Arla, therefore, thought that a great deal depended upon her, who knew exactly how this matter stood.

When she went down to breakfast she asked permission of her mother to take a day's holiday. As she was

a good girl, and never neglected her lessons or her tasks, her mother was quite willing to give her the day before Christmas in which she could do as she pleased.

The day was cool, but the sun shone brightly and the air was pleasant. In the country around about Rondaine Christmas-time was not a very cold season. Arla put on a warm jacket and a pretty blue hood, and started out gayly to attend to the business in hand.

Everybody in Rondaine knew her father and mother, and a great many of them knew her, so there was no reason why she should be afraid to go where she chose. In one hand she carried a small covered basket in which she had placed her rose clock. The works of this little clock were regulated by a balance-wheel, like those of a watch, and therefore it could be carried about without stopping it.

The first place she visited was the church at which she and her parents always attended service. It was a small building in a little square at the bottom of a hill, and to reach it one had to go down a long flight of stone steps. When she entered the dimly lighted church, Arla soon saw the sacristan, a pleasant-faced little old man whom she knew very well.

"Good-morning, sir," said she. "Do you take care of the church clock?"

The sacristan was sweeping the stone pavements of the church, just inside the door. He stopped and leaned upon his broom. "Yes, my little friend," he said, "I take care of everything here except the souls of the people."

"Well, then," said Arla, "I think you ought to know that your clock is eleven minutes too fast. I came here to tell you that, so that you might change it, and make it strike properly."

The sacristan's eyes began to twinkle. He was a ma
of merry mood. "That is very good of you, little Arl
very good indeed. And, now that we are about it, isn
there something else you would like to change? Wh
do you say to having these stone pillars put to one sid
so that they may be out of the way of the people wh
they come in? Or those great beams in the roof—th
might be turned over, and perhaps we might find th
the upper side would look fresher than this lower pa
which is somewhat time-stained, as you see? Or, f
the matter of that, what do you say to having our cloc
tower taken down and set out there in the square befo
the church door? Then short-sighted people could s
the time much better, don't you think? Now tell m
shall we do all these things together, wise litt
friend?"

A tear or two came into Arla's eyes, but she mad
no answer.

"Good-morning, sir," she said, and went away.

"I suppose," she said to herself as she ran up the stone steps, "that he thought it would be too much trouble to climb to the top of the tower to set the clock right. But that was no reason why he should make fun of me. I don't like him as much as I used to."

The next church to which Arla went was a large one, and it was some time before she could find the sacristan. At last she saw him in a side chapel at the upper end of the church, engaged in dusting some old books. He was a large man, with a red face, and he turned around quickly, with a stern expression, as she entered.

"Please, sir," said Arla, "I came to tell you that your church clock is wrong. It strikes from four to six minutes before it ought to; sometimes the one and sometimes the other. It should be changed so that it will be sure to strike at the right time."

The face of the sacristan grew redder and twitched visibly at her remark.

"Do you know what I wish?" he almost shouted in reply.

"No, sir," answered Arla.

"I wish," he said, "that you were a boy, so that I might take you by the collar and soundly cuff your ears, for coming here to insult an officer of the church in the midst of his duties! But, as you are a girl, I can only tell you to go away from here as rapidly and as quietly as you can, or I shall have to put you in the hands of the church authorities!"

Arla was truly frightened, and although she did not run—for she knew that would not be proper in a church—she walked as fast as she could into the outer air.

"What a bad man," she then said to herself, "to be

employed in a church! It surely is not known what sor of a person he is, or he would not be allowed to sta there a day!"

Arla thought she would not go to any more churche at present, for she did not know what sort of sacristan she might find in them.

"When the other clocks in the town all strike prop erly," she thought, "it is most likely they will see fo themselves that their clocks are wrong, and they wil have them changed."

She now made her way to the great square of th town, and entered the building at the top of which stoo the stone man with his hammer. She found the door keeper in a little room by the side of the entrance. Sh knew where to go, for she had been there with her mothe to ask permission to go up and see the stone man strik the hour with his hammer, and the stone woman strik the half-hour with her broom.

The doorkeeper was a grave, middle-aged man wit spectacles; and, remembering what had just happened Arla thought she would be careful how she spoke to him

"If you please, sir," she said, with a curtsy, " should like to say something to you. And I hope you wil not be offended when I tell you that your clock is no quite right. Your stone man and your stone woman ar both too slow; they sometimes strike as much as seve minutes after they ought to strike."

The grave, middle-aged man looked steadily at he through his spectacles.

"I thought," continued Arla, "that if this should b made known to you, you would have the works of th stone man and the stone woman altered so that the might strike at the right time. They can be heard s

far, you know, that it is very necessary that they should not make mistakes."

"Child," said the man, with his spectacles still steadily fixed on her, "for one hundred and fifty-seven years the open tower on this building has stood there. For one hundred and fifty-seven years the thunder and the lightning in time of storm have roared and flashed around it, and the sun in time of fair weather has shone upon it. In that century and a half and seven years men and women have lived and have died, and their children and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren, and even the children of these, have lived and died after them. Kings and queens have passed away, one after another; and all things living have grown old and died, one generation after another, many times. And yet, through all these years, that stone man and that stone woman have stood there, and in storm and in fair weather, by daylight or in the darkness of night, they have struck the hours and the half-hours. Of all things that one hundred and fifty-seven years ago were able to lift an arm to strike, they alone are left. And now you, a child of thirteen, or perhaps fourteen years, come to me and ask me to change that which has not been changed for a century and a half and seven years!"

Arla could answer nothing with those spectacles fixed upon her. They seemed to glare more and more as she looked at them. "Good-morning, sir," she said, dropping a curtsy as she moved backward toward the door. Reaching it, she turned and hurried into the street.

"If those stone people," she thought, "have not been altered in all these years, it is likely they would now be striking two or three hours out of the way! But I don't know. If they kept on going slow for more than a cen-

tury, they must have come around to the right hour some times. But they will have to strike ever and ever s much longer before they come around there again!"

Arla now walked on until she came to a street corne where a cobbler had a little shop. In the angle of th wall of the house, at the height of the second story, wa a clock. This cobbler did not like the confined air an poor light of his shop, and whenever the weather allowe he always worked outside on the sidewalk. Today, a though it was winter, the sun shone brightly on thi side of the street, and he had put his bench outside, clos to his door, and sat there, hard at work. When Arl stopped before him he looked up and said, cheerfully:

"Good-morning, Mistress Arla. Do you want ther half-soled, or heeled, or a patch put on the toes?"

"My shoes do not need mending," said Arla. "I cam to ask you if you could tell me who has charge of th clock at this corner?"

"I can easily do that," he said, "for I am the man I am paid by the year, for winding it up and keeping i in order, as much as I should get for putting the soles tops, linings, and buckles on a pair of shoes."

"Which means making them out and out," said Arla

"You are right," said he, "and the pay is not great but if it were larger, more people might want it and might lose it; and if it were less, how could I afford t do it at all? So I am satisfied."

"But you ought not to be entirely satisfied," sai Arla, "for the clock does not keep good time. I know when it is striking, for it has a very jangling sound, an it is the most irregular clock in Rondaine. Sometimes i strikes as much as twenty-five minutes after the hou and very often it does not strike at all."

The cobbler looked up at her with a smile. "I am sorry," he said, "that it has a jangling stroke, but the fashioning of clocks is not my trade, and I could not mend its sound with awl, hammer, or waxed end. But it seems to me, my good maiden, that you never mended a pair of shoes."

"No, indeed!" said Arla; "I should do that even worse than you would make clocks."

"Never having mended shoes, then," said the cobbler, "you do not know what a grievous thing it is to have twelve o'clock, or six o'clock, or any other hour, in fact, come before you are ready for it. Now, I don't mind telling you, because I know you are too good to spoil the trade of a hard-working cobbler—and shoe-maker too, whenever he gets the chance to be one—that when I have promised a customer that he shall have his shoes or his boots at a certain time of day, and that time is drawing near, and the end of the job is still somewhat distant, then do I skip up the stairway and set back the hands of the clock according to the work that has to be done. And when my customer comes I look up to the clock-face and I say to him, 'Glad to see you!' and then he will look up at the clock and will say, 'Yes, I am a little too soon'; and then, as likely as not, he will sit down on the doorstep here by me and talk entertainingly; and it may happen that he will sit there without grumbling for many minutes after the clock has pointed out the hour at which the shoes were promised.

"Sometimes, when I have been late in beginning a job, I stop the clock altogether, for you can well see for yourself that it would not do to have it strike eleven when it is truly twelve. And so, if my man be willing to sit down, and our talk be very entertaining, the clock

being above him where he cannot see it without stepping outward from the house, he may not notice that it is stopped. This once served me very well, for an old gentleman, over-testy and over-punctual, once came to me for his shoes, and looking up at the clock, which I had prepared for him, exclaimed, 'Bless me! I am much too early!' And he sat down by me for three-quarters of an hour, in which time I persuaded him that his shoes were far too much worn to be worth mending any more and that he should have a new pair, which, afterwards I made."

"I do not believe it is right for you to do that," said Arla; "but even if you think so, there is no reason why your clock should go wrong at night, when so many people can hear it because of the stillness."

"Ah, me!" said the cobbler, "I do not object to the clock being as right as you please in the night; but when my day's work is done, I am in such a hurry to go home to my supper that I often forget to put the clock right or to set it going if it is stopped. But so many things stop at night—such as the day itself—and so many things then go wrong—such as the ways of evil-minded people—that I think you truly ought to pardon my poor clock."

"Then you will not consent," said Arla, "to make it go right?"

"I will do that with all cheerfulness," answered the cobbler, pulling out a pair of waxed-ends with a great jerk, "as soon as I can make myself go right. The most important thing should always be done first; and, surely I am more important than a clock!" And he smiled with great good humor.

Arla knew that it would be of no use to stand there any longer and talk with this cobbler. Turning to go she said:

"When I bring you shoes to mend, you shall finish them by my clock, and not by yours."

"That will I, my good little Arla," said the cobbler, heartily. "They shall be finished by any clock in town, and five minutes before the hour, or no payment."

Arla now walked on until she came to the bridge over the river. It was a long, covered bridge, and by the entrance sat the bridge-keeper.

"Do you know, sir," said she, "that the clock at this end of your bridge does not keep the same time as the one at the other end? They are not so very different, but I have noticed that this one is always done striking at least two minutes before the other begins."

The bridge-keeper looked at her with one eye, which was all he had.

"You are as wrong as anybody can be," said he. "I do not say anything about the striking, because my ears are not now good enough to hear the clock at the other end when I am near this one; but I know they both keep the same time. I have often looked at this clock and have then walked to the other end of the bridge, and have found that the clock there was exactly like it."

Arla looked at the poor old man, whose legs were warmly swaddled on account of his rheumatism, and said:

"But it must take you a good while to walk to the other end of the bridge."

"Out upon you!" cried the bridge-keeper. "I am not so old as that yet! I can walk there in no time!"

Arla now crossed the bridge and went a short distance along a country road until she came to the great stone house known as Vougereau. This belonged to a rich family who seldom came there, and the place was

in charge of an elderly man who was the brother of Arla's mother. When his niece was shown into a room on the ground floor, which served for his parlor and his office, he was very glad to see her; and while Arla was having something to eat and drink after her walk, the two had a pleasant chat.

"I came this time, Uncle Anton," she said, "not only to see you, but to tell you that the great clock in your tower does not keep good time."

Uncle Anton looked at her a little surprised.

"How do you know that, my dear?" he said.

Then Arla told him how she had lain awake in the early morning, and had heard the striking of the different clocks. "If you wish to make it right," said she, "I can give you the proper time, for I have brought my own little clock with me."

She was about to take her rose-clock out of her basket when her uncle motioned to her not to do so.

"Let me tell you something," said he. "The changing of the time of day, which you speak of so lightly, is a very serious matter, which should be considered with all gravity. If you set back a clock, even as little as ten minutes, you add that much to the time that has passed. The hour which has just gone by has been made seventy minutes long. Now, no human being has the right to add anything to the past, nor to make hours longer than they were originally made. And, on the other hand, if you set a clock forward even so little as ten minutes, you take away that much from the future, and you make the coming hour only fifty minutes long. Now, no human being has a right to take anything away from the future, or to make the hours shorter than they were intended to be. I desire, my dear niece, that you will

earnestly think over what I have said, and I am sure that you will then see for yourself how unwise it would be to trifle with the length of the hours which make up our day. And now, Arla, let us talk of other things."

And so they talked of other things until Arla thought it was time to go. She saw there was something wrong in her uncle's reasoning, although she could not tell exactly what it was, and thinking about it, she slowly returned to the town. As she approached the house of the little old lady with white hair, she concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. "She will surely be willing to alter that," said Arla, "for it is so very much out of the way."

The old lady knew who Arla was, and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion.

"Never, since I was born," she said, "have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house, have always lived in it, and expect to die in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child, I hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, and the clock of my whole life, I would cut off that hand!"

Some tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened.

"I hope you will pardon me, good madam," she said, "for, truly, I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think that your clock is not a good one. I only meant that you

should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady with white hair. "Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it."

And, kissing Arla, she bade her good-by.

"Principles may last a great while without changing," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged.

"The people don't seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself, "and if they don't care, I am sure it is of no use for me to tell them about it. If even one clock could be made to go properly, it might help to make the people of Rondaine care to know exactly what time it is. Now, if that iron donkey would but kick at the right hour it would be an excellent thing, for he kicks so hard that he is heard all over the town."

Determined to make this one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town-building, at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum; it had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of a very clever man, who was learned and skillful in various ways.

When Arla had informed the superintendent of the museum why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her nor did he get angry. He always gave earnest attention to matters of this sort, and he listened attentively to all that Arla had to say.

"You must know," he said, "that our iron donkey is a very complicated piece of mechanism. Not only must he kick out the hours, but five minutes before doing so he must turn his head around and look at the bell behind him; and then, when he has done kicking, he must put his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs and levers, and these cannot be made to move with absolute regularity. When it is cold, some of his works contract; and when it is warm, they expand; and there are other reasons why he is very likely to lose or gain time. At noon, on every bright day, I set him right, being able to get the correct time from a sundial which stands in the courtyard. But his works—which I am sorry to say are not well made—are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again."

"Then, if there are several cloudy or rainy days together, he goes very wrong indeed," said Arla.

"Yes, he truly does," replied the superintendent, "and I am sorry for it. But there is no way to help it except for me to make him all over again at my own expense, and that is something I cannot afford to do. The clock belongs to the town, and I am sure the citizens will not be willing to spend the money necessary for a new donkey-clock; for, so far as I know, every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with this one."

"I suppose so," said Arla, with a sigh; "but it really is a great pity that every striking-clock in Rondaine should be wrong!"

"But how do you know they are all wrong?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Arla. "When I lie awake in the early morning, when all else is very still, I

listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose-clock to see what time it really is."

"Your rose-clock?" said the superintendent.

"This is it," said Arla, opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took it into his hands and looked at it closely, both outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the courtyard. When in a few moments he returned, he said:

"I have compared your clock with my sundial, and find that it is ten minutes slow. I also see that, like the donkey-clock, its works are not adjusted in such a way as to be unaffected by heat and cold."

"My—clock—ten—minutes—slow!" exclaimed Arla, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "that is the case to-day, and on some days it is, probably, a great deal too fast. Such a clock as this—which is a very clever and beautiful one—ought frequently to be compared with a sundial or other correct timekeeper, and set to the proper hour. I see it requires a peculiar key with which to set it. Have you brought this with you?"

"No, sir," said Arla; "I did not suppose it would be needed.

"Well, then," said the superintendent, "you can set it forward ten minutes when you reach home; and if to-morrow morning you compare the other clocks with it, I think you will find that not all of them are wrong."

Arla sat quiet for a moment, and then she said: "I think I shall not care any more to compare the clocks of Rondaine with my little rose-clock. If the people are satisfied with their own clocks, whether they are fast or slow, and do not care to know exactly when Christ-

mas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock, with a night lamp by it."

"Especially," said the superintendent, with a smile, "when you are not sure that your rose-clock is right. But if you bring here your little clock and your key on any day when the sun is shining, I will set it to the time shadowed on the sundial, or show you how to do it yourself."

"Thank you very much," said Arla, and she took her leave.

As she walked home, she lifted the lid of her basket and looked at her little rose-clock. "To think of it!" she said. "That you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And, worse than that, to think that some of the other clocks have been right and you have been wrong! But I do not feel like altering you today. If you go fast sometimes, and slow sometimes, you must be right sometimes, and one of these days, when I take you to be compared with the sundial, perhaps you will not have to be altered so much."

Arla went to bed that night quite tired with her long walks, and when she awoke it was broad daylight. "I do not know," she said to herself, "exactly when Christmas began, but I am very sure that the happy day is here."

"Do you lie awake in the morning as much as you used to?" asked Arla's mother, a few weeks after the Christmas holidays.

"No, mother, dear," said Arla; "I now sleep with one of my windows shut, and I am no longer awakened by that chilly feeling which used to come to me in the early morning, when I would draw the bed-covers close about me and think how wrong were the clocks of Rondaine."

And the little rose-clock never went to be compared with the sundial. "Perhaps you are right now," Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, "and I will not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) has been called "the Edison of Literature" because of the power of invention shown in his stories. In "The Clocks of Rondaine," for instance, his descriptions of all the different kinds of clocks show this inventiveness. Stockton was a man of delightful, friendly humor and of charming personality. His method of writing his stories is interesting; lying in a hammock or sitting in an easy chair, he dictated his stories to his secretary, never touching pen to paper himself, and seldom caring to correct, in any way, the typewritten sheets.

Stockton was born in Philadelphia and educated in the high school of that city. As a young man he worked at wood-engraving as well as literature. His first stories were written for boys. A position on the editorial staff of *Scribner's Magazine* brought him to New York and led the way to his connection with *St. Nicholas* as assistant editor. In 1884 his most popular short story, "The Lady or the Tiger," was published. This story ends with an unanswered question, and to the day of his death Stockton received scores of letters asking him to answer the question. He invariably replied that he himself did not know the answer and that if he had known, he would have given it in the story.

Stockton spent much of his life in New York City, and did most of his writing there, but his last years were spent on his beautiful estate, Claymont, near Charlestown, West Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley. This estate was once part of a large tract of land owned by George Washington, and the house was planned by Washington, though not built by him. This story is taken from *The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories.*

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. For what was the little town of Rondaine famous? 2. What do you remember from your reading about the clock of Vougereau? 3. For what reason was the clock belonging to the "little old lady with the white hair" particularly interesting to you? 4. Why did Arla lie awake and listen to the clocks? 5. Describe the rose-clock in which Arla had so much faith. 6. What very important question came to Arla's mind the day before Christmas? 7. What did she resolve to do? 8. How did the first sacristan Arla visited receive the news that his clock was eleven minutes fast? 9. Describe her encounter with the cobbler. 10. Did the "little old lady in white" change her clock when Arla told her it did not keep correct time? Why? 11. How did Arla know that all the clocks in Rondaine were wrong? 12. Why did Arla give up her idea of having all the clocks of Rondaine announce Christmas at the same time? 13. The author tells us that Arla no longer lay awake in the morning; can you give a reason? 14. Did Arla take her clock to the superintendent to have it regulated by the sundial? Why?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words, using these topics: (*a*) The different clocks of Rondaine; (*b*) The question that troubled Arla; (*c*) Arla's plan; (*d*) Her trip to the little church; (*e*) To the large church; (*f*) To the town square; (*g*) To the cobbler; (*h*) To the bridge keeper; (*i*) To Vougereau; (*j*) To the little old lady; (*k*) To the town-building; (*l*) What the superintendent told Arla; (*m*) Why Arla never set her own clock by the sundial.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why did Arla take the little rose-clock with her when she went to call upon the clock owners of Rondaine? 2. How do you account for the fact that each clock owner in Rondaine felt sure that his clock told the correct time? 3. Why did Arla feel that there was something wrong with Uncle Anton's reasoning? 4. Why did she regard it as particularly important to have the donkey kick at the correct time? 5. Which one of the clocks of Rondaine do you think kept correct time? Give reasons. 6. Why did not Arla take the key to her rose-clock with her? 7. What lessons do you think she learned from her visits to the clock owners? 8.

Find the lines that the picture on page 320 illustrates; choose other lines for illustration. 9. Look at the picture on page 313; find in the text the description of the clock that you see most plainly in the picture. What other clocks mentioned in the text do you find in this picture?

Library Reading. "Curious Clocks," Brassler (in *Travel Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*); "Great Clock of Wells," Richards (in *St. Nicholas*, October, 1903); "Strasburg Clock," Singleton (in *Wonders of the World*); "Historic Clocks," Dawber (in *The House Beautiful*, August, 1914); *The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories*, Stockton.

SUMMARY OF PART V

1. What title is given to this group of selections? 2. Quote the lines on page 275 and tell why they make an apt introduction to Part V. 3. The picture on page 276 shows The Fountain of Time, the monument by the noted sculptor Lorado Taft, in Washington Park, Chicago. Father Time is the great figure, before whom the stream of moving figures (humanity) passes in review. The thought expressed by the monument was suggested by these lines from Austin Dobson:

> Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
> Alas, Time stays; *we* go.

How does the monument express the poet's idea? 4. Which story in this group did you most enjoy reading? 5. Which gave you most information? 6. Which story or book suggested in "Library Reading" did you most enjoy? 7. Which theme topic was discussed most interestingly? 8. What is your record for speed and comprehension in silent reading? 9. What ways of measuring time do you know that are not mentioned in this group? 10. Do you like best to read miscellaneous stories or do you prefer groups such as Part V? Why?

PART VI

TALES OF FANCY

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—Foss

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SIR GALAHAD

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) what was the greatest honor that could come to a Knight of the Silver Shield; (*b*) who received this honor, and why.

There was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose away above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights who were kept there by the king of the country to help travelers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by anyone in distress. But the most wonderful thing about the knights' armor was their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded as

though by a mist, and one could not see his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now, when each young knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made; and when the shield was new its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travelers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what become of the travelers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle, and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle, and was successful, not only did his shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the center of it he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was pretty old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and

barred; the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And although he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest. This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said: "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander, and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling, and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate. The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight

on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up trying to attack the castle itself.

Today the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought someone else might have done this.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they had all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle like them. But after a little he put this out of his mind, and tried to think of pleasanter things. It was a long time before anything happened or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander had told him on going away, and he said:

"I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she would.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.

"And how do you think it is going?" asked Sir Roland.

"Badly for the knights, I am afraid," said the old woman. "The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends."

"I should like to, indeed," said Sir Roland. "But I am set to guard the gateway to the castle and cannot leave."

"One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting," said the old woman. "I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be more useful there."

"You may well think so," said Sir Roland, "and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here."

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are

one of the kind of knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry, and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show him whether he liked fighting or no. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave it to the old woman quickly, and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not very long before he heard someone calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the other end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak. "Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed today."

"Are you Sir Roland?" asked the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight—the one who will soon take his commander's place as the lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who

was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward, as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been intrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again, and said: "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and as he did so he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could

do nothing more, he went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again, and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the drawbridge again, and went out to meet them. They were dusty and bloodstained and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants; and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier homecoming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed in over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out:

"The shield! the shield! Sir Roland's shield!" Everyone turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it, and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood, shining brightly from the center of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why everyone was looking at him so excitedly, and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, sir knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened today at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield, to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

"Men make mistakes," he said, "but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all today."

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Raymond Macdonald Alden (1873-) was born in New Hartford, New York, and educated at Rollins College, Florida, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard University. Since 1914 he has been professor of English literature in Leland Stanford Junior University. He has edited a number of English classics for schools and has made important

contributions to English literary criticism. He is a contributor of short stories to various periodicals. In 1905 he won the third prize of $1000 in *Collier's* short-story contest. His mother was "Pansy," the author of the widely read Pansy books.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the armor worn by the Knights of the Silver Shield. 2. Why were their shields particularly interesting? 3. What honor did each knight hope to receive? 4. How did the knights prepare for the battle against the giants of the forest? 5. The author tells us that Sir Roland was eager for battle; can you give a reason for this? 6. Why was he disappointed when the lord chose him to stay at home and guard the gateway to the castle? 7. What order did the commander give Sir Roland? 8. Why did Sir Roland not leave the gate in care of the wounded soldier? 9. Sir Roland did not accept the wonderful magic sword when it was offered to him; what was the reason for this? 10. How did the knight protect himself against the little old man? 11. The knights were amazed when, upon their return from battle, they saw that Sir Roland had "won the star"; why had they not expected this to happen?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words, using these topics: (*a*) The silver shields and the golden star; (*b*) the coming of the enemy; (*c*) Sir Roland's great disappointment; (*d*) Sir Roland's three temptations; (*e*) The return of the knights; (*f*) Sir Roland's golden star.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why do you think Sir Roland won the star? 2. What knightly characteristics did you notice in Sir Roland's treatment of the old beggar woman? 3. Did you like the way Sir Roland reported the day's happenings to the commander? Why? 4. What qualities did Sir Roland have which won for him the great honor? 5. Read the words of the lord of the castle which show us that there was no mistake made. 6. Can you think of a case in which a boy or a girl of today might show courage as Sir Roland did?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) A story of faithfulness to duty that I know. (*b*) What I imagine would have happened if Roland had taken the sword and admitted the old man to the castle. (*c*) The meaning of "Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all today."

ST. GEORGE AND THE GIANT

J. Berg Esenwein

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) the outcome of St. George's adventure with the giant; (*b*) how the old man showed that he was grateful for the rescue of his sons.

One day St. George called six of the youngest knights about him.

"Come," he said, "let us go together and seek some knightly adventure in the great world. There is much yet to be done which only brave knights can do. But this time we will not ride forth in shining armor and with waving banners. We will go as lowly men, that we may know the people better."

The young knights eagerly agreed. They dressed themselves in coarse, dark clothes, took stout wooden staves in their hands, and set off on foot.

They walked many miles. At last, footsore and weary, they came to an open gate. Here they turned in, hoping to find rest and food. They passed through beautiful gardens up to the door of a wonderful palace. It was built of blue marble, and great pillars supported its roof. The door of the palace was wide open, and within the hall stood an old man. His white hair fell about his shoulders; his eyes were sad, though kind.

"Welcome, strangers," he said. "There is always food ready for weary travelers and a place to rest for as many as care to come."

"We thank you, good sir," said St. George. "We have traveled far and are weary indeed, but we have no money with which to pay you."

"It matters not. It is not for money that our door is open day and night. All are welcome here," said the old man.

He led the knights into a lofty dining-hall and seated them around a great table, where the best of food was set before them.

When they had eaten they were taken into a sleeping-chamber where soft beds had been made ready, and as soon as they lay resting, sweet music lulled them to sleep.

The next morning when breakfast was done, the old man took the knights through his gardens and showed them his rare flowers.

"Will you not rest with me yet another day?" he urged. "My house is empty save for guests whom it is my delight to entertain."

The old man's voice was so sad that St. George said: "Tell us, kind sir, why are you thus alone? Have you no children to make glad your heart?"

At these words tears flowed from the old man's eyes. His voice grew husky and broken as he said: "You shall hear my story. I once had seven beautiful sons. We lived together in a palace far finer than this one. In front of the palace there played a magic fountain whose water could change whatever it touched into silver and gold.

"One day a great giant came and drove me from the palace; my sons he shut within a dungeon; the rich fountain and the palace he took for his own. Since that time I have lived here alone. I welcome all strangers and give them whatever comfort and joy I may. It is my only comfort in my loneliness and grief."

When the old man had finished speaking, the young-

est knight of all sprang to his feet. "A boon, O our leader!" he cried to St. George. "Let me go forth and find this wicked giant. I shall beat him well for the shameful thing he has done and force him to give back the old man's fountain and his sons."

"It will be no easy task, for the giant is very powerful," said the old man.

St. George smiled at the young knight's eagerness.

"Go," he said. "'Tis time you tried your strength. You have never met a giant."

St. George then turned to the old man and said: "Will you give him armor and a horse? We travel without them, as you see."

Then the old man knew that it was seven brave knights who were his guests, and he hastened to do as St. George had asked. Early the next morning the young knight rode away. He was very proud and very sure that he would win the victory.

Now the giant had heard of the knights, and he feared that they might some day learn of his crime and come to punish him; so he sat before the doorway of his stolen palace, looking watchfully across the hills. From afar he saw the shining armor and nodding plumes of the young knight. Then he strode forth and came upon the young knight unawares, seized him before he struck even one blow, and threw him in the dungeon underneath the palace.

The next day another of the young knights rode out to meet the giant. He, too, was soon overcome and shut within the dungeon. And so it was until all six of the young knights had been conquered.

Then the giant laughed loud and long. "These knights are mere puny striplings," he boasted. "Why

did I ever fear them?" So he sat chuckling to himself until finally he grew drowsy and fell to nodding with sleep in the doorway.

When the sixth young knight failed to return, St. George said: "I myself will ride forth and seek this giant."

He dressed himself in glittering armor, swung a long, piercing lance from his saddle, and galloped across the hills. He soon came upon the giant nodding by the doorway.

"Stand up, you robber giant, and defend yourself!" St. George shouted.

The giant stumbled to his feet, and his sleepy eyes were dazzled as St. George drew near. At sight of the stern face of the knight he was afraid, but he plunged forward, striking hard with his great fist.

St. George threw his shining lance and pierced the giant through. Then he sprang from his horse, tore the keys from the giant's belt, and entered the palace. He unlocked the dungeon, and the light from his armor banished the darkness as he entered. He brought the young knights forth, then searched until he found the old man's seven sons and released them also. The old man was sent for; and the castle, the magic fountain, and the sons were all restored to him.

The old man fell upon his knees and thanked St. George.

The knights went on their way, seeking other adventures, and the old man and his seven sons lived happily in their palace. The door was never closed to any stranger, and the gold and silver from the magic fountain they gave to the poor and needy throughout the land.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joseph Berg Esenwein (1867-) was born in Philadelphia and educated at Albright College and Lafayette College. He has been editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* and *The Writer's Monthly*, and contributed critical articles to *Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature*. He is at present head of the literature faculty of the Home Correspondence School, and is best known for his correspondence courses in short-story writing. The story "St. George and the Giant" is taken from Dr. Esenwein's book *Children's Stories and How to Tell Them*.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. In what way was this adventure of St. George and his knights to be different from others they had undertaken? 2. How were they greeted by the old man who lived in the wonderful palace? 3. Tell the old man's story as he told it to St. George and the knights. 4. How was his story received by them? 5. How did the old man discover that these poor travelers were knights? 6. One at a time the six young knights went forth to meet the giant and did not return; what did St. George then resolve to do? 7. What was the outcome of St. George's attack upon the giant? 8. How did the old man prove to the world that he was grateful for the rescue of his sons?

General Questions and Topics. 1. You will enjoy hearing your teacher read the poem "The House by the Side of the Road" by Sam Walter Foss, from which the quotation found on page 337 is taken. 2. Which do you think was braver, St. George or the Knight of the Silver Shield? 3. What admirable characteristic has the "old man" in this story?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (*a*) Tell the story of St. George and the Dragon. (See *The Elson Readers, Book Three.*) (*b*) St. George fought a great giant; what other stories have you read in which men fought giants or monsters?

THE GIANT WHO PLAYED JACKSTRAWS

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how Pennyroyal overcame the giant; (*b*) how any giant may be overcome.

Once there was a terrible giant, and he lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass by it when they came to the king's palace on the rock at the head of the valley. And they were all terribly afraid of the giant, and ran fast when they went by. When they looked back as they were running, they could see the giant sitting on the wall of his castle, scowling at them so fiercely that they ran as fast as ever they could. For the giant had a head as large as a barrel, and great black eyes sunk deep under long, bushy eyelashes. When he opened his mouth they saw that it was full of teeth; so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

The king wanted to get rid of the giant, and he sent his men to drive him away and to tear down his castle. But the giant scowled at them so savagely that their teeth began to fall out, and they all turned back and said they dare not fight such a horrid creature. Then Roger, the king's son, rode his black horse, Hurricane, up against the door of the giant's castle, and struck hard against the door with his iron glove. The door opened, and the giant came out and seized Roger in one hand and the great black horse in the other and rubbed their heads together, and while he did this he made them very small. Then he tumbled them over the wall into the

giant's garden. They crawled through a hole in the garden fence and both ran home, Roger one way and Hurricane the other, and neither dared tell the king nor anyone else where he had been, or what the giant had done to him. But it was two or three days before they became large again.

Then the king sent out some men with a cannon to batter down the walls of the giant's castle. But the giant sat on the wall and caught the cannon balls in his hand and tossed them back at the cannon, so that they broke the wheels and scared away all the men. When the cannon sounded, the giant roared so loudly that all the windows in the king's palace were broken, and the queen and all the princesses went down into the cellar and hid among the sugar barrels, and stuffed cotton in their ears till the noise should stop. Whatever the king's men tried to do the giant made it worse and worse. At last no one dared to go out into the valley beside the giant's castle, and no one dared look at it from anywhere, because when the giant scowled, all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear, and their teeth began to fall out, and when the giant roared, there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the king and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the queen and the princesses, and they stuffed their ears full of cotton, and the giant scowled and roared and had his own way.

But there was one little boy named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse, Hurricane, and he was not afraid of anything, because he was a little boy. And the little boy said he would go out and see the giant and tell him to go away, and they were all so scared that they could not ask him not to go. So Pennyroyal put on his hat,

filled his pockets with marbles and took his kite under his arm, and went down the valley to the castle. The giant sat on the wall and scowled at him, but it did him no good, for the little boy was not afraid. Then Pennyroyal knocked at the door of the giant, who opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Giant, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal.

The giant opened the door, and the little boy began to walk around the castle, looking at all the things. There was one room filled with bones, but the giant was ashamed of it, and he did not want to let the little boy see it. So when Pennyroyal was not looking, the giant changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jackstraws. The big elephant he had there to play with he made into

a lap-elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its trunk. Everything that could frighten the little boy, the giant made small and pretty, so that they had great times together.

By and by the giant grew smaller and smaller, and took off his ugly old face with the long teeth and bushy eyebrows and dropped them on the floor and covered them with a wolfskin. Then he sat down on the wolfskin, and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play jackstraws with the box of jackstraws that had been a room full of bones. The giant had never been a boy himself, so jackstraws was the only game he knew how to play. Then the elephant he had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. As they played with each other, the castle itself grew small, and shrank away until there was just room enough for them and for their game.

When the giant stopped roaring, the king's men looked out of the palace and saw that the giant's castle was gone. Then Roger, the king's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse, Hurricane, himself and rode down the valley to where the giant's castle had been. When he came back he told the king that the giant and his castle were all gone. Where the castle stood there was nothing left but a board tent under the oak tree, and in the tent there were just two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible giant was one of that kind of giants that will do to folks just what folks do to him. There isn't any other kind of giant.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. David Starr Jordan (1851-) was born in Gainesville, New York. He has held many important educational positions, and since 1891 has been connected with Leland Stanford Junior University, of which he has been president and chancellor. Aside from his work as an educator, he is probably best known for his activities in connection with the World Peace movement. Dr. Jordan first told to his own children, Knight and Barbara, the stories in *The Book of Knight and Barbara,* from which the story "The Giant Who Played Jackstraws" is taken. Later he was asked to repeat these stories before larger groups of children, and as he did this, a listener took down the stories in shorthand and later wrote them out in full. Copies of these stories were then placed in the hands of hundreds of school children, who drew pictures illustrating the stories. You will find some of these pictures in *The Book of Knight and Barbara.*

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Can you tell why all the people *ran* when they passed the giant's castle? 2. Describe the giant. 3. The king sent his men to tear down the giant's castle; what happened to them? 4. Then some men with a cannon attacked the giant's castle; what success did they have? 5. Who was Pennyroyal? 6. Why did the people allow the little boy to go to the castle of the terrible giant? 7. How was the child received by the giant? 8. How were the giant and his castle changed by Pennyroyal's visit? 9. What did Pennyroyal do which gained the friendship of the giant?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why do you think the giant allowed Pennyroyal to enter his castle? 2. The author tells us that the giant was ashamed of his room full of bones when Pennyroyal came; how do you account for this? 3. Can you tell why Pennyroyal was not afraid of the giant? 4. How did the boy overcome the giant? 5. Why did the giant so dislike the people in the valley? 6. Which do you think was more to blame for the trouble, the people or the giant? Give reasons for your answer.

Class Reading. Select units to be read aloud in class.

GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of the characteristics common to: (*a*) St. George, (*b*) the little boy in "The Giant That Played Jackstraws," and (*c*) "The Knights of the Silver Shield." 2. In what different ways did these heroes show their courage? 3. Which one of the knights do you admire more, the Knight of the Silver Shield or St. George? 4. Do you think the little boy in the story of "The Giant Who Played Jackstraws" would make a good knight? Why? 5. Do you know anyone who you think has the characteristics of a knight?

Library Reading. (*a*) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "A New Fairy Tale," Johnston (in *The Giant Scissors*); "The Food That Belonged to All" and "The Boy Who Left Trouble Behind," Armfield (in *Wonder Tales of the World*); "The Unwelcome Gift," Burket (in *St. Nicholas*, December, 1917); "The Young Knight Galahad," Esenwein (in *Children's Stories*); "The Twelve Months" and "Batcha and the Dragon," Fillmore (in *The Shoemaker's Apron, Czecho-Slovak Folk and Fairy Tales*).

(*b*) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *The Little Lame Prince*, Muloch; *Book of Friendly Giants*, Fuller; "The Reluctant Dragon," Grahame (in *Dream Days*); "The Castle of Life" and "The Story of Coquerico," (in *Laboulaye's Fairy Book*); "The Christmas Cuckoo," Browne (in *Granny's Wonderful Chair*); *Twenty-four Unusual Stories*, Tyler; *The City That Never was Reached*, Stocking; *The Princess and the Goblin* and *At the Back of the North Wind*, MacDonald; *Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls*, Smith; *The Secret Garden*, Burnett.

(*c*) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*, Pyle; *The Story of Siegfried*, Baldwin; *A Treasury of Hero Tales*, Bryant; "The Guardians of the Door," (in *A Child's Book of Saints*, Everyman's Library).

THE FIR TREE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Reading Aims.—Find (*a*) what was the little fir tree's happiest time; (*b*) what it learned about the time to rejoice.

Out in the forest stood a pretty little fir tree. It had a good place; it could have sunlight, there was plenty of air, and all around grew many larger comrades—pines as well as firs. But the little fir tree wished to become greater. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air; it took no notice of the peasant children who went about talking together when they had come out to look for strawberries and raspberries. Often they came with a whole pot-full, or had strung berries on a straw; then they would sit down by the little fir tree and say, "How pretty and small that one is!" and the fir tree did not like to hear that at all.

Next year it had grown a great joint, and the following year it was longer still, for in fir trees one can always tell by the number of rings they have how many years they have been growing.

"Oh, if I were only as great a tree as the others!" sighed the little fir, "then I would spread my branches

far around, and look out from my crown into the wide world. The birds would then build nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I could nod just as grandly as the others yonder."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, in the birds, and in the red clouds that went sailing over it morning and evening.

When it was winter, and the snow lay all around, white and sparkling, a hare would often come jumping along, and spring right over the little fir tree. Oh! this made it so angry. But two winters went by, and when the third came the little tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run around it.

"Oh! to grow, to grow, and become old; that's the only fine thing in the world," thought the tree.

In the autumn woodcutters always came and cut down a few of the largest trees; that was done this year too, and the little fir tree, which was now quite well grown, shuddered with fear, for the great stately trees fell to the ground with a crash, and their branches were cut off, so that the trees looked quite naked, long, and slender. But then they were laid upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood. Where were they going?

In the spring, when the swallows and the stork came, the tree asked them, "Do you know where they were taken? Did you not meet them?"

The swallows knew nothing about it, but the stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said:

"Yes, I think so. I met many new ships when I flew out of Egypt; on the ships were stately masts; I fancy these were the trees. They smelled like fir. I can assure you they're stately—very stately."

"Oh, that I were only big enough to go over the sea! What kind of thing is this sea, and how does it look?"

"It would take too long to explain all that," said the stork, and he went away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the sunbeams; "rejoice in thy fresh growth, and in the young life that is within thee."

And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew wept tears upon it; but the fir tree did not understand that.

When Christmas time approached, quite young trees were cut down, sometimes trees which were neither so old nor so large as this fir tree, which never rested, but always wanted to go away. These young trees, which were always the most beautiful, kept all their branches; they were put upon wagons, and horses dragged them away out of the wood.

"Where are they all going?" asked the fir tree. "They are not greater than I—indeed, one of them was much smaller. Why do they keep all their branches? Whither are they taken?"

"We know that! We know that!" chirped the sparrow. "Yonder in the town we looked in at the windows. We know where they go. Oh! they are dressed up in the greatest pomp and splendor that can be imagined. We have looked in at the windows, and have seen that they are planted in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with the most beautiful things—gilt apples, honey-cakes, playthings, and many hundred candles."

"And then?" asked the fir tree, trembling through all its branches. "And then? What happens then?"

"Why, we have not seen anything more."

"Perhaps I may be chosen to tread this glorious path one day!" cried the fir tree, rejoicingly. "That is even

better than traveling across the sea. How painfully I long for it! If it were only Christmas now! I am great and grown up, like the rest who were led away last year. Oh, if I were only on the carriage! If I were only in the warm room, among all the pomp and splendor! And then? Yes, then something even better will come, something far more charming, or else why should they adorn me so? There must be something grander, something greater still to come; but what? Oh! I'm suffering, I'm longing! I don't know myself what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice in us," said the air and sunshine. "Rejoice in thy fresh youth here in the woodland."

But the fir tree did not rejoice at all, though it grew and grew; winter and summer it stood there, green, dark green. The people who saw it said, "That's a handsome tree!" and at Christmas time it was cut down before any one of the others. The ax cut deep into its marrow, and the tree fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt a pain, a sensation of faintness, and could not think at all of happiness, for it was sad at parting from its home, from the place where it had grown up; it knew that it should never again see the dear old companions, the little bushes and flowers all around—perhaps not even the birds. The parting was not at all agreeable.

The tree only came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard, with other trees, and heard a man say:

"This one is famous; we want only this one!"

Now two servants came in gay liveries and carried the fir tree into a large, beautiful hall. All around the walls hung pictures, and by the great stove stood large Chinese vases with lions on the covers; there were rock-

ing-chairs, silken sofas, great tables covered with picture books and toys. And the fir tree was put into a great tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung round with green cloth, and stood on a large, many-colored carpet. Oh, how the tree trembled! What was to happen now? The servants, and the young ladies also, decked it out. On one branch they hung little nets, cut out of colored paper; every net was filled with sweetmeats; golden apples and walnuts hung down, as if they grew there, and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. Dolls that looked exactly like real people swung among the foliage, and high on the summit of the tree was fixed a tinsel star. It was splendid, particularly splendid.

"This evening," said all, "this evening it will shine."

"Oh," thought the tree, "that it were evening already! Oh, that the lights may be soon lit up! When will that be done? I wonder if trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Will the sparrows fly against the panes? Shall I grow fast here, and stand adorned in summer and winter?"

Yes, he did not guess badly. But he had a complete backache from mere longing, and the backache is just as bad for a tree as the headache for a person.

At last the candles were lighted. What a brilliance, what splendor! The tree trembled so in all its branches that one of the candles set fire to a green twig, and it was scorched.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the young ladies; and they hastily put the fire out.

Now the tree might not even tremble. Oh, that was terrible! It was so afraid of setting fire to some of its

ornaments, and it was quite bewildered with all the brilliance. And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a number of children rushed in as if they would have overturned the whole tree; the older people followed more slowly. The little ones stood quite silent, but only for a minute; then they shouted till the room rang; they danced gleefully round the tree, and one present after another was plucked from it.

"What are they about?" thought the tree. "What's going to be done?"

And the candles burned down to the twigs, and as they burned down they were extinguished, and then the children received permission to plunder the tree. Oh! they rushed in upon it, so that every branch cracked again; if it had not been fastened by the top and by the golden star to the ceiling, it would have fallen down.

The children danced about with their pretty toys. No one looked at the tree except one old man, who came up and peeped among the branches, but only to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

"A story! A story!" shouted the children; and they drew a little fat man toward the tree; and he sat down just beneath it—"for then we shall be in the green wood," said he, "and the tree may have the advantage of listening to my tale. But I can only tell one. Will you hear the story of Ivede-Avede, or of Klumpy-Dumpy, who fell downstairs, and still was raised to honor and married the princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" cried some, "Klumpy-Dumpy!" cried others, and there was a great crying and shouting. Only the fir tree was quite silent, and thought, "Shall I not be in it? Shall I have nothing to do in it?" But it had

been in the evening's amusement, and had done what was required of it.

And the fat man told about Klumpy-Dumpy, who fell downstairs, and yet was raised to honor and married the princess. And the children clapped their hands, and cried, "Tell another! tell another!" for they wanted to hear about Ivede-Avede; but they only got the story of Klumpy-Dumpy. The fir tree stood quite silent and thoughtful; never had the birds in the wood told such a story as that. Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet came to honor and married the princess!

"Yes, so it happens in the world!" thought the fir tree, and believed it must be true, because such a nice man had told it. "Well, who can know? Perhaps I shall fall downstairs, too, and marry a princess!" And it looked forward with pleasure to being adorned again, the next evening, with candles and toys, gold and fruit. "Tomorrow I shall not tremble," it thought. "I will rejoice in all my splendor. Tomorrow I shall hear the story of Klumpy-Dumpy again, and perhaps that of Ivede-Avede, too."

And the tree stood all night quiet and thoughtful.

In the morning the servants and the chambermaid came in.

"Now my splendor will begin afresh," thought the tree. But they dragged it out of the room, and upstairs to the garret, and here they put it in a dark corner where no daylight shone.

"What's the meaning of this?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What is to happen?"

And it leaned against the wall, and thought, and thought. And it had time enough, for days and nights

went by, and nobody came up; and when at length someone came, it was only to put some great boxes in a corner. Now the tree stood quite hidden away, and the supposition is that it was quite forgotten.

"Now it's winter outside," thought the tree. "The earth is hard and covered with snow, and people cannot plant me; therefore I suppose I'm to be sheltered here until spring comes. How considerate that is! How good people are! If it were only not so dark here, and so terribly solitary!—not even a little hare! It was pretty out there in the wood, when the snow lay thick and the hare sprang past; yes, even when he jumped over me; but then I did not like it. It is terribly lonely up here!"

"Peep! peep!" said a little mouse, and crept forward, and then came another little one. They smelled of the fir tree, and then slipped among the branches.

"It's horribly cold," said the two little mice, "or else it would be comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old fir tree?"

"I'm not old at all," said the fir tree. "There are many much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" asked the mice. "And what do you know?" They were dreadfully inquisitive. "Tell us about the most beautiful spot on earth. Have you been there? Have you been in the storeroom, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from the ceiling, where one dances on tallow candles, and goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I don't know that," replied the tree; "but I know the wood, where the sun shines and the birds sing."

And then it told all about its youth.

And the little mice had never heard anything of the kind; and they listened and said:

"What a number of things you have seen! How happy you must have been!"

"I?" replied the fir tree; and it thought about what it had told. "Yes, those were really quite happy times." But then he told of the Christmas Eve, when he had been hung with sweetmeats and candles.

"Oh!" said the little mice, "how happy you have been, you old fir tree!"

"I'm not old at all," said the tree. "I only came out of the wood this winter. I'm only rather backward in my growth."

"What splendid stories you can tell!" said the little mice.

And next night they came with four other little mice, to hear what the tree had to relate; and the more it said, the more clearly did it remember everything, and thought, "Those were quite merry days! But they may come again. Klumpy-Dumpy fell downstairs, and yet he married the princess. Perhaps I may marry a princess, too!" And the fir tree thought of a pretty little birch tree that grew out in the forest; for the fir tree, that birch was a real princess.

"Who's Klumpy-Dumpy?" asked the little mice.

And then the fir tree told the whole story. It could remember every single word; and the little mice were ready to leap to the very top of the tree with pleasure. Next night a great many more mice came, and on Sunday two rats even appeared; but these thought the story was not pretty, and the little mice were sorry for that, for now they also did not like it so much as before.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the rats.

"Only that one," replied the tree. "I heard that on the happiest evening of my life; I did not think then how happy I was."

"That's a very miserable story. Don't you know any about bacon and tallow candles—a storeroom story?"

"No," said the tree.

"Then we'd rather not hear you," said the rats.

And they went back to their own people. The little mice at last stayed away also; and then the tree sighed and said:

"It was very nice when they sat round me, the merry little mice, and listened when I spoke to them. Now that's past too. But I shall remember to be pleased when they take me out."

But when did that happen? Why, it was one morning that people came and rummaged in the garret; the boxes were put away, and the tree brought out; they certainly threw it rather roughly on the floor, but a servant dragged it away at once to the stairs, where the daylight shone.

"Now life is beginning again!" thought the tree.

It felt the fresh air and the first sunbeams, and now it was out in the courtyard. Everything passed so quickly that the tree quite forgot to look at itself, there was so much to look at all round. The courtyard was close to a garden, and here everything was blooming; the roses hung fresh and fragrant over the little paling, the linden trees were in blossom, and the swallows cried, "Quinze-wit! quinze-wit! my husband's come!" But it was not the fir tree that they meant.

"Now I shall live!" said the tree, rejoicingly, and spread its branches far out; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow; and it lay in the corner among

nettles and weeds. The tinsel star was still upon it, and shone in the bright sunshine.

In the courtyard a group of the merry children were playing who had danced round the tree at Christmas time, and had rejoiced over it. One of the youngest ran up and tore off the golden star.

"Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree!" said the child, and he trod upon the branches till they cracked again under his boots.

And the tree looked at all the blooming flowers and the splendor of the garden, and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret; it thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve, and of the little mice which had listened so pleasantly to the story of Klumpy-Dumpy.

"Past! past!" said the old tree. "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! past!"

And the servant came and chopped the tree into little pieces; a whole bundle lay there; it blazed brightly under the great copper, and it sighed deeply, and each sigh was like a little shot; and the children who were at play there ran up and seated themselves at the fire, looked into it, and cried "Puff! puff!" But at each explosion, which was a deep sigh, the tree thought of a summer day in the woods, or of a winter night there, when the stars beamed; it thought of Christmas Eve and of Klumpy-Dumpy, the only story it had ever heard or knew how to tell; and then the tree was burned.

The boys played in the garden, and the youngest had on his breast a golden star, which the tree had worn on its happiest evening. Now that was past, and the tree's life was past, and the story is past too—past! past!—and that's the way with all stories.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 137.

Historical Note. "The Fir Tree" seems to have been one of Andersen's favorites, for whenever he was asked to read his stories, as he was very often, he chose this one. On a particular occasion he read it before the King and Queen of Denmark. "The Fir Tree" shows very clearly Andersen's interest in Christmas trees. He tells how on one Christmas Eve, when he was traveling, he was entirely alone and had no Christmas tree. This made him so sad that on the following Christmas Eve his friend Jenny Lind, the great singer, arranged a Christmas tree for him alone.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why did the little fir tree wish to become larger? 2. The fir tree was very anxious to know where the woodcutters took the trees they cut; what information did the stork give about it? 3. What good advice did the sunbeams give the little tree? 4. What did the sparrows see in town at Christmas time? 5. For what was the little fir tree now suffering and longing? 6. Describe the tree in its new home. 7. Was the Christmas Eve party as happy for the little tree as it had hoped it would be? Give reasons for your answer. 8. The little fir tree thought that the story of Klumpy-Dumpy must be true; can you give a reason for this? 9. What great disappointment awaited the little tree the morning after the party? 10. Why did the mice and rats come no more to visit the little tree? 11. What finally became of the little fir tree?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Do you think the little fir tree was happy when it was finally cut down? Describe its feelings. 2. Why was the fir tree disappointed when the children asked for a story? 3. For what reason did the mice envy the little fir tree? 4. What kind of story did the mice and rats like best? 5. Of what did the tree think when it realized it was to be burned up? 6. What became of the gold star of which the little fir tree was so proud? 7. What lesson do you get from the tree's "Had I but rejoiced when I could have done so! Past! Past!"?

Library Reading. "Mr. Maple and Mr. Pine," Brier (in *Emerald Story Book*, Skinner); "The Spirit of the Spruce." Brill (in *The Boy Who Went to the East*).

THE WINDS, THE BIRDS, AND THE TELEGRAPH WIRES

JAY THOMAS STOCKING

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) who proved to be the king's best messengers; (*b*) wherein the winds and the birds failed as messengers.

Long, long ago, a hundred times as long as anyone can remember, the great Earth King became so very busy that there were several things he could not do. So he sat down and rested his great head upon his hand, and thought and thought until he decided that he must have someone to help him. He would advertise for messengers! So he seized a great brush, as big as a church steeple, dipped it into the red and golden sunset light, and wrote in big letters high on the sky, that everyone far and near could read:

WANTED! MESSENGERS!
FLEETER THAN HORSES,
SWIFTER THAN MEN,
TO CARRY MY MESSAGES,
A MILLION TIMES TEN.

and he signed it, "The Earth King." Then he went into his rainbow house and lay down on his rainbow bed.

He had scarcely fallen asleep when there came a *rustle, rustle, rustle,* at the rainbow window, and a *rattle, rattle, rattle,* at the rainbow door. He sprang quickly from his great bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are messengers," came the reply, "come to serve the king."

Then the king opened the door. There before him stood four of the strangest creatures that he had ever seen. They were so light that they could stand on nothing; they had great wide wings; they had pale faces and gleaming eyes; and they had light garments that floated and flapped and fluttered in the breeze.

"What are your names?" asked the king.

"We are the winds," answered the mightiest of the four, "East Wind, West Wind, South Wind, North Wind," pointing to each in turn, himself last. "We have come—

Fleeter than horses, swifter than men,
To carry your messages, a million times ten."

Then the king spoke to them in deep and solemn tone: "The task is a great one, for the king's business is grave and important. My messengers must be swift and faithful. Are you able?"

Then the four winds crossed their wings on their breasts and whispered, "Try us and see, try us and see."

So the king tried them.

"Down by the sea," said the king, "far over the mountains, many hours away, there lives a fisher folk that I love. Every day the men of the village go forth in their little boats to fish, and every evening they come home with their catch. But of late thick and heavy clouds have hung about them. They have not dared to go forth lest they should not reach home again, and their families begin to be in want. Go to them today. Drive away the fog and clouds that the people may be happy again. Quick! away!"

Then the four winds lifted their swift, beautiful wings and were gone. Faster and faster they flew. Over the meadows they went and over the mountains.

Each tried to outwing the others until it became a fierce game. So blind and careless were they in their sport that they did not notice how they whirled the sand, and broke the trees, and tossed the water. Swiftly through the fishing village they tore, hurling its poor houses to the ground and *crashing, dashing, slashing, smashing,* the waves upon the frightened and suffering folk.

Not until they were weary with their furious sport did they remember the errand on which the king had sent them. They retraced their steps as quickly as they could, but alas! to their shame and grief, the village lay in ruins and the people wept for their loss.

Then the Earth King was very sad and angry. He brought the shameful winds before his court. "False and faithless winds," he said, in stern and awful voice, "you did not do my errand; you were traitors to your trust; great shall be your punishment. Nevermore shall you be my slaves. Away from my sight!"

Then the faithless winds departed from the king, and in shame and sorrow went moaning among the caves and the rocks by the seaside, and sighing among the lonely pine trees in the wilderness. Even to this day you may hear the echoes of their moans and sighs.

The Earth King was sorrowful, but not discouraged. Again he seized the great paint brush, as big as a church steeple, dipped it into the red and golden sunset light, and wrote in big letters high on the sky that everyone far and near could read:

WANTED! MESSENGERS!
FLEETER THAN HORSES,
SWIFTER THAN MEN,
TO CARRY MY MESSAGES,
A MILLION TIMES TEN.

Then he went into his rainbow house and laid himself down on his rainbow bed. He scarcely had taken forty winks when he heard a *rat-tat-tatting* on the rainbow window and a *rap-rap-rapping* on the rainbow door. Quickly he leaped from his great bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are messengers," came a gentle voice through the keyhole, "come to serve the king."

Then he opened the door, and there before him flitted and twittered a company of the most curious little people that he had ever set his eyes upon. They each had a pair of beady eyes, a little pointed nose, a set of little scratchy toes, and the softest kind of coat, fitting as snug as ever the tailor could make it.

"What are your names?" asked the king.

"We are the birds, and our names are many. We saw the king's sign in the sky and have come—

> Fleeter than horses, swifter than men.
> To carry your messages, a million times ten."

Then the king, remembering the winds, addressed them in very deep and solemn tones: "The task is a great one, for the king's business is exceedingly grave and important. My messengers must be swift and faithful, must remember my commands and keep my secrets. Are you able?"

Each bird laid his little scratchy toes on his little pointed nose and vowed that he would remember the king's commands and keep the king's secrets.

"Then," said the king, "make ready. Far to the north dwells a people that I love. For many a month they have lived amid ice and snow and the bitter frosts. Now they sigh for warmer days, and I am planning a delight-

ful surprise. I am going to carry spring to them. Go, find the warm sunshine and the soft south wind and bid them come at once to the king's court. I shall take them and the spring days to my suffering and discouraged people. Then return with all speed to the king, and remember—*do not betray my secret.*"

The bird-messengers hastened away as fast as ever their wings could carry them. They summoned the warm sunshine and the soft south wind and bade them make haste to the Earth King. They, of course, turned back as they were commanded, but before they reached home again, each one of them was seized with a strange, restless, uneasy feeling right in the middle of his feathers. It must have been the secret trying to get out. One by one they stole past the king's house under cover of the night and made their way to the north country. And when morning came, there they were, sitting on the fence posts and in the apple trees, just bursting with the happy secret of the king.

Then the robin pipped, and the bluebird blew;
The sparrow chipped, and the swallow, too;
"We know something—we won't tell—
Somebody's coming—you know well.
This is his name ('twixt you and me),
S-P-R-I-N-G."

The people were very happy when they heard what the birds said, and with much excitement began to get ready for the springtime.

Now, of course, the king knew nothing about all this, and was very happy in thinking of the surprise that he was to give the people. He took the warm sunshine and the soft south wind for companions, and made his way in

all haste to the land of ice and snow. When he arrived, with his delightful secret, as he thought, hidden in his heart, he was amazed to find an old woman sitting in her doorway knitting.

"Why are you sitting here?" he asked. "Why are you not within, warming your feet by the fire?"

"Why, don't you know?" she said. "Spring is coming!"

"Spring?" he asked, almost roughly; "how do you know?"

"Oh," said she with a smile, trying not to look at a robin that turned his back behind the picket fence, hoping that if the king saw him he might think he was an English sparrow, "a little bird told me."

The king walked up the street, looking gloomy enough, and soon came across a gardener with his rake, uncovering the crocuses and the daffodils.

"Why do you do this, my good man? Surely your flowers will freeze. You had much better be covering them up."

"Oh, no," he said, straightening his bent back, "spring is coming."

"Spring," said the king; "how do *you* know?"

"Oh," said the gardener, with a grin, and a twinkle in his left eye, as he caught sight of a bluebird peeking half scared around the limb of a nearby apple tree, "a little bird told me."

Then the disgraceful story all came out: that

> The robin pipped, and the bluebird blew;
> The sparrow chipped, and the swallow, too;
> "We know something—we won't tell—
> Somebody's coming—you know well.
> This is his name ('twixt you and me),
> S-P-R-I-N-G."

My! but wasn't the Earth King disgusted! And weren't the bird-messengers ashamed to come when he sternly called them! Each laid his little pointed nose on his little scratchy toes, and dropped his eyes and uttered never a word.

"Silly birds," he said in scornful voice. "You vowed to keep my secrets. You have broken your vow. You obeyed my commands and called the south wind and the sunshine; so I cannot be too harsh with you. But you cannot keep my secrets, so I cannot keep you as my messengers. Now and then I may use you as my servants. Adieu!"

Then the birds flew sadly away as quietly and quickly as ever they could, and set to work building their nests in holes in the trees and holes in the ground and in out-of-the-way places, making such a chattering meantime that neither they, nor anyone else, could hear themselves think.

By this time the Earth King was nearly discouraged. He did not know what in the world to do. He rested his elbow on his knee and his great head in his hand and thought and wondered. Then once again he rose and took the great brush and wrote the same big words on the sky. And for very weariness he lay down on a great bank of clouds and soon was sound asleep. As he slept, the cloud grew bigger and bigger and blacker and blacker, and the thunder came nearer and nearer, until, all at once, CRASH-CRASH—the cloud seemed torn to pieces and the king leaped to his feet half-scared to death, even if he was a king. There before him, darting this way and that way, and up and down, and crosswise, was a swarm of little red-hot creatures that hissed and buzzed and cracked like the Fourth of July.

"Who are you?" he asked in a half-fright as he rubbed his eyes, "and what do you want?"

"Messengers, messengers, messengers," whispered they all at once, "and we have come to serve the king."

"What are your names?"

"We are the Lightning Spirits; sometimes men call us electricity—

> The swiftest creatures that are known to men,
> To carry your messages, a million times ten."

The king charged them gravely and solemnly, as he had done the winds and the birds before them, that his messengers must be true and faithful and must keep his secrets. But no matter how great the task nor how heavy the oaths with which he bound them to be faithful, they were eager, all of them, to serve the king. Only he must build roadways for them. They had not wings to fly, and their feet were not accustomed to the highways of the land. They might lose their way. So the king decided to try them. He called his laborers and ordered them to erect tall poles, and from pole to pole to lay slender roadways of wire. Miles and miles of these roadways he built, over the hills and through the valleys. And when all was complete, he called the spirits to him and whispered to them his secret messages. Quick as thought they ran over the little roadways, hither and thither, and back again, doing faithfully and well the king's errands and keeping the king's secrets. They whispered never so much as a word of them. So the Earth King called a great assembly, and before them all appointed the Lightning Spirits to be his trusted messengers forever and a day.

Of course the winds were very jealous when they

heard of it, and they determined to get revenge by stealing the messages from the spirits. They dashed against the wires day after day, trying to break them and get the secrets, but all to no purpose. All they could hear was *mum-mum-mum-m-m;* and the harder they blew, the louder they heard it.

The birds had all along been sorry that they had given away the great secret, and had been hoping that the king would give them another chance. They were too gentle to do as the winds did. But they were very curious to find out what the king's messages were. So day after day they went to the wires and sat upon them and snuggled down as close to them as they could get and listened hard, putting now the right ear down and now the left—but all they could ever hear was *mum-mum-mum-m-m-m-m.*

And they seem never to have got over that habit! If you want to find out for yourself the truth of this tale, *you go* some day when the wind is blowing against the wires and the birds are sitting upon them, snuggled close, and put your ear to a telegraph pole and all *you* will hear is *mum-mum-m-m-m.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Jay T. Stocking (1870-), a clergyman and writer, was born in Lisbon, New York, and educated at Amherst, the Yale Divinity School, and the University of Berlin. From 1895 to 1898 he was master in English at Lawrenceville School, New Jersey. He is now pastor of the Christian Union Congregational Church, Upper Montclair, New Jersey. Among his publications are two delightful collections of stories for children: *The Golden Goblet,* and *The City That Never Was Reached,* from which "The Winds, the Birds, and the Telegraph Wires" is taken.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why did the Earth King need messengers? 2. How did he advertise for them? 3. Who were the first messengers that came to serve the king? 4. The king told them what characteristics the messengers of the king must have; what was their reply? 5. What task did the king give to them? 6. How were the "false and faithless winds" punished by the king? 7. Who answered the second advertisement for messengers? 8. How did these messengers take their vow to obey the king's commands and keep his secrets? 9. What did the king give them to do? 10. How did the king punish them for telling his secret? 11. Who were the next messengers who called to see the king? 12. These messengers had to have roads built for them; how did they repay the king for all this labor? 13. How did the winds try to get revenge?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Do you think the four winds were good messengers? Why? 2. Have you ever heard the "echoes of the moans and sighs" of the winds? Where? 3. Did the birds make trustworthy messengers? 4. Read aloud the lines in which the birds tell the king's secret. 5. What disappointment awaited the king in the "land of ice and snow"? 6. Which do you think were the most successful messengers for the king—the winds, the birds, or the telegraph wires? 7. The author tells us that the birds were sorry that they told the secrets of the king; how does he know this is true? 8. The Earth King discharged the bird-messengers because they told his secrets; what do you think should be done with people who gossip? With people who cannot keep a secret? 9. This story suggests many interesting pictures, such as the picture of the winds, page 373, and the old woman sitting in front of her door, page 377; point out others that you would like to illustrate.

Class Reading. Select units to be read aloud in class.

Library Reading. "The Coming of Spring to the Northland," Lagerlöf (in *Further Adventures of Nils,* pages 230-235); *The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said,* Colum; "How the Bluebird Was Chosen Herald" (good for dramatization), Stocking, and "The Boy Who Discovered the Spring," Alden (in *The Emerald Story Book,* Skinner); *The Golden Goblet,* Stocking.

THE PYGMIES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Reading Aims.—Find: (*a*) how the Pygmies drove the giant Hercules from their kingdom; (*b*) how Hercules overcame Antæus.

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earthborn Giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little people who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies, being children of the same mother—that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth—were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest of pebbles, and bordered by houses about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace stood in the center of a square which could hardly have been covered by our hearthrug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as wonderfully magnificent. All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty

much like birds' nests, out of straw, feathers, eggshells, and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of Sweet Fern's flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people, as the pines, and the oaks, and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me, when we walk in our own tracts of woodland. At harvest time they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a woodcutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache. And oh, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove, and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree which was eight feet through, for a walking-stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which

seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant Antæus presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye—which was as big as a cart wheel, and placed right in the center of his forehead—giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?" And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to everybody else he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude; and when he took it up again there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But, being the son of Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the Giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And, on their parts,

the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their windmills the Giant would set all the sails a-going with the mere respiration of his lungs. When the sun was too hot he often sat himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom from one frontier to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs —which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antæus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antæus. The Giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for generations. The most white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfathers' days, when the Giant was not their friend. Once, to be sure, Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the Giant to be careful forever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies

needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and well-wishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world. No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had ever talked with him face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another Giant, Antæus, instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air toward the Giant.

"Poor creature!" they said one to another, "he has a very dull time of it, all by himself; and we ought not

to grudge wasting a little of our time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and for that reason he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants too."

On all their holidays the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay sidewise on the earth they would march boldly up, and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke, as indeed it was meant, when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys was seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose, and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and

liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. But Antæus took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then would he roar out such a tremendous volume of laughter that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would certainly have deafened them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" quoth the Giant, shaking his mountainous sides; "what a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke's sake."

The Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the cranes, and had always been so, ever since the long-lived Giant could remember. From time to time very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men won the victory, and sometimes the cranes. According to some historians, the Pygmies used to go to the battle mounted on the backs of goats and rams; but such animals as these must have been far too big for Pygmies to ride upon; so that, I rather suppose, they rode on squirrelback, or rabbitback, or ratback, or perhaps got upon hedgehogs, whose prickly quills would be very terrible to the enemy. However this might be, and whatever creatures the Pygmies rode upon, I do not doubt that they made a formidable appearance, armed with sword and spear, and bow and arrow, blowing their tiny trumpet, and shouting their little war cry. They never

failed to fight bravely, and recollect that the world had its eyes upon them; although, in simple truth, the only spectator was the Giant Antæus, with his one great, stupid eye in the middle of his forehead.

When the two armies joined battle the cranes would rush forward, flapping their wings and stretching out their necks, and would snatch up some of the Pygmies crosswise in their beaks. Whenever this happened it was truly an awful spectacle to see those little men of might kicking and sprawling in the air, and at last disappearing down the crane's long, crooked throat, swallowed up alive. A hero, you know, must hold himself in readiness for any kind of fate; and doubtless the glory of the thing was a consolation to him. If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing, and ran with mile-long strides to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting at the cranes, who quacked and croaked, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valor, and to the warlike skill and strategy of the captain-general; and for a while afterward nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of waxwork, with likenesses of the officers, as small as life.

In the warfare, if a Pygmy chanced to pluck out a crane's tail feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather.

But I have now said enough to let you see what a gallant little people these were, and how happily they

and their forefathers, for nobody knows how many generations, had lived with the Giant Antæus. In the remaining part of the story I shall tell you of a far more astonishing battle than any that was fought between the Pygmies and the cranes.

One day the mighty Antæus was lolling at full length among his little friends. His pine-tree walking-stick lay on the ground, close by his side. His head was in one part of the kingdom, and his feet extended across the boundaries of another part; and he was taking whatever comfort he could get, while the Pygmies scrambled over him, and peeped into his mouth, and played among his hair. Sometimes, for a minute or two, the Giant dropped asleep, and snored like the rush of a whirlwind. During one of these little bits of slumber a Pygmy chanced to climb upon his shoulder, and took a view around the horizon, as from the summit of a hill; and he beheld something, a long way off, which made him rub his eyes, and look sharper than before. At first he mistook it for a mountain, and wondered how it had grown up so suddenly out of the earth. But soon he saw the mountain move. As it came nearer and nearer, what should it turn out to be but a human shape, not so big as Antæus, it is true, although a very enormous figure, in comparison with Pygmies, and a vast deal bigger than the men whom we see nowadays.

When the Pygmy was quite satisfied that his eyes had not deceived him, he scampered, as fast as his legs would carry him, to the Giant's ear, and stooping over its cavity, shouted lustily into it.

"Halloo, brother Antæus! Get up this minute, and take your pine-tree walking-stick in your hand. Here comes another Giant to have a tussle with you."

"Pooh, pooh!" grumbled Antæus, only half-awake. "None of your nonsense, my little fellow! Don't you see I'm sleepy? There is not a Giant on earth for whom I would take the trouble to get up."

But the Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that the stranger was coming directly toward the prostrate form of Antæus. With every step he looked less like a blue mountain and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so nigh that there could be no possible mistake about the matter. There he was, with the sun flaming on his golden helmet, and flashing from his polished breastplate; he had a sword by his side, and a lion's skin over his back, and on his right shoulder he carried a club, which looked bulkier and heavier than the pine-tree walking-stick of Antæus.

By this time the whole nation of Pygmies had seen the new wonder, and a million of them set up a shout, all together; so that it really made quite an audible squeak.

"Get up, Antæus! Bestir yourself, you lazy old Giant! Here comes another Giant, as strong as you are, to fight with you."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" growled the sleepy Giant. "I'll have my nap out, come who may."

Still the stranger drew nearer; and now the Pygmies could plainly discern that, if his stature were less lofty than the Giant's, yet his shoulders were even broader. And, in truth, what a pair of shoulders they must have been! As I told you a long while ago, they once upheld the sky. The Pygmies could not abide the Giant's slow movements, and were determined to have him on his feet. So they kept shouting to him, and even went so far as to prick him with their swords.

"Get up, get up, get up!" they cried. "Up with you, lazybones! The strange Giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are the broader, and we think him the stronger of the two."

Antæus could not endure to have it said that any mortal was half so mighty as himself. This remark of the Pygmies pricked him deeper than their swords; and, sitting up in rather a sulky humor, he gave a gape of several yards wide, rubbed his eye, and finally turned his stupid head in the direction whither his little friends were eagerly pointing.

No sooner did he behold the stranger than, leaping on his feet, and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him; all the while brandishing the sturdy pine tree, so that it whistled through the air.

"Who are you?" thundered the Giant. "And what do you want in my dominions?"

There was one strange thing about Antæus, of which I have not yet told you, lest, hearing of so many wonders all in a lump, you might not believe much more than half of them. You are to know, then, that whenever this Giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before. The Earth, you remember, was his mother, and was very fond of him, as being almost the biggest of her children; and so she took this method of keeping him always in full vigor. Some persons affirm that he grew ten times stronger at every touch; others say that it was only twice as strong. But only think of it! Whenever Antæus took a walk, supposing it were but ten miles, and that he stepped a hundred yards at a stride, you may try to cipher out how much mightier he was, on sitting down again, than when

he first started. And whenever he flung himself on the earth to take a little repose, even if he got up the very next instant, he would be as strong as exactly ten just such giants as his former self. It was well for the world that Antæus happened to be of a sluggish disposition, and liked ease better than exercise; for if he had frisked about like the Pygmies, and touched the earth as often as they did, he would long ago have been strong enough to pull down the sky about people's ears.

Any other man, except the very one whom Antæus had now encountered, would have been half frightened to death by the Giant's terrible voice. But the stranger did not seem at all disturbed. He carelessly lifted his club, and balanced it in his hand, measuring Antæus with his eye, from head to foot, not as if wonder-smitten at his stature, but as if he had seen a great many Giants before, and this was by no means the biggest of them. In fact, if the Giant had been no bigger than the Pygmies—who stood pricking up their ears, and looking and listening to what was going forward—the stranger could not have been less afraid of him.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antæus again. "What's your name? Why do you come hither? Speak, you vagabond, or I'll try the thickness of your skull with my walking-stick."

"You are a very discourteous Giant," answered the stranger quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach you a little civility before we part. As for my name, it is Hercules. I have come hither because this is my most convenient road to the garden of the Hesperides, whither I am going to get three of the golden apples for King Eurystheus."

"Caitiff, you shall go no farther!" bellowed Antæus,

putting on a grimmer look than before; for he had heard of the mighty Hercules, and hated him because he was said to be so strong. "Neither shall you go back whence you came!"

"How will you prevent me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By hitting you a rap with this pine tree here," shouted Antæus, scowling so that he made himself the ugliest monster in Africa. "I am fifty times stronger than you; and, now that I stamp my foot upon the ground, I am five hundred times stronger! I am ashamed to kill such a puny little dwarf as you seem to be. I will make a slave of you, and you shall likewise be the slave of my brethren here, the Pygmies. So throw down your club and your other weapons; and as for that lion's skin, I intend to have a pair of gloves made of it."

"Come and take it off my shoulders, then," answered Hercules, lifting his club.

Then, the Giant, grinning with rage, strode tower-like toward the stranger—ten times strengthened at every step—and fetched a monstrous blow at him with his pine tree, which Hercules caught upon his club; and being more skillful than Antæus, he paid him back such a rap that down tumbled the great lumbering man-mountain, flat upon the ground. The poor little Pygmies —who really never dreamed that anybody in the world was half so strong as their brother Antæus—were a good deal dismayed at this. But no sooner was the Giant down than up he bounced again, with tenfold might. He aimed another blow at Hercules, but struck awry, being blinded with wrath, and only hit his poor innocent Mother Earth, who groaned and trembled at the stroke. His pine tree went so deep into the ground,

and stuck there so fast, that before Antæus could get it out Hercules brought down his club across his shoulders with a mighty thwack, which made the giant roar as if all sorts of noises had come screeching and rumbling out of his lungs in that one cry. Away it went, over mountains and valleys, and for aught I know, was heard on the other side of the African deserts.

As for the Pygmies, their capital city was laid in ruins by the vibration of the air; and though there was uproar enough without their help, they all set up a shriek out of three millions of little throats, fancying, no doubt, that they swelled the Giant's bellow by at least ten times as much. Meanwhile, Antæus had scrambled upon his feet again, and pulled his pine tree out of the earth; and, all aflame with fury, and more outrageously strong than ever, he ran at Hercules, and brought down another blow.

"This time," shouted he, "you shall not escape me."

But once more Hercules warded off the stroke with his club, and the Giant's pine tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, most of which flew among the Pygmies, and did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antæus could get out of the way Hercules let drive again, and gave him another knockdown blow, which sent him heels over head, but served only to increase his already enormous strength. As for his rage, there is no telling what a fiery furnace it had now got to be. His one eye was nothing but a circle of red flame. Having now no weapons but his fists, he doubled them up—each bigger than a hogshead—smote one against the other, and danced up and down with frenzy, flourishing his arms about, as if he meant not merely to kill Hercules, but to smash the whole world to pieces.

"Come on!" roared this thundering Giant. "Let me hit you but one box on the ear, and you'll never have the headache again."

Now Hercules—though strong enough, as you already know, to hold the sky up—began to be sensible that he should never win the victory, if he kept on knocking Antæus down; for, by and by, if he hit him such hard blows, the Giant would by the help of his Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his antagonist with naked arms.

"Step forward!" cried he. "Since I've broken your pine tree we'll try which is the better man at a wrestling match."

"Aha! then I'll soon satisfy you," shouted the Giant; for, if there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another, it was his skill in wrestling. "Villain, I'll fling you where you can never pick yourself up again."

On came Antæus, hopping and capering with the scorching heat of his rage, and getting new vigor every time he hopped. But Hercules, you must understand, was wiser than this numskull of a Giant, and had thought of a way to fight him—huge monster that he was—and to conquer him, too, in spite of all that his Mother Earth could do for him. Watching his opportunity as the mad Giant made a rush at him, Hercules caught him round the middle with both hands, lifted him high into the air, and held him aloft overhead.

Just imagine it, my dear little friends! What a spectacle it must have been to see this monstrous fellow sprawling in the air, face downward, kicking out his

long legs and wriggling his whole vast body, like a baby when its father holds it at arm's length toward the ceiling.

But the most wonderful thing was that, as soon as Antæus was fairly off the earth, he began to lose the vigor which he had gained by touching it. Hercules very soon perceived that this troublesome enemy was growing weaker, both because he struggled and kicked with less violence, and because the thunder of his big voice subsided into a grumble. The truth was that, unless the Giant touched Mother Earth as often as once in five minutes, not only his overgrown strength, but the very breath of his life, would depart from him. Hercules had guessed this secret; and it may be well for us all to remember it, in case we should ever have to fight a battle with a fellow like Antæus. For these creatures are only difficult to conquer on their own ground, but may easily be managed if we can lift them into a loftier and purer region. So it proved with the poor Giant, whom I am really a little sorry for, notwithstanding his uncivil way of treating strangers who came to visit him.

When his strength and breath were quite gone Hercules gave his huge body a toss, and flung it about a mile off, where it fell heavily, and lay with no more motion than a sand hill. It was too late for the Giant's Mother Earth to help him now; and I should not wonder if his bones were lying on the same spot to this very day, and were mistaken for those of an uncommonly large elephant.

But, alas me! What a wailing did the poor little Pygmies set up when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible manner! If Hercules heard their shrieks, however, he took no notice, and perhaps fancied

them only the shrill twittering of small birds that had been frightened from their nests by the uproar of the battle between himself and Antæus. Indeed, his thoughts had been so much taken up with the Giant that he had never once looked at the Pygmies, nor even knew that there was such a funny little nation in the world. And now, as he had traveled a good way, and was rather weary with his exertions in the fight, he spread out his lion's skin on the ground and fell fast asleep.

As soon as the Pygmies saw Hercules preparing for a nap they nodded their little heads at one another, and winked with their little eyes. And when his deep, regular breathing gave them notice that he was asleep they assembled together in an immense crowd, spreading over a space of about twenty-seven feet square. One of their most eloquent orators climbed upon a toadstool, and from that elevated position addressed the multitude. His sentiments were pretty much as follows; or, at all events, something like this was probably the upshot of his speech:

"Tall Pygmies and mighty little men! You and all of us have seen what a public calamity has been brought to pass, and what an insult has here been offered to the majesty of our nation. Yonder lies Antæus, our great friend and brother, slain, within our territory, by one who took him at a disadvantage, and fought him—if fighting it can be called—in a way that neither man, nor Giant, nor Pygmy ever dreamed of fighting, until this hour. It behooves you, fellow-countrymen, to consider in what aspect we shall stand before the world, and what will be the verdict of history, should we suffer these outrages to go unavenged.

"Antæus was our brother. He was our faithful ally,

and fell fighting as much for our national rights as for his own personal ones. We and our forefathers have dwelt in friendship with him through generations. You remember how our little ones have played at hide and seek in the tangles of his hair, and how his mighty footsteps have gone to and fro among us, and never trodden upon any of our toes. And there lies this dear brother—this sweet friend—this brave and faithful ally—this blameless and excellent Antæus—dead! Dead! Silent! Powerless! A mere mountain of clay! Forgive my tears! Nay, I behold your own! Were we to drown the world with them, could the world blame us?

"But to resume—shall we, my countrymen, suffer this wicked stranger to depart unharmed, and triumph in his victory, among distant communities of the earth? Shall we not rather compel him to leave his bones here on our soil, by the side of our slain brother's bones, so that, while one skeleton shall remain as the everlasting monument of our sorrow, the other shall endure as long, exhibiting to the whole human race a terrible example of Pygmy vengeance? Such is the question."

The orator was here interrupted by a burst of enthusiasm, every Pygmy crying out that the national honor must be preserved at all hazards. He bowed, and making a gesture for silence, wound up his harangue in the following manner:

"It only remains for us, then, to decide whether we shall carry on the war in our national capacity—one united people against a common enemy—or whether some champion shall be selected to defy the slayer of our brother Antæus to single combat. In the latter case, though not unconscious that there may be taller men among you, I hereby offer myself for that duty. And,

believe me, dear countrymen, whether I live or die, the honor of this great country shall suffer no diminution in my hands. Never, while I can wield this sword, of which I now fling away the scabbard—never, never, never, even if the crimson hand that slew the great Antæus shall lay me prostrate, like him, on the soil which I give my life to defend."

So saying, this valiant Pygmy drew out his weapon—which was terrible to behold, being as long as the blade of a penknife—and sent the scabbard whirling over the heads of the multitude. His speech was followed by an uproar of applause, as its patriotism and self-devotion deserved; and the shouts and clapping of hands would have been greatly prolonged, had they not been rendered quite inaudible by a deep respiration, vulgarly called a snore, from the sleeping Hercules.

It was finally decided that the whole nation of Pygmies should set to work to destroy Hercules; not, be it understood, from any doubt that a single champion would be capable of putting him to the sword, but because he was a public enemy, and all were desirous of sharing in the glory of his defeat. There was a debate whether the national honor did not demand that a herald should be sent with a trumpet, to stand over the ear of Hercules, and, after blowing a blast right into it, to defy him to the combat by formal proclamation. But two or three venerable Pygmies, well versed in state affairs, gave it as their opinion that war already existed, and that it was their privilege to take the enemy by surprise. Moreover, if awakened, and allowed to get upon his feet, Hercules might happen to do them a mischief before he could be beaten down again. For, as these sage counselors remarked, the stranger's club was really very big,

and had rattled like a thunderbolt against the skull of Antæus. So the Pygmies resolved to assail their antagonist at once.

Accordingly, all the fighting men of the nation took their weapons, and went boldly up to Hercules, who still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the harm which the Pygmies meant to do him. A body of twenty thousand archers marched in front, with their little bows all ready, and the arrows on the string. The same number were ordered to clamber upon Hercules, some with spades, to dig his eyes out, and others with bundles of hay, and all manner of rubbish, with which they intended to plug up his mouth and nostrils, so that he might perish for lack of breath. These last, however, could by no means perform their appointed duty, inasmuch as the enemy's breath rushed out of his nose in a hurricane and whirlwind which blew the Pygmies away as fast as they came nigh. It was found necessary, therefore, to hit upon some other method of carrying on the war.

After holding a council, the captains ordered their troops to collect sticks, straws, dry weeds, and whatever combustible stuff they could find, and make a pile of it, heaping it high around the head of Hercules. As a great many thousand Pygmies were employed in this task, they soon brought together several bushels of inflammatory matter, and raised so tall a heap that, mounting on its summit, they were quite upon a level with the sleeper's face. The archers, meanwhile, were stationed within bow-shot, with orders to let fly at Hercules the instant that he stirred. Everything being in readiness a torch was applied to the pile, which immediately burst into flames and soon waxed hot enough to roast the enemy, had he but chosen to lie still. A Pygmy, you know,

though so very small, might set the world on fire just a
easily as a Giant could; so that this was certainly th
very best way of dealing with their foe, provided the
could have kept him quiet while the conflagration wa
going forward.

But no sooner did Hercules begin to be scorched tha
up he started, with his hair in a red blaze.

"What's all this?" he cried, bewildered with sleep
and staring about him as if he expected to see anothe
Giant.

At that moment the twenty thousand archers twange
their bowstrings, and the arrows came whizzing, like s
many winged mosquitoes, right into the face of Hercules
But I doubt whether more than half a dozen of them punc
tured the skin, which was remarkably tough, as you kno
the skin of a hero has good need to be.

"Villain!" shouted all the Pygmies at once. "Yo
have killed the Giant Antæus, our great brother, and th
ally of our nation. We declare bloody war against you
and will slay you on the spot."

Surprised at the shrill piping of so many little voices
Hercules, after putting out the conflagration of his hai
gazed all round about, but could see nothing. At last
however, looking narrowly on the ground, he espied th
Pygmies at his feet. He stooped down, and taking u
the nearest one between his thumb and finger, set hi
on the palm of his left hand, and held him at a prope
distance for examination. It chanced to be the ver
Pygmy who had spoken from the top of the toadstoo
and had offered himself as a champion to meet Hercule
in single combat.

"What in the world, my little fellow," exclaimed Her
cules, "may you be?"

"I am your enemy," answered the Pygmy, in his mightiest squeak. "You have slain the enormous Antæus, our brother, and for ages the faithful ally of our nation. We are determined to put you to death; and for my own part, I challenge you to instant battle, on equal ground."

Hercules was so tickled with the Pygmy's big words and warlike gestures that he burst into a great explosion of laughter, and almost dropped the poor little mite of a creature off the palm of his hand.

"Upon my word," cried he, "I thought I had seen wonders before today—stags with golden horns, six-legged men, three-headed dogs, giants with furnaces in their stomachs, and nobody knows what besides. But here, on the palm of my hand, stands a wonder that outdoes them all! Your body, my little friend, is about the size of a man's finger. Pray, how big may your soul be?"

"As big as your own!" said the Pygmy.

Hercules was touched with the little man's courage, and could not help acknowledging such a brotherhood with him as one hero feels for another.

"My good little people," said he, "not for all the world would I do an injury to such brave fellows as you! Your hearts seem to me so great that, upon my honor, I marvel how your small bodies can contain them. I sue for peace, and, as a condition of it, will take five strides, and be out of your kingdom at the sixth. Good-by. I shall pick my steps carefully, for fear of treading upon some fifty of you without knowing it. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho ho! For once, Hercules acknowledges himself vanquished."

Some writers say that Hercules gathered up the whole race of Pygmies in his lion's skin, and carried them home to Greece, for the children of King Eurystheus to play with. But this is a mistake. He left them, one and all,

within their own territory, where, for aught I can tell, their descendants are alive to the present day, building their little houses, cultivating their little fields, spanking their little children, waging their little warfare with the cranes, doing their little business, whatever it may be, and reading their little histories of ancient times. In those histories, perhaps, it stands recorded that, a great many centuries ago, the valiant Pygmies avenged the death of the Giant Antæus by scaring away the mighty Hercules.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), the son of a sea captain and a descendant of a long line of Puritan ancestors, was born in Salem, Massachusetts. Hawthorne was only four years old when his father died; when he was eight his mother took him and his two sisters to Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land on Sebago Lake. Here, Hawthorne says, "I ran quite wild and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and *The Pilgrim's Progress* and any poetry or light books within my reach."

When Hawthorne was seventeen he entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Longfellow. After his graduation from college he decided to be a writer, and returned to Salem, where he spent nine or ten years in the greatest seclusion, working quietly at his writing. In 1850, with the publication of *The Scarlet Letter,* he became famous.

Tanglewood Tales, from which "The Pygmies" is taken, is named from "Tanglewood," which was a long, tree-covered slope between the house and the lake at Lenox, where Hawthorne and his family lived for a time. Here he joined in the play of his three children, Una, Julian, and Rose, coasting with them in winter, as described in *The Wonder Book,* and nutting with them in the fall, for he was very active and athletic. His son Julian,

writing long after, says of these playtimes with his father, "It was all a splendid holiday; and the children cannot remember when their father was not their playmate or when they ever desired or imagined any other playmate than he." It was to these children that Hawthorne read or told the stories of *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* until they almost knew them by heart, and were continually demanding more.

Hawthorne himself considered *Tanglewood Tales* among his best work. He says that he "never did anything else so well" as these old stories. In reading "The Pygmies" it is easy to imagine this wonderful playmate of children, with his low, rich voice and his brilliant eyes, telling the delightful old story to his own children.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Compare the size of the mighty Antæus with that of the Pygmies. 2. Tell about the homes and farms of the Pygmies. 3. The author tells us that Antæus was a friend of the Pygmies; relate instances given in the story which prove this statement. 4. How did the Pygmies amuse themselves on their holidays? 5. What troublesome enemy had the Pygmies? 6. Tell about the Pygmy army. 7. What methods of warfare were used by the cranes? 8. The Pygmies marched home in triumph; how had they succeeded in conquering the enemy? 9. How did the Pygmies celebrate the victory? 10. How did the Pygmies arouse Antæus to the danger they saw approaching him? 11. What strange method did Mother Earth use to keep Antæus strong? 12. Why did Hercules regard Antæus as "a very discourteous Giant"? 13. What reason had Hercules for entering the kingdom owned by the Pygmies? 14. Describe the battle between the two giants; how was Antæus finally conquered by Hercules? 15. The Pygmies were grieved over the loss of their friend; describe their attack upon Hercules. 16. The author tells us that Hercules acknowledged himself vanquished; did he leave the Pygmies as a friend or an enemy?

General Questions and Topics. 1. This story was taken from Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales;* you will enjoy reading "The Pomegranate Seeds" and "Circe's Palace" in the same collection. 2. Two of Hawthorne's stories, "The Paradise of Children" and "The Golden Touch," are included in *The Elson*

Readers, Book Five; you will find them interesting reading. 3. In *The Elson Readers, Book Five,* page 245, the inhabitants of Lilliput are described; compare these little people with the Pygmies.

Library Reading. "The Hero of Heroes," Francillon (in *Gods and Heroes*); *Gulliver's Travels,* Swift (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); *Tanglewood Tales* and *The Wonder Book,* Hawthorne; "The Christmas Truants," Stockton (in *The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories*).

A Suggested Problem. After examining the "Backward Looks," in *The Elson Readers, Book Five,* and the Summaries of the other Parts of this book, prepare a summary for Part VI. If your class is divided into groups of four or five members each, you will enjoy the social work of helping your group to prepare the summary, the class to decide on the best summary.

GLOSSARY

ā as in *a*te
ă as in b*a*t
â as in c*a*re
á as in *a*sk
ä as in *a*rm
å as in sen*a*te
ē as in *e*ve
ĕ as in m*e*t
ẽ as in mak*e*r
é as in *e*vent
ĭ as in k*i*nd
ĭ as in pin
ō as in n*o*te
ŏ as in n*o*t
ô as in *o*r
ó as in *o*bey
ŏ as in d*o*g
ū as in *u*se
ŭ as in c*u*t
û as in t*u*rn
ū as in *u*nite
o͝o as in f*oo*d
o͝o as in f*oo*t

a-bol'ished (ă-bŏl'ĭsht), done away with
ab'so-lute (ăb'sō-lūt), perfect
a-chieve' (ă-chēv'), win; do
ac-knowl'edge (ăk-nŏl'ĕj), admit
a'cre-age (ā'kẽr-âj), acres
A.D. 1720, 1720 years after the birth of Christ
a-dapt'ed himself (ă-dăpt'ĕd), changed his ways to fit new conditions
ad-just'ed (ă-jŭst'ĕd), arranged
a-dorned' (ă-dôrnd'), decorated
af-firm' (ă-fûrm'), say positively
aft (áft), in the stern of the boat
age (āj), time
ag'o-ny (ăg'ō-nĭ), great pain
ag'ri-cul'tur-al co-öp'er-a'tion (ăg'rĭ-kŭl'tûr-ăl kō-ŏp'ẽr-ā'shŭn) farmers' working together to get better prices for crops
al-ly' (ă-lī'), friend who helps
a-loft' (ă-lôft'), up in the air
al'ter (ôl'tẽr), change
am'a-teur' hunters (ăm'ă-tûr'), those that hunt for pleasure, not for a living
am'bling (ăm'blĭng), walking easily
am'bus-cade' (ăm'bŭs-kād'), a hidden troop of the enemy
am'bush (ăm'bo͝osh), the place where the hidden enemy is waiting
A-mi'cis, Ed-mon'do de (ĕd-mŏn'dō dā ä-mē'chēs)
am'pu-ta'tion (ăm'pū-tā'shŭn), cutting off
an'ces-tors (ăn'sĕs-tẽrz), forefathers
An'dro-cles (ăn'drō-klēz)
An-tæ'us (ăn-tē'ŭs)
an-tag'o-nist (ăn-tăg'ō-nĭst), enemy
ar'bu-tus (är'bū-tŭs), a fragrant trailing flower blossoming in early spring
a-re'na (ă-rē'nă), the inclosed center of the Roman structure where combats took place
Ar'gus (är'gŭs), a character in Greek legend who had a hundred eyes
ar'ti-fi'cial (är'tĭ-fĭsh'ăl), made or adapted by man
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), appearance
as-sail' (ă-sāl'), attack
as-sault'ed (ă-sôlt'ĕd), attacked
as-sume' (ă-sūm'), put on
a-stray' (ă-strā'), out of the right way
a-sun'der (ă-sŭn'dẽr), apart
at-trib'ut-ing the victory to (ă-trĭb'ū-tĭng), thinking the victory was caused by
au'di-ble (ô'dĭ-b'l), could be heard
Au'du-bon (ô'do͝o-bŏn), a great American naturalist
a-venged' (ă-vĕnjd'), punished
awed (ôd), filled with reverent fear
a-wry' (ă-rī'), crookedly
A-zil'da (ă-zĭl'dă)

back'fire' (băk'fīr'), a fire started ahead of a forest fire to check it
bal'ance wheel (băl'ăns), a wheel to regulate motion
baled (bāld), tied in large bundles
bal'lad (băl'ăd), a simple story-telling song
Bam'bor-ough (băm'bŭr-ō), a village in Northumberland, England
bang'er board (băng'ẽr bōrd), board to build up the side of a wagon
ban'ished (băn'ĭsht), drove away
Bap'tiste' (bă'tēst')
bar-bar'ic cer'e-mo-ny (bär-băr'ĭk sĕr'ē-mō-nĭ), savage war-dance
bar'ba-rous-ly (bär'bă-rŭs-lĭ), rudely
bar'ri-cad'ed (băr'ĭ-kād'ĕd), barred

bar'ri-er (băr'ĭ-ẽr), that which bars
Ba'shan (bā'shăn), a part of Palestine famous for wild bulls
bat'ter (băt'ẽr), beat
bat'tle-ments (băt' 'l-mĕnts), fortified walls and towers
bay'o-net (bā'ō-nĕt), dagger-like weapon fastened to muzzle end of gun
bea'con (bē'k'n), light signal
bear'ing (bâr'ĭng), a part of machinery in which another part revolves
beating against the wind, sailing in a zigzag line against the wind
be-hest' (bê-hĕst'), command
be-hooves' you (bê-hōōvz'), is your duty
be-lay'ing-pin (bē-lā'ĭng-pĭn), a bar about which ropes are wound
be-lea'guered (bē-lē'gẽrd), surrounded
ben'e-fi'cial (bĕn'ê-fĭsh'ăl), good
Bes'se-mer, Sir Henry (bĕs'ê-mẽr), an English engineer
big'-cal'i-ber (bĭg'-kăl'ĭ-bẽr), of large size
Bil'lings-gate (bĭl'ĭngz-gāt), an island in Cape Cod Bay
blast furnaces (blăst), furnaces for separating iron from the ore
bla'zon (blā'z'n), paint on a shield
bleak (blēk), bare, cold, and windy
block (blŏk), a section of a railroad, into which no train can enter until all other trains have left it
bo'a con-stric'tor (bō'ă kŏn-strĭk'tẽr), a large snake of tropical America
boll (bōl), rounded pod or seed vessel
boll wee'vil (bōl wē'v'l), insect that destroys cotton bolls
Bo-lo'gna (bô-lō'nyă)
bom-bard'ment (bŏm-bärd'mĕnt), shooting
bo-nan'za king (bô-năn'zä), owner of a rich gold mine
boom (bōōm), space inclosed by floating logs chained together
boon (bōōn), favor
Bo're-as (bō'rē-ăs), the north wind
bound'a-ry (boun'dă-rĭ), limit or edge
bound'ed (bound'ĕd), bordered
boun'ty (boun'tĭ), money paid by the government for killing harmful animals; generosity
bowl'der (bōl'dẽr), large rock
bran'dish-ing (brăn'dĭsh-ĭng), shaking, flourishing
Bran'dy-wine' (brăn'dĭ-wīn'), a river in southeastern Pennsylvania
break (brāk), firebreak, or plowed space made to check a fire
brink (brĭngk), edge
brood'ing (brōōd'ĭng), quiet and protecting
build (bĭld), size of body
bull'ock cart (bōōl'ŭk kärt), cart drawn by oxen
bul'rush'es (bōōl'rŭsh'ĕz), cat-tails
buoy (boi), a floating object fastened to the bottom of the ocean, to warn ships of dangerous rocks
bur'den (bûr'd'n), what the ship holds; its size or capacity
butts (bŭts), large casks or barrels.

cai'tiff (kā'tĭf), wretch
ca-lam'i-ty (kă-lăm'ĭ-tĭ), misfortune
ca'pa-ble (kā'pă-b'l), able
ca-pac'ity (kă-păs'ĭ-tĭ), character
car'cass (kär'kăs), dead body of a beast
cas-cad'ed (kăs-kād'ĕd), slid
cat'a-ract (kăt'ă-răkt), waterfall
ca-the'dral (kă-thē'drăl), large church
cau'tious (kô'shŭs), careful
cav'al-ry (kăv'ăl-rĭ), horsemen
cav'er-nous (kăv'ẽr-nŭs), like a cave
cav'i-ty (kăv'ĭ-tĭ), hollow opening
ce-ment' (sē-mĕnt'), strong mortar
ce-ment'ed (sē-mĕn'tĕd), strengthened
ces-sa'tion (sĕ-sā'shŭn), stopping
chafed (chāft), rubbed
cha'os (kā'ŏs), confusion; disorder
chap'el (chăp'ĕl), small church
charged (chärjd), filled
Ches'ter (chĕs'tẽr), a county in southeastern Pennsylvania
Chich'es-ter (chĭch'ĕs-tẽr)
Chi'le (chē'lā), country in the southwestern part of South America
chinch bug (chĭnch), a bug that destroys grain, especially corn
chives (chīvz), a kind of onion
Chris'to-pher (krĭs'tō-fẽr), a Christian saint of gigantic stature who carried travelers across a river
chute (shōōt), a sloping, inclosed passage
ci'pher (sī'fẽr), figure
cir'cum-stance (sûr'kŭm-stăns), fact
cir'cus (sûr'kŭs), an oblong space surrounded by seats.

civ'ic good (sĭv'ĭk), the good of the town or nation
civ'ic right'eous-ness (sĭv'ĭk rī'chŭs-nĕs), the rightness or goodness of the town or nation
ci-vil'i-ty (sĭ-vĭl'ĭ-tĭ), politeness
cli'max (klī'măks), most exciting part
clink'er-built' (klĭng'kĕr-bĭlt'), having the outside planks overlapping
clue (klōō), hint
coal-light, a tower, on the top of which a coal fire burned
coal'-trim'mers (kōl'-trĭm'ĕrz), men who carry coal
cogs (kŏgz), teeth on a wheel
com-bus'ti-ble (kŏm-bŭs'tĭ-b'l), burnable
com-mer'cial (kŏ-mûr'shăl), bought and sold
com-mis'sion (kŏ-mĭsh'ŭn), task one is given to do for someone else
com-mis'sion mer'chant (kŏ-mĭsh'ŭn mûr'chănt), one who buys and sells another's goods for a profit
common trag'e-dy (trăj'ê-dĭ), sad event happening among all kinds of wild animals
com-pel' (kŏm-pĕl'), force
com'pli-cat'ed (kŏm'plĭ-kāt'ĕd), made of many different parts
com'press (kŏm'prĕs), a machine for pressing cotton into smaller space
com'rade (kŏm'răd), companion
con'fi-dent (kŏn'fĭ-dĕnt), sure
con-fid'ing-ly (kŏn-fīd'ĭng-lĭ), trustingly
con'fla-gra'tion (kŏn'flă-grā'shŭn), big fire
con-served' (kŏn-sûrvd'), saved and taken care of
con-sid'er-ate (kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ât), thoughtful
con-sign'ing (kŏn-sīn'ĭng), handing over
con'so-la'tion (kŏn'sŏ-lā'shŭn), comfort
Con'sti-tu'tion (kŏn'stĭ-tū'shŭn), the written laws of the United States
con-struc'tive (kŏn-strŭk'tĭv), helpful
con-sum'er (kŏn-sūm'ĕr), user
con-tract' (kŏn-trăkt'), grow smaller
con'vict (kŏn'vĭkt), criminal in prison
con-vic'tion (kŏn-vĭk'shŭn), belief
con-vul'sive tre'mor (kŏn-vŭl'sĭv trē'mŏr), violent or severe trembling
co-ŏp'er-at-ing (kŏ-ŏp'ĕr-āt-ĭng), working together
cop'per (kŏp'ĕr), copper kettle
cor'o-na'tion time (kŏr'ŏ-nā'shŭn), time to be crowned a king
cots (kŏts), covers for sore fingers
cot'ton gin (kŏt''n jĭn), a machine to separate the seeds from the cotton
coun'cil (koun'sĭl), a meeting for discussion
cour'te-sy (kûr'tê-sĭ), polite thoughtfulness of others
cove (kōv), small creek or bay
crane (krān), long-legged wading bird
cre-at'ed (krē-āt'ĕd), born
cru'ci-ble (krōō'sĭ-b'l), an earthen pot for melting metals
crude (krōōd), rough; imperfect
cull'ing board (kŭl'ĭng), board on which oysters are selected
culls (kŭlz), picks out
cul'ti-vat'ed (kŭl'tĭ-vāt'ĕd), farmed
cul'ti-va'tion (kŭl'tĭ-vā'shŭn), farming
cun'ner (kŭn'ĕr), small boat
cu'ri-ous (kū'rĭ-ŭs), strange; anxious to know
Cus-toz'za (kōōs-tōd'zä), a village in Italy near Verona
cy-lin'dri-cal (sĭ-lĭn'drĭ-kăl), shaped like cylinders

Dal'ton (dôl'tŭn), company for whom the rivermen worked
dam'ag-ing pests (dăm'ăj-ĭng), animals that are harmful to crops
dav'its (dăv'ĭts), curved pieces of iron on the side of a ship, upon which lifeboats are hung
de'bris' (dā'brē'), rubbish
de-fi'ant of ob'sta-cles (dê-fī'ănt; ŏb'stă-k'lz), bold to overcome difficulties
de-fy' (dê-fī'), challenge
de-grad'ed (dê-grād'ĕd), disgraced
Del'a-ware County (dĕl'ä-wâr), a county in southeastern Pennsylvania
den'i-zen (dĕn'ĭ-zĕn), inhabitant
den'si-ty (dĕn'sĭ-tĭ), thickness
dep're-da'tions (dĕp'rê-dā'shŭnz), acts of killing or robbery
dep'u-ty sher'iff (dĕp'ŭ-tĭ shĕr'ĭf), assistant sheriff
des'o-late (dĕs'ô-lāt), lonely and gloomy
de-spoiled' (dê-spoild'), robbed

des'ti-na'tion (dĕs'tĭ-nā'shŭn), end of journey
de-tour' (dē-tōōr'), roundabout way
dev'as-tate (dĕv'ăs-tāt), lay waste
dev'as-ta'tion (dĕv'ăs-tā'shŭn), death
de-void' of (dē-void'), without
de-vo'tion (dē-vō'shŭn), giving oneself unselfishly
dim'i-nu'tion (dĭm'-ĭ-nū'shŭn), growing less
Di-og'e-nes (dī-ŏj'ē-nēz), an ancient Greek said to have looked for an honest man with a lantern
dis-as'ter (dĭz-ăs'tēr), great trouble
dis-cern' (dĭ-zûrn'), see
dis'mal (dĭz'măl), gloomy, cheerless
doc'ile (dŏs'ĭl), gentle
dog'ged (dŏg'ĕd), persistent
do-mes'ti-cat'-ed (dō-mĕs'tĭ-kāt'ĕd), tame
do-min'ions (dō-mĭn'yŭnz), territory, country ruled over
doom (dōōm), punishment
dor'mouse' (dôr'mous'), a small, squirrel-like animal that sleeps through the cold weather
dough'ty (dou'tĭ), brave
drab (drăb), a dull, yellowish gray
duck'-blinds', hiding places for duck hunters
dug'out (dŭg'out), canoe or boat made by hollowing out a large log
dun'geon (dŭn'jŭn), an underground prison
dy'na-mo (dī'nā-mō), machine which produces electricity

ebb (ĕb), *noun*, low state; *verb*, fall
e-clipse' (ē-klĭps'), darkening
Ed'in-burgh (ĕd''n-bŭr-ō), a city in Scotland
ef-fec'tive (ĕ-fĕk'tĭv), good
el'e-men'tal dance (ĕl'ĕ-mĕn'tăl dăns) nature dance
el'e-ments (ĕl'ē-mĕnts), very stormy weather
el'e-vat'ed (ĕl'ē-vāt'ĕd), high
el'e-va'tion (ĕl'ē-vā'shŭn), hill
Elk'horn' (ĕlk'hôrn'), name of Roosevelt's ranch in North Dakota
el'o-quence (ĕl'ō-kwĕns), the quality of expressing deep feeling
em'blem (ĕm'blĕm), sign
e-mer'gen-cy (ē-mûr'jĕn-sĭ), great need that comes suddenly
en-coun'tered (ĕn-koun'tĕrd), met
en-dure' (ĕn-dūr'), bear with patience
en-dur'ing (ĕn-dūr'ĭng), lasting
en-thu'si-asm (ĕn-thū'zĭ-ăz'm), strong interest
e-quip'ment (ē-kwĭp'mĕnt), supplies
e-quip'ping (ē-kwĭp'ĭng), supplying
e-rupt'ed (ē-rŭpt'ĕd), threw out lava
es-cape'ment wheel (ĕs-kāp'mĕnt), wheel with toothed edge, connecting the works with the pendulum
es-sen'tial (ĕ-sĕn'shăl), necessary
Eu-rys'theus (ū-rĭs'thūs)
ex-act'ed (ĕg-zăkt'ĕd), demanded
ex-alt'ed (ĕg-zôl'tĕd), filled with joy
ex-haust' (ĕg-zôst'), escape of steam or gas
ex-haust'ed (ĕg-zôst'ĕd), tired out
ex-hib'it-ing (ĕg-zĭb'ĭt-ĭng), showing
ex-ist'ence (ĕg-zĭs'tĕns), life
ex-pand' (ĕks-pănd'), grow larger
ex'pe-di'tion (ĕks'pē-dĭsh'ŭn), journey
ex'pert (ĕks'pûrt), a person skilled in one kind of work
ex-pert' (ĕks-pûrt'), skillful
ex-ploit' (ĕks-ploit'), deed; adventure
ex-port'er (ĕks-pōr'tĕr), one who ships goods to a foreign country
ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), perfect
ex-ter'mi-nat-ed (ĕks-tûr'mĭ-nāt-ĕd), entirely destroyed
ex-tinct' (ĕks-tĭngkt'), dead
ex-tin'guished (ĕks-tĭng'gwĭsht), put out
ex-traor'di-na-ry (ĕks-trôr'dĭ-nā-rĭ), surprising; unusual
ex-trem'i-ty (ĕks-trĕm'ĭ-tĭ), the farthest point

fac'tor (făk'tĕr), agent
fam'ine (făm'ĭn), starvation
Farne Islands (fārn), islands off the coast of Northumberland, England
fate's tri-um'phant shears (trī-ŭm'fănt), in Greek story there were three Fates: one spun the thread of life, another measured it, and a third cut it off
fa-tigue' (fă-tēg'), tire
feat (fēt), brave or remarkable deed
fer'ti-liz'er (fûr'tĭ-līz'ĕr), that which makes the soil richer
fil'a-ment (fĭl'ă-mĕnt), thread
First Day, Quaker name for Sunday

flaw (flô), thin cake; crack
fleet (flēt), a number of boats; here, canoes
For'far-shire (fôr'fär-shēr)
forged (fôrjd), shaped while hot
forg'ings (fôr'jĭngz), forged iron parts
for'mal proc'la-ma'tion (fôr'măl prŏk'lȧ-mā'shŭn), public notice given in set form
for'mi-da-ble (fôr'mĭ-dȧ-b'l), dreadful
for'ti-fi-ca'tion (fôr'tĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn), fort
frail (frāl), weak
frank'ness (frănk'nĕs), honesty
fren'zy (frĕn'zĭ), rage
fresh'et (frĕsh'ĕt), flood
Fres'nel' (frā'nĕl'), a Frenchman who invented a lamp that sent out rays visible for forty miles
fron'tier (frŏn'tēr), newly settled country; border or boundary
fu'gi-tive (fū'jĭ-tĭv), runaway

gal'lant (găl'ănt), brave
gal'ley (găl'ĭ), kitchen of a ship
gape (gāp), yawn
garb (gärb), dress
gar'ri-son (găr'ĭ-s'n), fortified place
gen'er-a'tions (jĕn'ĕr-ā'shŭnz), a great many years
ges'ture (jĕs'tūr), motion
gin'ger-ly (jĭn'jĕr-lĭ), cautiously
Glouces'ter Point (glŏs'tĕr)
gnash'ing (năsh'ĭng), grinding
gorge (gôrj), a deep narrow valley
grang'er (grān'jĕr), farmer
green gills (grēn gĭlz), gills made green by the oysters' food
grue'some (grōō'sŭm), horrid

hab'i-ta'tion (hăb'ĭ-tā'shŭn), house
ham'let (hăm'lĕt), settlement
ha-rangue' (há-răng'), long speech
haugh'ti-ness (hô'tĭ-nĕs), pride
haugh'ty (hô'tĭ), proud
haw'sers (hô'zĕrz), large ropes
haz'ard (hăz'ärd), risk
haz'ard-ous (hăz'är-dŭs), dangerous
hearth'stone' (härth'stōn'), fireplace
Her'cu-les (hûr'kŭ-lēz)
her'it-age (hĕr'ĭ-tāj), wealth that comes from the past
her'o-ism (hĕr'ō-ĭz'm), courage
Hes-per'i-des (hĕs-pĕr'ĭ-dēz), the four sisters that guarded the golden apples of Juno
hi-la'ri-ous (hĭ-lā'rĭ-ŭs), jolly
hogs'head (hŏgz'hĕd), large cask
ho-ri'zon (hō-rī'zŭn), the line where earth and sky seem to meet
hor'i-zon'tal (hŏr'ĭ-zŏn'tăl), flat
hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-tȧ-b'l), friendly to strangers
hos'tile (hŏs'tĭl), unfriendly
hov'el (hŏv'ĕl), hut
How'itt, William (hou'ĭt), an English writer
hum'ble (hŭm'b'l), lowly, not proud
hum'bly (hŭm'blĭ), meekly, patiently
hu'mor (hū'mĕr), mood
hu'mor-ous (hū'mĕr-ŭs), full of kindly fun
hur'ri-cane (hŭr'ĭ-kān), windstorm
hur'tling (hûr'tlĭng), rushing violently

i-de'al (ī-dē'ăl), high standard or aim
il'lu-mi-na'tion (ĭ-lū'mĭ-nā'shŭn), lighting
im'mi-gra'tion (ĭm'ĭ-grā'shŭn), coming of people into a country to live
im'ple-ment (ĭm'plē-mĕnt), tool
in'as-much' as, because
in-au'di-ble (ĭn-ô'dĭ-b'l), impossible to be heard
in'can-des'cent (ĭn'kăn-dĕs'ĕnt), glowing with white light caused by intense heat
in-cau'tious-ly (ĭn-kô'shŭs-lĭ), carelessly
in'ef-fi'cient (ĭn'ĕ-fĭsh'ĕnt), poor
in'ex-tin'guish-a-ble (ĭn'ĕks-tĭng'-gwĭsh-ȧ-b'l), never going out
in-flam'ma-to-ry (ĭn-flăm'ȧ-tō-rĭ), burnable
in-hos'pi-ta-ble (ĭn-hŏs'pĭ-tȧ-b'l), unfriendly
in-quis'i-tive (ĭn-kwĭz'ĭ-tĭv), prying, inclined to ask questions
in-spired' (ĭn-spīrd'), filled with life and spirit
in-stalled' (ĭn-stôld'), set up
in'stinct (ĭn'stĭngkt), what the animal knows at birth, not what he learns afterwards
in-stinc'tive-ly (ĭn-stĭngk'tĭv-lĭ), without thinking
in'sti-tu'tion (ĭn'stĭ-tū'shŭn), school
in'ter-course (ĭn'tĕr-kōrs), connection with each other
in'ter-val (ĭn'tĕr-văl), a period of time; **at intervals**, now and then

in-va'ri-a-bly (ĭn-vā'rĭ-ă-blĭ), always
in-ves'ti-ga'tion (ĭn-vĕs'tĭ-gā'shŭn), hunting up the facts about anything
Isle of the Wise Virgin, a small island two miles off the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence near the mouth of the river
Isles of Shoals (īlz ; shōlz), a group of small islands in the Atlantic Ocean, ten miles southeast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire
I'vede-A'vede (ē'vā-dā-ā'vā-dā)

James City County, a county in southeastern Virginia
Ja-pan' lamp (jă-păn'), lamp made of iron varnished with japan
jas'mine (jăs'mĭn), a southern flower
jeal'ous (jĕl'ŭs), careful
Jove (jōv), the chief of the ancient Roman gods, ruler of the heavens, and of the fire Prometheus stole
ju'bi-lant (jōō'bĭ-lănt), joyful

Klon'dike (klŏn'dīk), a river in Canada, near Alaska, noted for its gold

land'ing (lănd'ĭng), pile of logs stored on the river bank till spring
lan'gour (lăng'gĕr), weariness
lapse (lăps), passing
la'va (lä'vă), melted rock
lead (lēd), advance
le'ver (lē'vĕr), bar to start machinery
li'cense (lī'sĕns), lawlessness
lint (lĭnt), cotton
live'li-hood (līv'lĭ-ho͝od), living
Liv'er-pool (lĭv'ĕr-pōōl), principal seaport in England
lobes (lōbz), rounded divisions
lo'cal (lō'kăl), home
lol'ling (lŏl'ĭng), lying lazily
loom (lo͞om), weaving machine
loom'ing (lo͞om'ĭng), appearing large
low'ly (lō'lĭ), poor
loy'al-ty (loi'ăl-tĭ), the quality of being true to one's country
lus'ty (lŭs'tĭ), loud, strong

mag-nif'i-cent (măg-nĭf'ĭ-sĕnt), grand
mag-no'li-a (măg-nō'lĭ-ă), a southern tree or shrub with large blossoms
ma-li'cious (mă-lĭsh'ŭs), mean
Mal'lo-ry (măl'ō-rĭ)
Man'ches-ter (măn'chĕs-tĕr), a city in England
Man'i-tou (măn'ĭ-to͞o)
Mar'cel' (mär'sĕl')
mar'i-ner (măr'ĭ-nĕr), sailor
mar'kets (mär'kĕts), prices
mar'row (măr'ō), center
mar'vel (mär'vĕl), wonder
mar'vel-ous (mär'vĕl-ŭs), wonderful
mas'sa-cre (măs'ă-kĕr), killing in large numbers
mas'sive ma'son-ry (más'ĭv mā'sn-rĭ) heavy stonework
me-an'der-ing (mē-ăn'dĕr-ĭng), winding
mech'a-nism (mĕk'ă-nĭz'm), machinery
med'ley (mĕd'lĭ), mixture
meek'er (mēk'ĕr), quieter; less bright
men'ac-ing (mĕn'ă-sĭng), threatening
mer'cer-ized (mûr'sĕr-īzd), treated so as to be stronger, to take dyes better, and to look like silk
mere (mēr), nothing more than
mi'grat-ing (mī'grāt-ĭng), journeying
mi-gra'tions (mī-grā'shŭnz), journeys
mill race, the swift current of water that drives a mill wheel
mi'nor (mī'nĕr), less important
moat (mōt), deep ditch filled with water, surrounding a castle
mo'men-ta-ry (mō'mĕn-tă-rĭ), quick
mo-men'tum (mō-mĕn'tŭm), moving force
Mon-sieur' (mĕ-syû'), Mr.
mon'u-ment (mŏn'ū-mĕnt), that which keeps memory alive
Mo'ros (mō'rōz), warlike tribes of the southern Philippine Islands
Mount Ve-su'vi-us (Vē-sū'vĭ-ŭs), a volcano near the Bay of Naples, Italy
mul'ti-tude (mŭl'tĭ-tūd), great number
mush (mŭsh), go
mys-te'ri-ous (mĭs-tē'rĭ-ŭs), strange; puzzling

Nat'a-line' (năt'ă-lēn')
Nau'sett (nô'sĕt), a harbor and beach on the eastern coast of Cape Cod
nau'ti-cal mile (nô'tĭ-kăl), 6,080.27 feet (U. S. Coast Survey)
niche (nĭch), corner
North-um'ber-land (nôr-thŭm'bĕr-lănd), northern part of England

not'with-stand'ing (nŏt'wĭth-stăn' dĭng), in spite of
num'skull' (nŭm'skŭl'), dunce

of'fic-es (ŏf'ĭs-ĕz), deeds done for another, services
on'slaught' (ŏn'slôt'), attack
on the totem pole of Alaskan fame, if the feats of Alaskan dogs were recorded on a totem pole, as are the family records of Alaskan Indians, Buck's name would be placed higher because of this remarkable feat. (See **totem pole.**)
o'pen-hearth' furnace (ō'pĕn-härth'), one in which iron is made into steel by being melted on the "open hearth" or basin-like bottom of a furnace, by means of a hot fire underneath
out-ra'geous-ly (out-rā'jŭs-lĭ), unnaturally, violently
out'rag-es (out'rāj-ĕz), great wrongs
o'ver-tes'ty (ō'vĕr-tĕs'tĭ), too impatient

pal'lets of the spin'dle (păl'ĕts; spĭn'd'l), projections in which the teeth of a wheel catch as it turns
pal'pi-tat'ed (păl'pĭ-tāt'ĕd), throbbed
Pam'et River (păm'ĕt), river on the western side of Cape Cod
pan'ic (păn'ĭk), fright that keeps one from thinking clearly
pa'tri-ot (pā'trĭ-ŏt), one who loves and gives service to his country
pat'ron-iz-ing (păt'rŭn-īz-ĭng), showing that one feels better or more fortunate than someone else
peal'ing (pēl'ĭng), sounding
peas'ant (pĕz'ănt), country
pea'vey (pē'vĭ), a strong wooden stick with a sharp spike on the end
Penn, William, English Quaker who founded Pennsylvania
Pen'ny-roy'al (pĕn'ĭ-roi'ăl)
per'fect-ed (pûr'fĕkt-ĕd), made perfect
per'il-ous (pĕr'ĭ-lŭs), dangerous
per'ish (pĕr'ĭsh), die
per'ma-nent (pĕr'má-nĕnt), lasting
per'son-al'i-ty (pûr'sŭn-ăl'ĭ-tĭ), character
pe-ti'tion (pê-tĭsh'ŭn), a formal asking or begging
pick'ets (pĭk'ĕts), men on guard
pic'tur-esque' (pĭk'tûr-ĕsk'), like a picture
piles (pīlz), stakes
pil'ing (pīl'ĭng), foundation of stakes
pillar of fire, etc., see *Exodus* XIII, 21-22
pi'lot boat (pī'lŭt), a boat which guides incoming ships
pi'o-neer' (pī'ō-nēr'), one who prepares the way for others
Pis-cat'a-qua River (pĭs-kăt'ă-kwă), a river in New Hampshire and Maine
piv'ot-ing (pĭv'ŭt-ĭng), turning
plun'der (plŭn'dĕr), rob
Ply'mouth Har'bor (plĭm'ŭth), a harbor on the coast of Massachusetts
point of van'tage (văn'tāj), a favorable place
pomp (pŏmp), fine display or show
Pom-pe'ii (pŏm-pā'yē), an ancient city of Italy, buried under ashes by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D.
Ports'mouth (pōrts'mŭth), a seaport in New Hampshire
pow'ered (pou'ĕrd), supplied with a gasoline engine
pre-cau'tion (prê-kô'shŭn), that which is done beforehand to prevent trouble
pre-mĕd'i-tat'ed (prê-mĕd'ĭ-tāt'ĕd), planned beforehand
pre-serve' (prê-zûrv'), save
pre-tense' (prê-tĕns'), pretending
prim'i-tive (prĭm'ĭ-tĭv), untaught
prin'ci-ples (prĭn'sĭ-p'lz), beliefs about what is right and wrong
prisms (prĭz'mz), solid pieces of glass cut so as to direct rays of light
priv'i-lege (prĭv'ĭ-lĕj), a special right
prod'ding (prŏd'ĭng), poking
pro-duc'er (prô-dūs'ĕr), grower of farm products
pro-found' is'o-la'tion (prô-found' ĭ'sô-lā'shŭn), deep loneliness
prog'ress (prŏg'rĕs), advance
pro-hib'it-ing (prô-hĭb'ĭt-ĭng), forbidding
Pro-me'theus (prô-mē'thūs), a legendary Greek giant who stole fire from Heaven to give to man. This angered Jove, who chained him to a rock
pro-pel-ler (prô-pĕl'ĕr), the paddle or screw used for moving ships

pro-pel'ler shaft (prō-pĕl'ẽr shâft), a revolving bar that carries force from the engine to the propeller
pros'trate (prŏs'trāt), lying down
Prov'ince-town Harbor (prŏv'ĭns-toun), a harbor on Cape Cod
ptar'mi-gan (tär'mĭ-găn), the northern grouse, a game bird
Pu'get Sound (pū'jĕt), an inland sea, in the state of Washington
pu'ny (pū'nĭ), weak
pup'pet (pŭp'ĕt), doll
Pyg'mies (pĭg'mĭz), very small people

quaint (kwānt), old-fashioned; curious
Quak'ers (kwāk'ẽrz), members of The Society of Friends, which holds all war to be wrong
quar'ter (kwôr'tẽr), mercy
quench'less (kwĕnch'lĕs), never going out
quest (kwĕst), adventure
quill pig, porcupine
quinze-wit' (kwĭnz-wĭt'), a bird note

ra'bi-es (rā'bĭ-ēz), madness
ra'di-ant (rā'dĭ-ănt), bright, glowing
rak'ish (răk'ĭsh), smart, fast-sailing
ram'part (răm'pärt), wall of defense
rav'en-ous (răv''n-ŭs), greedy with hunger
ra'zor-back' (rā'zẽr-băk'), a thin, half-wild hog
rear (rēr), raise
re-cep'ta-cle (rē-sĕp'tá-k'l), dish
re-coil' (rē-koil'), backward movement of a gun when discharged
redcoats, British soldiers
re-fin'ing (rē-fīn'ĭng), taking out the impurities
ref'use (rĕf'ūs), rubbish
reg'u-lar'i-ty (rĕg'û-lăr'ĭ-tĭ), evenness
reg'u-lat-ed (rĕg'û-lāt-ĕd), made to run evenly
reg'u-la'tion (rĕg'û-lā'shŭn), rule
re-lax' (rē-lăks'), slacken, slow down
re-lays' (rē-lāz'), fresh groups which wait to take up the chase when others are tired
ren'dered (rĕn'dẽrd), made
ren'dez-vous (rän'dĕ-vōō), a meeting
rep'e-ti'tion (rĕp'ê-tĭsh'ŭn), repeating
re-sourc'es (rē-sōrs'ĕz), wealth, such as forests, mines, etc.
res'pi-ra'tion (rĕs'pĭ-rā'shŭn), breathing
re-spon'si-bil'i-ty (rē-spŏn'sĭ-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), having the good of some person or thing depend upon one; a duty
re-sume' (rē-zūm'), go on
rev'er-ie (rĕv'ẽr-ĭ), quiet thought
re-view' (rē-vū'), soldiers on parade
rev'o-lu'tion (rĕv'ô-lū'shŭn), turn
Rev'o-lu'tion-a-ry War (rĕv'ô-lū'shŭn-ā-rĭ), war in which the United States won independence (1775–1783)
re-volv'ing (rē-vŏl'vĭng), turning
rig'id (rĭj'ĭd), firm
roil'ing (roil'ĭng), stirring up
Ro'land (rō'lănd)
Ron-daine' (rŏn-dān')
ro'tate (rō'tāt), change crops for the good of the soil
rum'maged (rŭm'âjd), searched
running gear in the waist (gēr; wāst), the working parts in the middle of the ship
rust (rŭst), a disease of wheat
ruth'less (rōōth'lĕs), heartless

sac'ri-fice (săk'rĭ-fīs), a sacred offering; a giving up
sac'ri-ficed (săk'rĭ-fīzd), given up
sac'ris-tan (săk'rĭs-tăn), caretaker
sage (sāj), wise
St. Abb's Head, a cape in Scotland, north of the Farne Islands
St. Cuth'bert's Chapel (kŭth'bẽrts), a small church named after a noted English monk who died on Farne
St. George, patron saint of England
sam'pler (săm'plẽr), embroidery on which girls showed their skill
sanc'tioned (sănk'shŭnd), allowed
sane (sān), reasonable
San Jo-se' scale (săn hô-sā' skāl), an insect that destroys fruit trees; first introduced into the United States at San Jose, California
sap'ling (săp'lĭng), small tree
sash'es (săsh'ĕz), frames
scab'bard (skăb'ârd), a sword case
scav'en-gers (skăv'ĕn-jẽrz), animals that eat filth
schoon'er (skōōn'ẽr), sailboat with two masts
scourg'es (skûrj'ĕz), whips or lashes
scud (skŭd), thin clouds
sedge (sĕj), marsh grass
sem'i-cir'cle (sĕm'ĭ-sûr'k'l), half circle
sen-sa'tion (sĕn-sā'shŭn), feeling

sen'ti-ment (sĕn'tĭ-mĕnt), feeling
sen'ti-ments (sĕn'tĭ-mĕnts), opinions
sen'ti-nel (sĕn'tĭ-nĕl), a guard
sen'tries (sĕn'trĭz), soldiers on guard
sere (sēr), dry and withered
se-rene' (sē-rēn'), calm
ser'vice (sûr'vĭs), serving or working for others
Sew'all (sū'ăl), a friend of Roosevelt's
sham'rock (shăm'rŏk), a kind of clover
sheet iron, iron less than ¼ inch thick
Sher'wood (shûr'wo͝od), name of a lumber camp
shield (shēld), a surface with an emblem, or sign, painted on it
sig-nif'i-cance (sĭg-nĭf'ĭ-kăns), meaning
sin'ew-thread' (sĭn'ū-thrĕd'), thread made of animal tendons
sin'gling out (sĭng'glĭng), choosing
skip'jack (skĭp'jăk), a shallow sailboat
slack'ened (slăk''nd), grew less
slo'gan (slō'găn), a rallying cry or motto
sloop (slo͞op), sailboat with one mast
slug'gish (slŭg'ĭsh), slow, lazy
sluice (slo͞os), flood-gate; the stream of water flowing through the flood-gate
smites (smīts), hits
smoke'house' (smōk'hous'), a building in which meat is preserved by smoking it
snake fence, a zigzag fence of rails
soared a-loft' (sōrd ă-lôft'), floated high in the air
sol'i-ta-ry (sŏl'ĭ-tā-rĭ), lonely
som'ber (sŏm'bĕr), gloomy
span (spăn), short time
span the ocean, reach across the ocean
sparse'ly (spärs'lĭ), thinly
spats (spăts), young oysters before they fasten themselves to anything
spawns (spônz), produces spawn, or eggs of fish
spec'ta-cle (spĕk'tă-k'l), sight
spend'thrift' (spĕnd'thrĭft'), one who spends very freely
sprite (sprīt), tiny spirit
stat'ure (stăt'ûr), height of body
stave (stāv), shove
staves (stāvz), staffs, or clubs
stead'fast (stĕd'făst), faithful
stealth'y Star-Is'land-er (stĕl'thĭ stär-ĭ'lănd-ĕr), a dweller on Star Island, who hid while hunting
steer'age (stēr'ăj), the part of the ship on a lower deck in the bows
stew'ard (stū'ĕrd), servant on a ship
stock (stŏk), family
strat'e-gy (străt'ē-jĭ), the planning of military movements in battle
strip'lings (strĭp'lĭngz), boys
struc'ture (strŭk'tūr), building
stu-pen'dous (stū-pĕn'dŭs), astonishing; very great
stur'dy (stûr'dĭ), strong
Stur'gis (stûr'jĭs)
sub-lime' (sŭb-līm'), grand
sub-sid'ed (sŭb-sīd'ĕd), stopped
sub-sides' (sŭb-sīdz'), falls
sub'sti-tute (sŭb'stĭ-tūt), that which takes the place of
sue (sū), beg
suf'fer (sŭf'ĕr), allow
summer oil, oil which has not been strained for winter use. See **winter-strained oil.**
sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), top
sun'di'al (sŭn'dī'ăl), an instrument for telling time by means of the position of a shadow on a dial
su-perb' (sū-pûrb'), lofty and splendid
su'per-vi'sion (sū'pĕr-vĭzh'ŭn), oversight and control
sup-plant'ed (sŭ-plănt'ĕd), displaced by better ones
sup'ple-ment'ed (sŭp'lê-mĕnt'ĕd), helped out
surge (sûrj), waves
sur'geon (sûr'jŭn), doctor
sur'ger-y (sûr'jĕr-ĭ), the curing of illness by operations
sur-vive' (sŭr-vīv'), remain alive
sur-viv'ors (sŭr-vīv'ĕrz), those that remain alive
swad'dled (swŏd''ld), wrapped up
swarth'y (swôr'thĭ), dark
swiv'el-gun' (swĭv'l-gŭn'), gun mounted so that it turns

tack (tăk), a run in one direction
taunt'ing (tänt'ĭng), mocking
taw'ny (tô'nĭ), dark or dull yellowisn
tem'ple (tĕm'p'l), a place of worship
Thi'bault' (tē'bō')
Third Day, Quaker name for Tuesday
thrift'y (thrĭf'tĭ), saving, economical

thriv'ing (thrī'vĭng), being successful
till'a-ble (tĭl'ə-b'l), fit for plowing
till'er (tĭl'ẽr), handle moving the rudder by which a boat is steered
To'by (tō'bĭ)
tor-na'do (tôr-nā'dō), strong wind
to'tem pole (tō'tĕm pōl), a pole carved with animals, etc., connected with the history of Indian families or clans
trac'tor (trăk'tôr), engine for pulling
trai'tor (trā'tẽr), one who is unfaithful
traits (trāts), characteristics
tran'quil (trăng'kwĭl), quiet
trans-lat'ed (trăns-lāt'ĕd), expressed so that everyone could understand
trans-par'ent (trăns-pâr'ĕnt), clear
tre'mor (trē'môr), trembling
trench (trĕnch), ditch
tried (trīd), experienced
trin'ket (trĭng'kĕt), a small ornament
tyr'an-ny (tĭr'ă-nĭ), unjust rule

un'a-venged' (ŭn'ə-vĕnjd'), without punishment for the wrong done
un-e'co-nom'ic (ŭn-ē'kō-nŏm'ĭk), wasteful
un'en-thu'si-as'tic (ŭn'ĕn-thū'zĭ-ăs'-tĭk), calm
u'ni-form'i-ty (ū'nĭ-fôr'mĭ-tĭ), sameness
un-kempt' (ŭn-kĕmpt'), not neat
un-leav'ened (ŭn-lĕv'ĕnd), made without yeast or other ferment
un-sci'en-tif'ic (ŭn-sī'ĕn-tĭf'ĭk), ignorant
ut'ter (ŭt'ẽr), complete

vag'a-bond (văg'ə-bŏnd), worthless person wandering about
va'grant (vā'grănt), wandering
vague (vāg), not clear
vale (vāl), valley
val'iant (văl'yănt), brave
val'or (văl'ẽr), bravery
van'quished (văn'kwĭsht), conquered
va'ried (vā'rĭd), was different
va'ri-ous (vā'rĭ-ŭs), unlike in different parts
va'ry-ing (vā'rĭ-ĭng), different
vel'lum (vĕl'ŭm), the skin of an animal prepared for writing
ven'er-a-ble (vĕn'ẽr-ə-b'l), old and worthy of respect
venge'ance (vĕn'jăns), punishment
ver'dict (vûr'dĭkt), judgment
verge (vûrj), edge
ver-mil'ion (vẽr-mĭl'yŭn), bright red
versed (vûrst), skilled
vi-bra'tion (vī-brā'shŭn), shaking
vig'or (vĭg'ẽr), strength
Vouge'reau' (vōōzh'rō')
vow (vou), a solemn promise
Vul'can (vŭl'kăn), in ancient myth, a god of fire and the working of metals

wag'ing (wāj'ĭng), carrying on
wane (wān), decline, process of getting smaller
wan'gun (wŏn'gŭn), a house boat used by lumbermen
waxed (wăkst), grew
waxed end (wăkst ĕnd), thread end stiffened with wax
Welsbach, Auer von (ou'ẽr fôn vĕls'-bäk), an Austrian inventor
wheez'y (hwēz'ĭ), hoarse
wield (wēld), use
Win'di-go (wĭn'dĭ-gō), a giant
winter-strained oil, oil from which the substance that makes it become stiff in cold weather has been removed
wist'ful-ness (wĭst'fo͝ol-nĕs), longing
witch'er-y (wĭch'ẽr-ĭ), magic
wrath (răth), anger
wrought (rôt), worked; caused

X ray, a ray that passes through substances like wood or flesh, so that one can see through them

York River, a river in Virginia flowing into Chesapeake Bay
Yo-sem'i-te (yō-sĕm'ĭ-tē), a river in Yosemite National Park, California

zest (zĕst), excitement